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THE DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.

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THE DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.

So much of the *DIARY* of

LADY WILLOUGHBY

as relates to her *Domeſtic Hiſtory*, &
to the Eventful Period of the Reign
of CHARLES the Firſt, the
Protectorate, and the
Reſtoration.

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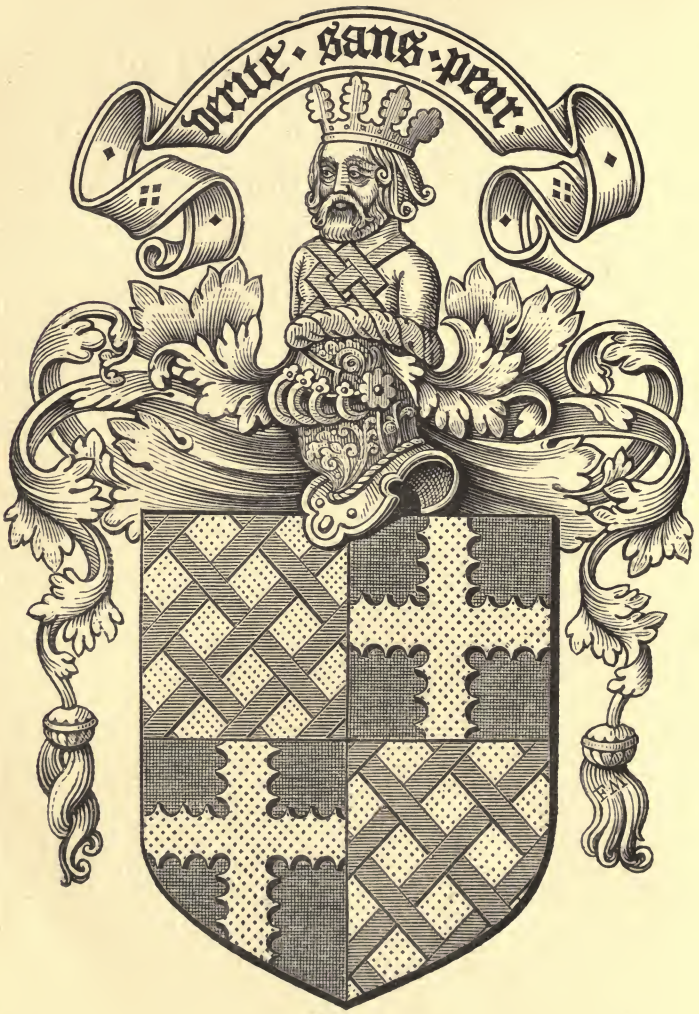

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To the Reader.

The ſtyle of Printing and general appearance of this Volume have been adopted by the Publiſhers in accordance with the deſign of the Author, who in this Work perſonates a lady of the ſeventeenth Century.

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Some Paſſages from the Diary of Lady *Willoughby.*

1635.

1635.

May 12, *Tueſday.*

AROſe at my uſual houre, ſix of the clock, for the firſt time ſince the Birth of my little *Sonne;* opened the Caſement, and look'd forth upon the Park; a herd of Deer paſſ'd bye, leaving the traces of their Footſteps in the dewy Graſſe. The Birds ſang, and the Aire was ſweet with the ſcent of the Wood-binde and the freſh Birch Leaves. Took down my *Bible;* found the Mark at the 103d *Pſalm;* read the ſame, and return'd Thanks to *Almighty God* that he had brought me ſafely through my

1635. late Peril and Extremity, and in his great Bountie had given me a deare little One. Pray'd him to aſſiſt me by his Divine Grace in the right performance of my new and ſacred Duties: truly I am a young Mother, and need Help. Sent a Meſſage to my *Lord*, that if it ſo pleaſed him, I would take Breakfaſt with him in the *Blue Parlour*. At Noon walked out on the *South Terrace;* the two Greyhounds came leaping towards me: divers houſehold Affaires in the courſe of the Day; enough wearied when Night came.

May 19, *Tueſday.* Had a diſturbed Night, and roſe late, not down till after ſeven: Thoughts wandering at Prayers. The *Chaplain* detained us after Service to know our Pleaſure concerning the Chriſtening; my *Lord* doth wiſh nothing omitted that ſhould ſeem proper to ſignify his Reſpect to that religious Ordinance which admits his *Child* into the outward and viſible Church of *Chriſt*, and give honour to his firſte born *Sonne*. During Breakfaſt we gave the Subject much Conſideration. My *Huſband* doth not deſire him to be named after himſelf, but rather after his *Father;* his Brother *William* therefore bearing his name will ſtand Godfather. All being at laſt brought to a

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ſatisfactory concluſion: he went forth with the *Chaplain* and gave his orders according therewith, I doing the ſame in my ſmaller capacity: he for whom was all this care lying unconſciouſly in his Nurſe's arms.

Meſſenger from *Wimbledon.* My deare and honoured *Mother* writes that ſhe doth at preſent intend ſetting forth on Monday: gave orders for the *Eaſt Chamber* to be prepared. The day being fine walked down to the Dairy; told *Cicely* to make Cheeſe as often as will ſuit, the whey being much approved by my *Mother.* The brindled Cow calved yeſterday: Calf to be reared, as *Cicely* tells me the mother is the beſt milker we have. Daiſy grows and promiſes to be a fine Cow: praiſed *Cicely* for the cleane and orderly ſtate of all under her care; ſhe is a good clever Laſſe. As I returned to the houſe mett my *Lord,* who had come to ſeeke me; two Strangers with him: thought as he drew near how comely was his countenance: he advanced a pace or two before the others, took my hand, and preſſed it to his Lips as he turned and introduced me to Sir *Arthur Hazelrigge* & the Lord *Brooke:* methought the latter very pleaſing, of gracefull carriage,

1635. and free from any courtly foppery and extravagance in his apparel. They preſently renew'd their converſation reſpecting *New England.* Lord *Brooke* and Lord *Say and Sele* have ſent over Mr. *George Fenwicke* to purchaſe land and commence building: there is talk of Mr. *John Hampden* joining them. Lord *Brooke* diſcourſed at length on the admirable qualities and excellent attainements of the late Lord, his couſin, who did come by a cruell death, being murdered by his ſervant through a jealouſy he entertained that his paſt ſervices were neglected. Some Members of my *Lords* Family knew him well, and did ſee much of him when Sir *Fulke Greville:* he was greatly eſteemed by many, but known chiefly as the Friend and Lover of Sir *Philip Sydney*, whoſe early death was mourned by all *England;* and whoſe like may not againe be look'd upon. He left directions their friendſhip ſhould be recorded on his Tomb, as may be ſeene in *Warwick Church: Fulke* GREVILLE *Servant to Queen Elizabeth Counſellor to King James and Friend to Sir* PHILIP SYDNEY.

May 25, *Monday.* Moſt unhappy in mind this day; temper ſorely tried, and feelings of reſentment at what did appeare unkind conduct in another, were

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too viſibly expreſſed in manner and countenance, though I did refraine from words.

May 26, *Tueſday.*

Slept laſt night in very Wearineſſe of Weeping; and awaken'd this morning with a feeling of Hopeleſſneſſe; and ill at eaſe myſelfe, methought every Thing around ſeemed melancholy; Truth and Affection doubted, Shortcomings hardly judged of; this is an unlook'd for triall. The Sun ſhon brightly through the open Window, but it ſeem'd not to ſhine for me: I took my *Bible* to read therein my uſuall Portion; and kneel'd down to pray, but could only weep: thoughts of my *Mother's* tender love aroſe, and the Truſt on either ſide that had been unbroken between us. Remembering an outward Compoſure muſt be attain'd unto, before I could go down to breakfaſt, waſhed my eyes, and let the freſh aire blow upon my face; felt I was a poore diſſembler, having had heretofore but little trouble of heart to conceal: mett my *Huſband* in the *Corridor* with Lord *Brooke*, and well nigh loſt my Selfe-command when he gave a kindly preſſure of my Hand as he led me down ſtairs. This Evening how different does all appeare; and though this and ſome other late Experiences occaſion me to perceave that Life is not ſo calm

1635. a Sea as it once did ſeeme in my ignorance of humane Nature; ſlight Breezes may ruffle it, and unſeene Rocks may give a Shock to the little Shipp: haply the Mariner will learn to ſteer his courſe, and not feare Shipwreck from every accident.

June 4, *Thurſday.* My deare *Mother* arrived at Noon; ſhe was fatigued, and retired to her Chamber, firſt coming with me to the Nurſery to ſee her *Grandſon;* he was awake, and ſmiling; ſhe took him in her arms and look'd fondly on him. It is a ſweet Child, my *Daughter:* may the *Lord* have you both in his ſafe Keeping now and evermore. My *Mother's* Bleſſing from her own Lips, how precious. She much commends my nurſing him; and would not for my own ſake I ſhould loſe ſo greate ſatisfaction. I attended her to her Room, where *Mabel* was in waiting: deare kind old *Mabel,* I was well pleaſed to ſee her, and kiſſ'd her as I was wont when a Girl; and ſo did ſpoile a moſt reſpectfull curteſie to my Ladyſhip. Deare *Mother* look'd round the Room pleaſed therewith; and with ſuch ſmall Comforts as I had been enabled to provide, which ſhe hath at home. This Day hath been one of much Happineſſe: Returned heart-felt Thanks to

God for his loving Kindneſſe and tender Mercy; read the 23rd *Pſalm:* my Cup doth indeed run over. 1635.

The Houſe full of Company ſince the Chriſtening; and I have felt too weary at night to do more than collect my Thoughts for Devotion. To-day many have left; and my *Huſband* doth purpoſe to begin his Journey to-morrow. My *Mother* with me, he leaveth Home with more eaſe of Mind.

June 19, *Friday.* My deare *Lord* ſet forth at a little paſt ſix, with only one Serving-man, who had a led Horſe and one to carry the baggage. After they had rode ſome way, they ſtopp'd, and my *Lord* diſmounted, and taking a ſhort cut thro' the Park, came up to the Window where I had remain'd to watch his Departure: he bade me call the *Steward*, gave him ſome directions; then telling me to keep up a good heart, took another tender Leave, and followed by *Armſtrong*, returned to the ſpot where were the Horſes; and he mounting the led Horſe, they were ſoon out of ſight. Old *Britton* ſeemed to underſtand he was not to follow his Maſter, and came and reared himſelfe up to the Window, reſting his Fore-paws on the ſtone: I patted his broad Head, and queſtioned not

1635. that he felt as I did, that his beſt Friend was gone: tooke a few turns with him on the *Terrace;* the Miſt cleared off the diſtant Woods and Fields, and I plainly diſcern'd the Towers of *Framlingham Caſtle*, and could heare the pleaſant ſound of the Scythe cutting through the thick Graſſe in the fields neareſt, and the Cuckoo, as ſhe fled ſlowly from hedge to hedge.

June 27, *Saturday.* Have been greatly fatigued the paſt Day or two: it is a ſerious Charge to be left head over ſo large a Houſehold, but it availeth not to be over carefull. *John Armſtrong* knoweth his Lord's Pleaſure in moſt things, and is honeſt and faithfull: and the *Chaplain* will keep ſome overſight: and his Counſel in Difficulties, ſhould ſuch ariſe, may be depended on, though he hath not *John's* Experience in the Family and its Requirements. My Room laſt night look'd lonely; and *Baby* ſleeping ſomewhat uneaſily, I ſent for *Nurſe*, who ſtay'd till we were comfortably aſleep. I think to have a Truckle bed made up for her; the Room is ſpacious. Read to-night in *St. John*, chapter 5, and the 93d *Pſalm.*

July 5, *Sunday.* Feare at times that my Mind is too much buſied with the cares of this World; find I

ſhorten the time which I had appointed to Retirement and Self-examination, yet is this latter Exerciſe much needed: outwardly I may appear ſtriving to perform my daily Duties well and circumſpectly, but others know not the ſecret Faults of the Heart; the indolence, the imperfect Soul-leſſe performances of Religious Duties: the obtruding of Selfiſh motives into what may ſeeme acts of Kindneſſe or Charity. Often doth the verſe of the 51ſt *Pſalm* come to my remembrance, *Againſt Thee, Thee only have I ſinned, and done this evil in Thy ſight.* And now that I am a Mother it behoveth me ſtill more to maintaine the Worke of inward Self-diſcipline. Even at my little Child's tender age, he is ſenſibly affected by the Feelings apparent in the faces of thoſe around him: yeſterday it happened as I nurſed him, that being vexed by ſome trifling matters that were not done as I had deſired, the diſturbed expreſſion of my Countenance ſo diſtreſſed him that he uttered a complaining Cry; made happy by a ſmile and the more ſerene aſpect that affection called forth, he neſtled his little Face again in my Boſom, and did ſoon fall aſleep. It doth ſeeme a trifling thing to note, but it teacheth the Neceſſity of Watch- 1635.

1635. fulneſſe; and if this Duty is eſpecially called for in our Conduct towards the Young, or indeed towards all, is it not more ſo when we conſider there is One who ſeeth the Heart, and whoſe eye will not behold iniquity?

July 7, *Tueſday.* Quiet Day, ſitting the greater part thereof at my Embroidery; my *Mother* beſide me knitting. We had much pleaſant Converſe: ſhe encouraged me to perſevere in the diligent performance of daily Duties whatſoever they may be; a good Wife, ſhe ſayd, ſhould make it her chief deſire to keep a well-order'd Family. My want of Experience, ſhe kindly added, makes ſome things irkſome and perplexing, which will ceaſe to be the caſe after a while, when leſſe time will ſuffice for their performance, and more opportunity afforded for reſt of Body and Mind. She bade me not be caſt down, or be diſcouraged by ſome miſchances; and ſo comforted me. In the evening we paced for ſome time up and down the *Terrace.* The Moon aroſe above the old Oak Tree: my *Mother* ſeemed greatly to enjoy the Scene. I repeated aloud the 19th and part of the 92d *Pſalmes;* and we entered the houſe: ſhe looked chill, and I haſtened to warm her ſome ſpiced Wine, which I took with a man-

chet of Bread for her Supper. As I gave Baby his laſt Meal for the night, my Heart was lifted up in Gratitude for the Mercy extended to me: he looked beautifull, & put his ſoft Hand to my Face careſſingly, his eyes full of Contentment and Affection looking into mine: May it ever be preſent with me, that this ſmall delicate Frame is the earthly Tabernacle of a Soul to be trained for Immortality. 1635.

Buſy in the *Still-Room* this forenoon: put the dried Roſe-leaves in paper bags. *Alice* was picking the Roſemary, and I ſat down to help her. She ſays the under Houſe-maid complains of ill treatment, particulars not worth writing of; her pretty Face gains too much of the good-will of the Men and the ill-will of the women: mentioned the Matter to the *Chaplain*, who ſaith he will add a few words of ſuitable exhortation at the concluſion of *Evening Service*. Bade *Alice* take heed there ſhould be a good ſtore of Chamomile-flowers and Poppy-heads, and of Mint water; our poore Neighbours look to us for ſuch: gave her my *Mother's* recipe for *Hungary* Water and the Conſerve of Hips. July 15, *Wedneſday*.

John took the Yarn to the Weaver's, and

1635. brought back Flax, Spices, and Sugar. The Stage Waggon had not arrived when he left *Ipſwich*, and there was no package from *London*. My *Lord* was to ſend Hangings for the large *Drawing Room;* but it matters not.

July 18, *Saturday.* A Day of many ſmall Vexations, no ſooner one mended than another appeareth: wearied Body and Mind, and yet I would humbly truſt my Spirit was more quiet under the ſame than ſometimes hath beene the caſe: no Letter or Meſſage from my *Huſband.*

Tried to collect my thoughts for Reading and Devotion, once ſtrongly tempted to omit both, under the plea of Wearineſſe and Unfitneſſe, but reſiſted: read the 10th chapter of *St. Luke*, *Martha*, *Martha*, &c.: acknowledged and bewailed my Weakneſſe. The ſight of the young Face in the Cradle ſent me to bed gratefull and happy.

Auguſt 3, *Monday.* The laſt day of my *Mother's* Sojourn: to-morrow ſhe ſetts forth into *Rutlandſhire;* and there will remaine ſome Weeks before ſhe returns to *Wimbledon*. My Lord *Noel* hath engaged to meet her at *Huntingdon*. May I be ſenſible of the greate Comfort and Happineſſe in that I have been favoured to have my deare *Mother* ſo long with me: many ſweet ſeaſons

of quiet Meditation, and affectionate Intercourſe have been vouchſafed: Words expreſſive of her owne humble and ſtedfaſt Faith, of Thankeſgiving and Praiſe, fell from her Lippes; and precious Counſell and kind Incouragement to mee: to-night as I knelt before her, my Infant in my Arms, ſhe laid her Hand upon my Head, and ſtroking it fondly ſaid: Deare Child, may that little one be a Crown of rejoycing to thee as thou art to me; lead him early to *God*, my Daughter; to the *God* who has given him unto thee. Deare *Mother!* 1635.

Early in the fore-noon my honoured and deare *Mother* took her Departure: Let me think more of meeting againe than of the preſent payne of Parting. Some lines of *Ben Jonſon* I do remember are ſwetely written to this effecte, they were given me by a young Friend at parting, who I beleeve was leſſe indifferent towardes me, than I to him: Auguſt 4, *Tueſday.*

That Love's a bitter ſweet I ne'er conceive
Till the ſower Minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taſte it: But as men drinke up
In haſt the bottom of a medicin'd Cup,
And take ſome ſirrup after, ſo doe I
To put all reliſh from my Memorie

1635.

Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
Shortly againe; and make our Abſence ſweet.

Beloved *Mother*, the loſſe of her preſence maketh my home lonely: but I have Work to doe, and ill ſhould I ſhow my Love for her, if it remaine neglected.

Aug. 17, *Monday.* Roſe before ſix: ſought the Bleſſing of the *Lord* upon my daily Path; read the 51 chap. *Iſaiah*, and 2d. St. *Luke*. Baby well: *John Armſtrong* requeſted to ſee me concerning the Harveſt-ſupper. My *Lord* ſtill abſent putteth me to much Trouble: the Harveſt is nearly got in, only the Home-field remaines to be carted: *Armſtrong* will take care enough as to the Supper; but the People will be diſappointed unleſſe I can prevail on *William Willoughby* to take his Brother's Place; hee ſtands high in favour with our Neighbours, and the ſame with our owne People; and if he could bring with him his young Kinsfolk, wee ſhould not faile of Merriment.

Walked down to the Keeper's Lodge: Old *Bridget* ſuffers from the rhewmatickes; bid her ſend to the *Hall* for a Plaiſter and ſome Flannel; did my endeavours to perſuade her that the ſame would bee of greater ſervice than

the Charm given her by Dame *Stitchley;* though as ſhe would not conſent to leave it off, doubtleſſe it will gaine all the credit, ſhould *Bridget's* aches and paynes ſeem to amend. As I returned ſaw Horſemen coming up the *Avenue*, made ſuch haſte as I could: Tydings of my deare *Lord;* but hee knows not when he can ſett his face Home-wards; deſireth mee to write by theſe Meſſengers: they did ſtay only to reſt their Horſes. He ſpeaks much in his Letter of a Painter named *Vandyck*, who ſtands in great Favour at Court. The *King*, the *Princes*, and the Princeſſe *Mary* have ſat to him: The Ladies crowd to his Painting-room deſirous to ſee themſelves perpetuated by his gracefull Pencil. 1635.

The *Steward* from *Stixwood*-manor hath arrived: my *Lord* is much wanted to viſit his Eſtates in *Lincolnſhire;* and Mr. *Legh* has buſineſſe of various ſorts to ſettle before *Michaelmaſs-day:* but by none is he ſo greatly deſired as by his faithfull and loving Wife. My Inexperience makes the preſent Charge burthenſome, and I ever fear doing wrong, or omitting that which ſhould bee attended to. Aug. 27, *Thurſday.*

Baby grows finely, and ſheweth already a maſterfull Spirit; he provides Work for my

1635. Needle, now the time is come that he ſhould bee ſhort-coated.

Aug. 29, *Saturday.* Aroſe this Morning rejoycing in the hope that before the day cloſed my deareſt *Lord* would be ſafely returned: the Day ſeemed long, but I had at laſt the comfort of ſeeing him who is poſſeſſor of my Heart's trueſt Affection arrive in health. He thought little *Billy* much improved: how happy were we in our quiet Home: ſurely the *lines have fallen to me in pleaſant Places.*

Nov. 24, *Tueſday.* The heavy Raine of late hath made much ſickneſſe to abound. Through mercy our Family are preſerved in Health; and *Baby* has cut a Tooth, diſcovered this morning by the ſpoon knocking againſt it.

One *Thomas Parr* is dead at a wonderfull greate age, being, it is ſaid, 150 yeares old. The Earle of *Arundell* had him brought to *Whitehall,* and the change did ſhortly affect his Health: no marvel, poore old Man, he would have beene better pleaſed, methinks, to have beene lett alone.

1635-6. 1635-6.

THe *Hollanders* have ſent an Embaſſy and a noble Preſent on the occaſion of the *Queene* having another Daughter: there are rare pieces of China and Paintings, one by *Tytian*. January.

There is talk of a By-poſte from *Wickham*, to join the North Poſte, which is expected to run night and day betweene *Edinburgh* and *London*, to go thither and come back againe in ſix days: Men and Horſes will ſcarce be found to doe this.

Young Mr. *Gage* is put into the *Baſtille*. The Earle of *Leyceſter* hath kindly written to his Mother; he being Ambaſſador at this time ſhe did apply to him for help in this troublous Affaire. Feb. 23, *Tueſday*.

Baby walked a few ſteppes alone, and did June 6, *Monday*.

1636. ſeem greatly pleaſed thereat, as were his Parents.

Theſe Lines repeated by one at ſupper-time, who hath met with divers Miſchances in his life:

The Fortunate have whole Yeares,
And thoſe they choſe:
But the Unfortunate have onely Dayes,
And thoſe they loſe.

Sept. 2, *Friday.* At Dinner near twenty People; ſome remaine till next week; young *Harry-Vane*, the Lord *Brooke*, and others. My *Huſband* brought me a Muff, and a Fan of Oſtrichfeathers, and Sir *Philip Sydney's Arcadia:* the latter moſt ſuited to my taſte; it is ſaid the *King* dothe hold this Worke in high eſteeme.

Sept. 6, *Tueſday.* In looking back upon the laſt few dayes, I have to confeſſe in deep Humiliation of Spirit, that I have beene led away by a fooliſh vanitie, to take too much Pleaſure in the Admiration of others, unworthy the Dignity of a Wife or a Mother: truly it is ſayd *the Heart is deceitfull above all things, and deſperately wicked.* For ſuch ſhare of Comelineſſe as the *Creator's* Hand hath beſtowed upon me, I would not that I ſhould find therein food for Pride, or

1636.

Selfe-ſatisfaction, beyond that it had found Favour in my *Lord's* Eyes, he who hath taken me to his Heart's true and pure Affection. I am his in all true Loyalty of Affection, and he doubteth not my Heart's Purity; but methought a ſhade of Regret paſſ'd over his noble Countenance, as he beheld the Wife whom hee delighted to love and to honour, ſo carried away by trifling and vanitie. And lett me not, in this Self-examination and ſearching of my inmoſt Heart, ſeek to hide from myſelfe that when he bade me *good night* at the Doore of my Cloſet, inſtead of lingering at my ſide, as is his wont, a feeling of Reſentment aroſe, and as I enter'd and cloſed the Doore, thoughts of Self-juſtification preſented themſelves: but Conſcience prevailed, and placed my Conduct in its true light: Selfe-reproach is hard to beare; not long ſince, and I did think no Trial as regards others ſoe great as to meet with Injuſtice, but to be the cauſe of grieving another's Affection, and to feel lower'd in the Eſteeme of one who hath beene ever readye to think more highly of me than I deſerve; this is grievous to mee, and maketh me ſeeme hatefull in my owne eyes. I humbled myſelfe before the *Lord*, and pray'd that I might be-

1636. come more watchfull, and ſtrive daily to follow the Example of *Him* who was meeke and lowly of Hearte.

Beloved *Huſband*, thy generous Love will forgive thy poore humbled Wife, who does in truth love thee, and reverence thy goodneſſe.

Sept. 8, *Thurſday.* Let me not permit the Circumſtances of the laſt few days to paſſe from my Remembrance untill the Fault committed, and the Sorrow ariſing therefrom, have duly impreſſ'd my Mind: 1ſt, In the clearer inſight into this weake point of my Character, may I henceforth take more heed to my Ways: and 2ndly, with the Perception of how ſlight are the beginnings of Evill, as my deare *Mother* ſaith, if the Deſire of Praiſe take poſſeſſion of the Hearte, it becometh inſatiable, and doth eat away the root of all noble and generous Feeling; and even in leſſe degree gives a feveriſh reſtleſſneſſe, that leaves not the Mind and Affections free to ſpring up in ſtrength and beauty, ſeeking onely the Happineſſe of others. My deare *Huſband's* Gentleneſſe hath greatly endeared him to mee: may it be my conſtant Endeavour, by all dutifull Affection, to render myſelfe more worthy his Eſteeme and Love.

Sept. 17, *Saturday.* After having paſſ'd a week in *Lincolnſhire*

wee are return'd Home. When at *Lincoln* my *Lord* tooke me to the *Cathedral*, and ſhow'd mee the Tomb of his late Father, who died in that Citie in the yeare 1617. After him our little *Sonne* is named *William: Nurſe* ſays *Baby* has not beene well for ſome days paſt, ſhe thinks he is about his teeth. 1636.

Baby ill, reſtleſſe and feveriſh, ſent off a Meſſenger to *Ipſwich* for the Phiſitian there.

My poore Child worſe; he takes ſcarce any nouriſhment, and ſuffers greate paine; he looks up ſo piteouſly as if for help from thoſe around him. The *Chaplaine* mentioned him by name at Prayers: this ſtartled me: ſeeing others beleeve him ſo ill, my feares encreaſe.

No better to-day: I dare not think: Strength and Spirit needed to the utmoſt; for he likes no one ſo well to nurſe him, and hath ever a ſweet Smile when I come againe after a ſhort abſence. Oh *God*, ſpare him to me: give mee not this bitter cup. Sept. 21, *Wedneſday.*

Weeks have paſſ'd and I am childleſſe: yet doe I ſeeme as one not awaken'd from a frightfull dream. My Child, my Child.

The Fever hath left me weak: I dare not looke back, and there is nothing now left me to looke forward to. O *Mother*, my heart is Oct. 23, *Sunday.*

1636. well nigh broken; how is it that I live? ſhall I ever be able to ſay, It is the *Lord*, lett him doe what ſeemeth unto him good. I thought to write downe ſome particulars of the Patience and Sweetneſſe, the Smile of Recognition when the parch'd Lipps could not ſpeake, but I cannot: he is out of payne, and I thank *God* for that.

Oct. 25, *Tueſday.* Sat this morning for long with the *Bible* before me, thoughts too diſtracted to read; at laſt turn'd to the Hiſtory of the *Shunamite* woman; Alas! no Prophet was here to give me back my *Sonne*, and, alas! neither could I ſay unto the *Lord*, *It is well*, when he tooke from me his precious Gift. Beare with me, O mercifull *Father:* thou knoweſt the anguiſh of my Heart, and thou alone canſt enable me to ſay *Thy will, not mine, be done.*

My deare *Mother* writes to comfort me, but a ſorrow is now mine, in which even ſhe cannot give Comfort: She urgeth me to take care of my health for the ſake of others: but what is Life to me now? Yet will I try to beare in minde her Injunctions, though with a heavy Heart, and with more than indifference to the Proſpect before me. I turn away from the thought of looking upon another Infant's face;

all love for a Child is in the Grave: yet not in the Grave; it liveth in Heaven, my precious *Child*, with thy bleſſed Spirit: let me not ſpeak in bitterneſſe of a triall ſent me by the Almighty Hand. 1636.

Oft times I ſeeme to have no power of giving my Mind to Prayer or Meditation, but walke about the houſe, or ſitt downe with a Booke or Needlework before me allmoſt without conſciouſneſſe & well-nigh without life. What doe all paſt Trialls & Vexations appeare, now a burthen of Sorrow is layd upon me, I am unable to beare? I had known Grief and Diſappointment, and already in my ſhort experience of life had learnt that this State of Exiſtence is onely a Preparation for Happineſſe hereafter, not Happineſſe itſelfe: But a precious *Gift* came from Heaven, my beautifull *Child* ſmil'd on me; I held it to my Heart, and did think it was my owne: What great evil have I done in thy ſight, O *God*, that thou haſt thus ſtricken me? Oct. 26, *Wedneſday.*

At Prayers my *Lord* was ſenſibly affected by hearing the words *Suffer little Children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of ſuch is the Kingdome of Heaven:* the beholding him thus over-come by ſtrong emotion led me to Oct. 27, *Thurſday.*

1636. conſider my owne Conduct, and I do feare me, I have beene very ſelfiſh in the Indulgence of my own Sorrow, too regardleſſe of him who equally with me hath loſt the deare *Sonne* of his Love, and who doth ever ſtrive to ſtrengthen and ſupport me, and would fain lead me to take an Intereſt in our family Concerns, and in the Wellfare of our Neighbours, albeit Grief lieth heavy on his Heart. I felt another Reproof in his Looke of tenderneſſe and commiſeration, as at our mid-day meal I ſent away the plate the food untaſted: I rouſed myſelfe to exertion, and was repay'd the effort when his Eye reſted on me approvingly. The Servants left the room, he took my Arm within his, and we walked to & fro in ſweet and ſolemn Silence: my Heart, which had been ſtrangely ſhut up, melted within me, when he utter'd a few gentle Words; and I felt there was yet ſomething left to live for: Surely to him was due the poore remaining Powers of my Mind and Affections.

Oct. 29, *Saturday.* Aroſe this morning with mind more compoſed than for ſome time paſt. *Cicely's* Mother ill, and I went down to ſee her: She is a bright Example of Patience, her Trialls and Sufferings have beene manifold, bodily pain the leaſt, has loſt three Children in infancy and one daughter

grown up: and yet, can it be, has known ſtill deeper ſorrow. 1636.

Return'd through the *Park:* never ſaw the Cheſtnuts and Beeches more beautiful in their autumn tints, the fallen Leaves cruſhed pleaſantly beneath my Feet, the Sun was ſetting before I was aware, and the Aire grew ſuddenly chill. Taking the neareſt way, I entered the houſe by a ſide door, and there beneath the old Mulberry ſaw the little Cart and Whip as they had beene left by my poore Child the laſt day he was out, when he look'd ſo tired, and I carried him in. I ſtooped and took up the Whip, and hiding it beneath my cloke, went ſtraight up ſtairs: no Hand had touched it ſince his: the teares I wept over it did me good: it ſeemed my innocent right to weep over this Token of my *loſt one.*

Health and ſtrength mend: make a point of walking in the *Long Gallery* whenſoever the weather admits not of my going out: while ſo employed repeat Pſalms and other portions of *Holy Writ*, therein finding profitable Subjects of Meditation and peaceful Thoughts: Often has been brought to my Mind the Text *I was brought low, and he helped me:* now, is my deare *Mother's* Care repaid, in the Help I find Nov. 14, *Monday.*

1636.

it to have by me ſuch recollection of the Leſſons ſhe taught.

Nov. 15, *Tueſday.*

My early Habits in the morning have been ſadly interrupted: frequent reſtleſſe nights, often ſleepleſſe for hours together, and awakening languid and ill at eaſe; often in the long nights my Fancy is diſquieted in looking forward to again becoming a Mother, and that ere long, leaſt haply the Infant nouriſhed beneath a heart ſo ſaddened by Grief, ſhould, if permitted to enter on exiſtence, be deprived of that Joyfullneſſe of nature which is the Birth-right of the young Spirit; but whatever may be in the Ordering of my *Heavenly Father*, let me ſubmit: too often have I rebelled againſt his juſt Appointments. In the words of the *Pſalmiſt* let me pray, *Enter not into judgement with thy Servant, O Lord, my Spirit is overwhelmed within me, my Heart within me is deſolate: hide not thy Face from me: in thee do I truſt.*

1636-7.

1636-7.

January 12, *Thurſday.*

ONce more with a gratefull Heart, doe I record the Mercy of our *Heavenly Father*, in that he hath permitted his unworthy Servant to live to behold the Face of another *Little One*. Yet now muſt I rejoyce with trembling over a Being ſo fraile: the fulneſſe and brightneſſe of joy of a young Mother can never againe be my Experience, ſince that joy has bene the Source of a Suffering and Agony never to be forgotten. Death follow'd into the Habitation wherein Life had juſt tooke up its abode. Not in ſhort ſpace of time can the Heart recover ſuch Diſpenſations, and in the Excellency of no after joys can it ever forget the ſtroke that firſt deſtroyed its ſweeteſt Hopes: Death once ſeene at our hearth leaveth a Shaddow which abideth there for ever. During

1636-7. the long period of Sickneſſe that has beene my portion, I have endeavour'd through the *Divine Grace*, profitably to employ the ſolitary Houres, and doe now ſee much Mercy in the return to Health being graduall. The needfull Quiett led me to ſeek a Spirituall Communion, whereby I humbly hope I am the better fitted for the Performance of the ſeveral Duties of Life, truſting not in my owne Strength, that truly would be a broken reed. *Lord! thy rod and thy ſtaff they comfort me:* yea, even the rod, though it hath ſmitten me to the earth.

January 13, *Friday.* The *Chriſtening* is to be next weeke: the name, after ſome difficulty in deciding thereon, fixed to be *Diana*. But few of our Relations are aſked this time to be preſent; to both of us the ceremony will give riſe to melancholly thought. Overheard *Nurſe* telling one of the Women that at the former *Chriſtening* the Infant cried not: there is a Country Saying, that a Child which crieth not when ſprinkled in *Baptiſm* will not live.

1637. May Day. We walked down to the *Village* at an early houre, juſt in time to ſee the Proceſſion of the May-pole, which was adorned with Ribbons and Garlands: Lads and Laſſes were at their merry Games, the Queene, in her holie-day

1637.

Finery and Crowne of floures, looking happier than the Wearer of a real Crown, I ween: groups of Old People looking on: for a while there was a lack of Young Men and Maidens: but a number ſhortly appeared as *Robin Hood*, *Maid Marien*, *&c.* Methought ſome of the Elder Folks look'd grave, and at one ſide of the Green a ſtern looking Man, dreſſ'd in a looſe Coat, and a high crown'd hat, with the hair cut cloſe, had collected a good many round him, and was holding forth in a loud harſh tone. My *Huſband* left me and went towards them: after liſtening a few minutes to the Diſcourſe, he made as though he would ſpeak; but mett with diſcourteous reception, and return'd with a ſmile on his face, ſaying, The Speaker look'd on his long curl'd Locks, and lace Ruffs with too great Abhorrence to think him worthy his Notice, and onely went on with the more Bitterneſſe to ſet forth the diabolical Wickedneſſe of the Dance and the Vanity of all ſuch Amuſements. I ſate mee down by old *Bridget*, who had hobbled down in ſpite of her reumaticke paynes: poore *Smythe* too had crept out, wan and feeble from ague. After a while, the ſport ſeeming to flag, my *Lord* offer'd to head a party at *Priſon-bars*, and was cordially greeted,

1637. and *William Willoughby* coming up with a Sonne of Sir *Robert Crane* and one or two more young Men, the game was ſett on with great ſpiritt. Ale and Victuals came down from the *Hall* and other Quarters, and I left the *Greene*. There was no want of Merriment the reſt of the day: and the Preacher and his Party remained not long to interfere with the uſuall Proceedings.

June 1, *Thurſday.* The deare Child thrives apace: againe and againe I looke at her in the Cradle & ſay, *Lord, ſpare this one unto me.* I have thought myſelfe reſigned to my Loſſe; howbeit, a Weight is on my Spiritt that no Effort or Time has yet ſhaken off: will it be ever thus? Young as I am, is Hope ſo blighted that it will never more unfold its faire Bloſſom? Let me not indulge theſe Meditations: but be willing to take up my *Croſſe* dayly, and follow after *Chriſt*. He hath promiſed to make the Burthen light to ſuch as come to him.

June 27. *Tueſday.* Hope that I have latterly made ſome Progreſſe in the ſubduing Selfe, ſo far as attaining unto a greater Deſire to give up my own will to that of others, and conform to their pleaſure; more eſpecially his who hath rightfull Claim to my dutifull Obedience and Companionſhip

in thoſe matters that intereſt him: herein onely can true Satisfaction be found in wedded Life: may I every day more and more ſeeke to find Satisfaction and Pleaſure in thoſe Things wherein he is concerned. At noon to-day we walk'd down to the Sheep-Shearing: the poor Sheep ſtruggle at the firſt againſt their fate, but how quietly do they ſubmit in the end: the Lambs did keep up a continued Bleating; it is a marvell how they find out their owne Mothers, who come back to them ſo changed. One large Ram butted with ſuch force againſt one of the younger Lads that he puſh'd him into the Water: much laughter thereat, and many a paſſing Joke we heard on his overthrow. On our way home two curley-headed Children preſented us with Poſies of Gilliflowers and Cowſlip tufts, of which they had their aprons full: bade them go up to the *Hall* with them: we gave them a Silver Groat, which they look'd at with ſome perplexity, but curtſied & thank'd us with truſtfull Countenances: the youngeſt one, ſtrong made and active, look'd not much older than our ſweet Child might have now bene, had he lived. 1637.

Late in the day Mr. *Gage* rode up: he tells us Mr. *John Hampden* hath refuſed the late July 19, *Wedneſday.*

1637. demand for Ship-money: Diſcontent increaſing every where. The proceedings of the *Starre Chamber* againſt *Prynne* and others have rouſed the whole country, even many who before tooke not part with the Malcontents doe now expreſſe their Abhorrence of this Tyranny. My *Huſband* will go to *London* ſtraightway.

July 24, *Monday.* With a heavy heart ſaw my deare *Lord* depart this forenoon: *Armſtrong* accompanying him as farr as *Ipſwich:* Struggled againſt deſponding Thoughts, and paſſ'd ſome time in the *Nurſery*, to give myſelfe Occupation of Mind as well as Hands. After a Walk on the *Terrace*, went to *Alice's* Room: ſhe hath long beene ailing: ſate ſome while with her, to cheer her, as I knew ſhe would take to heart this voyage to *London*, which Place, in her eyes, doth abound with all manner of Wickedneſſe and Danger.

July 25, *Tueſday.* To-night *John Armſtrong* returned, bearing me a kind Farewell from his Maſter. He ſayth Mr. *John Hampden's* Refuſal is greatly talked about: likewiſe it is rumour'd the Lord *Say* hath refuſed the Demand for Ship-money with equal pertinatiouſneſſe. *Armſtrong* ſtopp'd as he paſſ'd through *Wickham* at the Blackſmith's, the Head-quarters of News and Country Goſſip:

1637.

he there met with a Packman, who ſays there be terrible Tumults in the North: at *Edenburgh* the *Biſhop* well nigh killed, Stones and other Miſſiles thrown at him in the Pulpit, ſo ſoon as he commenced reading the *Prayer Booke*, as ordered in *Council:* on leaving the Church he was caſt down and nearly trod to death. Some ſay the King is like to go to *Edenburgh* to ſettle theſe matters in perſon with the *Preſbytery*.

Auguſt 3, *Thurſday.*

Tidings of my *Lord:* he keeps well in health: he ſaith Judgement in Mr. *Hampden's* cauſe is deferred till next Term: two of the Judges are on his ſide.

Baby well: have ſome Thoughts of weaning her, my own ſtrength failing: but put it off day after day, it is hard to diſmiſſe her from the food and warmth which have been hers by right ſo long, and break this firſt Bond of Companionſhip and mutual Dependence.

1638-9.

1638-9.

Date wanting.

SInce Judgement hath beene given againſt Mr. *Hampden*, my deare *Huſband* hath had divers Conferences with the Lords *Say* and *Brooke*, reſpecting their leaving the Country. One Mr. *Oliver Cromwell* they ſpeak of, as much ſtirr'd by the unhappy ſtate of Affaires, and they have found him to be a man of ſhrewd Judgement, and poſſeſſing great Energy and Determination.

The *King* at *Yorke:* and has required the Nobility and Officers to take an Oath that they do abhorr all Rebellions, and eſpecially ſuch as do ariſe out of Religion. The Lords *Say* and *Brooke* refuſing to take the ſame, have been diſmiſſ'd to their homes. The *King* proceedeth to *Berwick*, there to meet the *Scotch* Deputies.

Much Diſcontent that the *King* calleth no *Parliament*.

1639-40.

1639-40.

January 1, *Wedneſday.*

MY firſt thoughts are due to thee, O *Heavenly Father*, who haſt mercifully permitted the paſt Yeare to cloſe and the preſent to open upon us, a thankfull and happy Family: Graciouſly accept my imperfect Thankſgiving, and the Adoration of a Heart which I with unfeigned humility anew dedicate to thee. By the Aide of thy *Holy Spirit* lead me every day I live to love thee more worthily and ſerve thee more acceptably. May I truly repent of my manifold Tranſgreſſions, my Pride, my rebellious Spirit which hath too often ſtruggled againſt the juſt Appointments of thy Providence: do thou, O *God*, renew a right Spiritt within me. Lord, thou haſt made mee to be a Mother, O yet ſpare the ſweet *Children* thou haſt given unto me: and may I never loſe ſight of the Duty which is entruſted to me;

1639-40. but ſo train them that they may be all gathered into thy Fold, at the greate Day of Account. May thy Bleſſing reſt upon them, upon my *Huſband*, and on all deare unto us. And to thy fatherly Care, thy Wiſdom, and thy Love may we truſt all that concerns us, in unſhaken Faith, and in the bleſſed Hope of eternal Life, through *Jeſus Chriſt* our *Lord* and *Saviour*.

Went to the *Nurſerie:* little *Fanny* yet aſleep. Took *Di* by the hand, and went down to Prayers: ſhe was very quiet and well-behaved, and as ſhe knelt down betweene her Father and me, my Mind was brought into a ſtate of much Sweetneſſe and Repoſe as the gracious Invitation of the bleſſed *Saviour* to bring our little Children unto him, was brought to my remembrance.

Methought the *Chaplain's* Diſcourſe ſavour'd ſomewhat of phariſaical gloom and auſterity, and we were therefore in no little perplexity when *Armſtrong* came into the *Hall* after breakfaſt, to ſay the Domeſtics petition'd for a Dance and *Chriſtmaſſe* Games to-night according to old Uſage. We gave our conſent. The *Chaplain* expreſſed his Diſſatisfaction, nevertheleſſe the Evening paſt merrily: a goodly

Aſſembly were gather'd together of our Neighbours, and to ſhow our Good-will we looked on for a while, and my *Lord* led off the firſte Dance with the Bailiff's Daughter: the young Men of our Party followed his Example, and choſe out the prettieſt looking Damſels, my favourite *Cicely* being one of them; and they went down a long Country Dance, well pleaſed therewith. Old blind *John* and his Son play'd the viol and pipe: Games followed, bob-apple and the like: and *Alice* had taken good care for the Supper. Sounds of Laughing and Singing reached us long after we left them. 1640.

Newes hath reached us that the *King* has diſſolved the *Parliament* though ſo lately mett, he being offended by the *Commons* paſſing a Reſolution that the Diſcuſſion and Redreſſe of Grievances ſhould precede the Vote of Supply. They complained that the interference of the *Lords* was a Violation of their Priviledges. An eloquent Speech by Mr. *Waller:* ſuch a Houſe ſuited not the *King*. May 7, *Thurſday.*

My *Huſband* writes me word that Mr. *Bellaſis* and Sir *John Hotham* are ſent to the *Tower*, onely Offence alleged, their Speeches. The Houſe of the Lord *Brooke* ſearched for Papers, his Study and Cabinets broken open. A Con- May 9, *Saturday.*

1640. vocation of Clergy hath bene held, the Canons iſſued by them, ſuch as to throw the whole Nation into a ferment. Writs of Ship-money in greater number than ever, and Bullion ſeized, the property of Merchants, and kept by them in the *Tower* for Safety.

May 25, *Monday.* No News for ſome days. The Chapter of the Morning greatly impreſſ'd my Mind with the Goodneſſe of *God* towards his feeble and ignorant Children: the *Holy Scriptures* do abound with Words of Conſolation and Encouragement to the poore and lowly, *the hewers of wood and drawers of water: the meek will he guide in judgement.* Learning and great Ability, bleſſed be *God*, are not needed to the right Underſtanding of the Good Tydings of the *Goſpel.*

The poore blind Widow pondering in her Heart the Words of *Jeſus*, her Memory ſtored with the Readings of her younger days, her Spirit rich in Love and Faith, findeth the true Bread of Life, and is perhaps more capable of receiving the Enlightening of the *Holy Spirit* in the Study of Divine Truth, than the Learned who truſt in their own reaſon and ſcholaſtick attainements. Alſo in looking for what is *God's* Will concerning them, I oft think the poore

ſimple minded People have a wiſe Judgement given to them in the Buſineſſe of Life. A Viſit to old *Betty's* Cottage ſeldom faileth to give me ſuch Senſe of her truely virtuous and pious Life, as to make me look upon this paterne of Goodneſſe with ſincere deſire to follow the ſame. She hath loſt Huſband and Children, ſave one Son onely who left her years agoe: ſhe knoweth not if he be yet living: and ſhe hath been totally blind more than fifteen yeares. Truely hath Patience here her perfect work. 1640.

The *Mayor* and *Sheriffe* of *London* have beene brought before the *Starre Chamber* for Slackneſſe in Levying the Ship-mony. May 27, *Wedneſday.*

Both Children ill the paſt week: through Mercy recovering. Little *Fanny* but juſt ſaved: my onely Experience in a child's illneſſe having beene ſo unhappy, I found it hard to keep my feares in ſubjection; yet was it very needfull. What ſhall I render unto the *Lord* for all his benefits? June 17, *Wedneſday.*

Have much comfort in the ſerious and feeling way in which little *Di* ſays her Prayers: ſhe is too young to underſtand much, but the Habit is important, and wee know not at how earlye an age the *Holy Spirit* communeth with

1640. the tender Heart of the young. And a Child's Mind ſtops not at Difficulties as ours does: when told that *God* heareth Prayer from his Throne in Heaven, the belief is entire, and ſhe queſtioneth not. I verily believe, the Doctrine that we ſhould walk by Faith and not by Sight, is eaſier to a young Child than to us, whoſe Affections have become engrafted on earthly Objects, and the firſt Simplicity of Faith obſcured. And ſurely we ſhould conſider it a ſacred Truſt given to us, to direct this inborn Truſt and ready Belief of the little Child to *Him* who implanted it.

June 27, *Saturday.* Nurſerie proſpers: *Di* vaſtly ſtronger, and hungry as *Nurſe* can deſire. *Fanny's* Cheeks too are ſomewhat more plump and roſy.

July 24, *Friday.* The young Prince hath beene chriſten'd Henry, the ceremonie perform'd at Oatlands by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Sept. 1, *Tueſday.* The Birth of this my third Baby now living, occaſion of renewed Thankſgiving and Praiſe: though I doubt not duly thankful, yet my deare *Huſband* had hoped another Sonne would have beene given him; and this proving otherwiſe, hath brought ſome Diſappointment. He would have counted it a great Happineſſe to have ſeene an Heir to his Title and Eſtates:

but he ſayeth not much on the ſubject, and methought kiſſed his new-borne *Daughter* with a gladſome Smile upon his Countenance. I had the wiſh ſhe ſhould be named *Theodoſia*, after my deare and honour'd *Mother:* but my *Lord* did ſo greatly deſire that ſhe ſhould be called *Elizabeth*, after mee, I conſented thereto, wiſhing to conſult his Pleaſure in this, as in all things elſe in which it can be conſulted by any giving up on my parte: though I the more regret that it muſt be ſo, ſeeing that my Uncle *Noel* has not given the Name of *Theodoſia* to either of his Daughters. 1640.

Find myſelfe unable to attend much to houſehold Affaires, and leave them to *Alice's* faithfull overſight. Sept. 26, *Saturday.*

Lord *Say* writes that a Petition has beene preſented to the *King* by twelve *Peers*, praying him to call a *Parliament;* ſo likewiſe have the Citizens of *London.*

Meſſenger arrived from the Mayor of *Ipſwich:* Writts are iſſued for the 3rd of *November*. It is hoped Mr. *Oliver Cromwell* will be return'd for *Cambridge*. My deare *Huſband* hath again departed: he doth hope to return for a few Days at *Chriſtmaſſe*. Oct. 20, *Tueſday.*

The *King* hath opened *Parliament* in perſon:

1640. Nov. 9, *Monday.* they ſay he look'd pale and dejected. The *Commons* did make Choice in haſte of *Lenthall* a Barriſter for *Speaker*, inſtead of one *Gardiner*, he being the *King's* Choice. They have paſſ'd a Reſolution that *Prynne*, *Burton*, and Dr. *Baſtwick* ſhould be ſent for forthwith by Warrant of the Houſe. The Table is loaded with Petitions, preſented by hundreds crying out *No Biſhops: No Starre Chamber.*

Dec. 2, *Wedneſday.* On the 28th the three *Puritans*, as they are called, liberated from their diſtant Dungeons, came up to *London*, and were mett by 5000 Perſons.

Dec. 15, *Tueſday.* Heard to-day that the Earle of *Strafford* was committed to the *Tower*. It is ſayd he urgently declined appearing in the *Houſe*, but the *King* inſiſted, making him ſolemn Aſſurances of Safety: but he no ſooner enter'd the *Houſe* than he was put under Arreſt.

Dec. 24, *Thurſday.* The determined Meaſures of the *Commons* fill all People with Amazement. The *Archbiſhop* of *Canterbury* is accuſed of High Treaſon, and committed to the *Uſher:* it is ſayd he hath beene forced to ſell his plate to raiſe money wherewith to pay the fine of 500 pounds. And a Reſolution has been paſſ'd, that for *Biſhops* or other *Clergymen* to be in

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the Commiſſion of the Peace, or to have any Judicial Powers in the *Starre Chamber*, or in any Civil Courts, is a hindrance to their Spiritual Functions, &c. This ſeemeth true enough: greate need have all Parties to pray to be preſerved from Exceſſe, or being carried away by the heate of Party Spirit and perſonal Reſentment. The Cruelty and Severity exerciſed by Archbiſhop *Laud* in *Scotland*, and the Earl's Tyranny and Wickedneſſe in *Ireland*, have raiſed them enemies, who wiſh nothing ſo much as their Death.

1640-1.

1640-1.

AFter Prayers this morning my *Lord* beckoned to the Servants to remaine: He commended them for the faithfull performance of their Duties, and expreſſed his Confidence in their ſteady Attachment and Services, eſpecially in his abſence, which was like to be protracted: They bowed and curtſied; and *Armſtrong*, as Spokeſman for the reſt, ſayd, You may depend upon us all, my Lord: our Hearts and our Hands are my Lady's, *God* bleſſe her.

I knew not till to-day that my *Huſband's* Return would be more uncertaine than hath often beene the caſe: it dependeth much upon the Termination of Lord *Strafford's* Tryal: moſt are of the minde he will be found guilty; & that nothing can then ſave him, unleſſe the *King* prove that he can be true to his promiſe,

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when the Life of one whom he hath ever profeſſ'd to hold in great Eſteeme and Affection, is at ſtake: but no man truſts the *King*. The better ground of hope for *Strafford*, is the lenient Temper of the good Earl of *Bedford*, and his Influence with the *Houſe*.

In the forenoon accompanied my *Huſband* at the Settlement of Accounts with *Armſtrong:* and aſſiſted in copying the different Items into the Booke wherein my *Lord* hath entered for ſome yeares paſt the Items of Perſonal and Family Charges; keeping another for the Accounts of Income, Rents, &c. chiefly from his *Lincolnſhire* Property; this Manor bringing in but little.

This was new Worke to mee; but I did my beſt, it ſeeming deſirable I ſhould, ſo farre as my poore Ability ſerveth, render myſelfe competent to ſettle Accompts with *Armſtrong* every weeke, as is the practice of my *Lord* when he is at Home: and likewiſe he wiſheth mee to be acquainted with our Reſources. He had wonderfull Patience with my Ignorance, and did kindly commend my unſkillfull Performance, not ſuffering me to be diſcouraged, though I proved more Hindrance than Help. I had had ſo many Feares

1640-1. both of doing wrong and incurring his Diſpleaſure, that in my Satisfaction I kiſſed the deare Hand that did with ſo much eaſe correct my Errors, gratefull to the kind Heart by which it was guided.

January 11, *Monday.* Sir *John Hotham* arrived from *Hull* on his way to *London:* and purpoſing to proceed to-morrow, my deare *Lord* will accompany him. Sir *John* ſeemeth well diſpoſed. Thought my *Huſband* gave much Heed to his Converſation, as he remarked that with twelve Men, Arms, and Proviſion, he could hold out this Houſe againſt a conſiderable Force, and went into the Detail of the Arrangements he would make, if it ſo chanced it was attacked by an Enemy.

Theſe are fearefull times, let mee be encreaſingly vigilant; and whatſoever happeneth, be faithfull to the Duties of my preſent Station, Wife and Mother; and a large Houſehold, the Charge whereof is much left to mee: ſufficient Care for one of but little Experience, and with Health not ſo good as might be wiſhed.

January 12, *Tueſday.* Read in *Iſaiah* chapter 26, theſe Words of Comfort: *Thou keepeſt him in perfect Peace whoſe Mind is ſtayed upon Thee, becauſe he truſteth in Thee:* May I attaine unto this truſt, need have I of better Strength than my own

at this Time when my deareſt *Life* may be in circumſtances of Danger; at a Time like this, who is ſafe? the *King* ever playing falſe with the *Commons*, and diſregarding their Privileges, & the *Houſe* now ſitting in Judgement on his favoured Servant: yet whatſoever Danger may threaten, I would not that my *Huſband* ſhould deſert his Poſte; rather let mee rejoyce that he ſtandeth up in his place to defend the People's Rights. My two Couſins from *Rutlandſhire* will beare me company during ſome Portion of his Abſence. What Mercy that our little Ones are well, and that I am not left in a childleſſe Home. 1640-1.

On Monday the *Archbiſhop* was removed to the *Tower* from Maſter *Maxwell's* houſe where he hath beene allowed to remaine ſince his commitment: from *Cheapſide* to the *Tower* he was followed and railed at by the people, the which he took quietly. March 6, *Saturday.*

Turning back the leaves of this *Diary* I ſee many Interruptions, in ſome Places for Months together, no Notice or Note of any ſort. The Period of my deare *Mother's* laſt Sickneſſe is unrecorded: but ſo deeply engraven on my Memory are the Events of that mournfull Time, that I believe I may without danger of March 8, *Monday.*

1640-1. Error therein, commit to Paper ſome few Particulars. It may be a Satisfaction hereafter, that theſe ſhould not be truſted wholly to Recollection, which may then fail me.

I remember as clearly as if 'twas no longer ago than yeſterday, the Day whereon my *Mother* arrived, which did afterwards prove to be the laſt time it was ever my Happineſſe to welcome her under our Roof. The Afternoon was calm and beautifull, and the Sunne low in the Weſt cauſed the Shadows to fall at length acroſſe the Graſſe, the Honeyſuckle over the Doorway was covered with its pale luſcious Flowers, which hung down untill ſome of the trailing Branches loſt themſelves in the old Sweet-brier Buſh, and the White Roſe, my *Mother's* favourite Tree, was arrayed in its faire Bloſſoms. As we ſtood looking at theſe, ſhe did preſently arrive. Methought ſhe ſtepped feebly from her Coach; and when I gave her ſuch aid as I could, ſhe ſayd with a mournfull yet ſweet ſmile, I need a ſtronger Arme now than thine, my *Daughter:* one equally kind, I do fully believe, ſhe added as ſhe leaned on my *Huſband's*. Saddeſt Thoughts took hold of me, yet did I uſe my beſt endeavour to conceal the Feare that ſtruck ſuddenly

on my Heart, that her Tarryance here would not be for long. She looked better when ſeated in her accuſtomed Chaire : and her pale Cheek had a delicate colour, which gave me a Hope that her Weakneſſe was not ſo great as at firſt did appeare, and that the Difficulty in Walking might be from her having ſate ſo long in the Coach, cauſing a degree of Stiffneſſe. Before retiring to her Chamber, ſhe had converſed with much of her uſuall Chearfulneſſe : wee accompanied her up the ſtaires one on each ſide of her : when taking leave for the night, ſhe ſaid to my *Huſband*, I feare me I ſhall be a Burthen to you, Lord *Willoughby*, but not for long : but I meant not your kind Heart would ſo conſider me. I thank you ; thank you both : may God bleſſe you. 1640-1.

For the ſpace of two or three weekes my *Mother's* State did ſo alternate day by day, the one day ſeeming to regaine the Strength loſt the previous one, that I perceived not any great Change in her Appearance, ſave that her Breathing was ſomewhat hurried by any exertion more than common. I read to her daily, morning and evening Portions of the *Scriptures*, her favourite Paſſages often repeated : of ſuch I might make particular Mention, of the *Pſalmes* and the

1640-1. *Goſpells*. She did frequently remark thereon with much earneſtneſſe and ſweetneſſe. She was able moſt days to walk out a little: and ſometimes, ſhe, being unwilling to diſappoint my Deſires, would conſent to be borne on a Chaire by two of the Men, never failing to thank them with much Kindneſſe of manner, and expreſſing her concerne at giving this Trouble. One fore-noon I did prevaile with her to let them carry her a conſiderable diſtance from the Houſe, to a ſheltered ſunny Spot, whereunto we did oft reſort formerly to hear the Wood-pigeons which frequented the Firre Trees hereabout. We ſeated ourſelves, and did paſſe an houre or two very pleaſantly: ſhe remarked how mercifully it was ordered, that theſe Pleaſures ſhould remaine to the laſt Days of Life; that when the Infirmities of Age make the Company of others burthenſome to us, and ourſelves a burthen to them, the quiet Contemplation of the Workes of *God* affords a ſimple Pleaſure which needeth not aught elſe than a contented Minde to enjoy: the Singing of Birds, even a ſingle Flower, or a pretty Spot like this, with its bank of Primroſes and the Brooke running in there below, and this warm Sunſhine, how pleaſant are they. They take

back the Thoughts to our Youth, which Age doth love to look back upon. She then related to me many Paſſages of her early Life, wherein was obſervable the ſame Love of natural Beauty that doth now miniſter in ſo large a meaſure to our Enjoyment. 1640-1.

The ſweet Seaſon of Spring was delightfull to her beyond any other Time of the Yeare: yet in all did ſhe recognize the bountifull Hand of the *Creator:* and moſt aptly drew from all his Workes thoſe Divine Teachings made manifeſt to the pious and lowly Minde unto whom *Day unto Day uttereth Speech, and Night unto Night ſheweth Knowledge.* In the Quietneſſe of Contemplation, the ſtill ſmall voice of *God* findeth a Place in the Heart: ſhe had liſtened thereunto in the days of her Youth, and in Age ſhe reapeth her Reward: the Yeares draw not nigh unto her when ſhe will ſay *I have no pleaſure in them.* Such were my thoughts, as I beheld her placid Enjoyment, and heard her commend the delicate Beauty of a Flower ſhe held in her Hand, remarking that ſhe look'd upon this Portion of Creation as in a particular manner worthy of our ſacred regard, the Flowers of the Field being ſanctified by our *Lord* teaching from them Leſſons of Faithfulneſſe in the

1640-1. Wiſdom and Love of our *Heavenly Father.* She aſked me if I would repeate the 90th and 91ſt *Pſalmes*, which I did for the moſt part; ſhe repeated after me the words, *Yet is their Strength Labour and Sorrow.* Three ſcore and ten Yeares I have not ſeene: and this lengthened Span of Life may not be ordained for me, yet in the latter Days of my Pilgrimage thus farre toward the Grave, the *Lord* hath layd upon me no Burthen which his Love hath not made light and eaſy to be borne: Sight and Hearing remaine, and the Uſe of my Limbs ſo farre as an old woman needeth. Surely Goodneſſe and Mercy have followed me all the Days of my Life, and will, I doubt not, to the cloſe: and my evening Sun will, I humbly hope, be permitted to ſet in brightneſſe. She took a Roſebud which I had gathered, and ſayd, This bud will never open; but ſome there are which will unfold in Heaven. She look'd earneſtly in my Face: I perceived her meaning, My precious *Child*, mine that is in Heaven, I ſayd, and could not refraine from Teares. Calm thyſelfe, my *Daughter:* I ſhall ſoone meet him, if I am found worthy to be where his pure Spirit is: let me feel as a Link between thy Soul and his. Oh that I may one day meet there all my deare

Children: many have been my Bereavements, but Mercy, tender Mercy was in all my Afflictions. We aroſe, and ſhe was able to walk a good part of the Way towards the Houſe, untill the Servants mett us. Henceforth my *Mother* left the Houſe but ſeldom, and ſoone ſhowed herſelf incapable of this much exertion: her ſtrength diminiſhed daily, and ſhe became ſcarce able to quit her chamber. 1640-1.

She deſired one day to ſpeak with my *Huſband*, and communicated to him her conviction that there remained to her but a ſhort Time to live, and requeſted him to prepare me for her immediate departure to *Wimbledon*, talking of ſetting forth the next Day: but it was too late, ſhe was too weake to bear moving: ſhe tooke to her bed, and I thenceforth left her not, ſave when wanted in the *Nurſerie*.

One Night, it was the *Sabbath*, ſhe called us both to her Bed-ſide, expreſſed her Happineſſe in beholding us ſo united in the bonds of Affection and Friendſhip: in a moſt touching manner addreſſed my *Huſband*, commended me as her chief earthly Treaſure to his continued tender Care and Love, and then, the Teares running down her Face, thanked him for the Kindneſſe and Gentleneſſe he had alwayes ſhewn to her

1640-1. beloved *Daughter:* ſhe preſſed our two Hands together, rayſ'd herſelfe up, and in a low tremulous Tone, ſlowly utter'd as nearly as I can remember them, theſe Words:

Allmighty Father, *behold theſe my Children: bleſſe them in each other and in their Children: keepe them in the Path of Righteouſneſſe: protect them in Danger, comfort them in Affliction, and when they come to paſſe through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, let their ſpirit faint not, neither be afraid: but let them lay hold on the Promiſes of Eternal Life, through Faith in* Chriſt Jeſus *our* Lord *and* Saviour. Amen.

She ſunk back exhauſted, and revived not againe to hold much Intercourſe with us. Her Countenance, though at times marked by Suffering, was Calm and Peacefull: her Eyes moſtly cloſed as in Sleep: the Silvery Hair parted on her Forehead: ſhe lay throughout the remainder of the day without taking notice of any thing: twice or thrice ſhe aſk'd for Water to drink, and ſmil'd affectionately upon all around.

Late in the evening ſhe ſayd, Is *Mabel* here? her faithfull Servant approach'd near the Bed. She had taken leave the day before of ſuch of our Domeſtics as ſhe knew perſon-

ally, and now gave Meſſages of Remembrance to thoſe at *Wimbledon*, not forgetting one or two poore aged Woemen to whom ſhe had beene a good Friend in their old Age of Poverty. Againe ſhe became much exhauſted, and we thought the faint Breathing muſt ſoon ceaſe: but ſhe ſo remained ſome houres. About five of the clock in the morning ſhe opened her eyes: the early Sunne ſhon in at the Caſement, which was at the fartheſt ſide from the Bed: ſhe appeared conſcious of the Daylight, and we could partly diſtinguiſh the Words, *Heaven, no Sun, the Glory of* God, *the light thereof.* She look'd on all that were neare unto her, and we thought ſhe ſayd, *Deare Children.* I ſtoop'd to kiſſe her: with a laſt Effort ſhe returned my Embrace; and as I gently layd her Head on the Pillow, her pure Spirit left its earthly Manſion. 1640-1.

In the ſtillneſſe of this awful Moment, my Mind was impreſſ'd with the Belief that her paſſing Spirit look'd on her weeping Family with a Love ſet free from all earthly Feare in the perfect Fruition of Faith, which was become her bleſſed Experience, knowing that our Sorrow would be but for a Moment compared to the *eternal Weight of Glory.* Deareſt *Mother*,

1640-1. may thy precious Example be ever preſent with me. I felt it a ſore Triall, the Houſe being at this time full of Company, yet believe it might be good for me that there were ſo many to be cared for. My Siſter *Dorothy* was truly kind: *Albinia* was prevented coming: My Lord *Noel* was a true Mourner, a more than common Affection united him in Bonds of Intimacy with his late Siſter, and he ſought every Opportunity of Converſe with me, and paſſ'd much Time of every Day alone in her favourite Walks: his Daughter *Eleanor* had accompanied him out of *Leiceſterſhire:* before he left us, my Deare Uncle had gained the Love and Eſteeme of all.

I may here write an Inſcription to the Memory of the late Miſtreſſe *Hampden*, which my *Lord* did copy from her Tomb in the Church at *Great Hampden*, when he was laſt at that Place, the ſame appearing to me particularly ſuited to the Subject of the laſt pages of this *Diary*, wherein my Pen would faile, were I to attempt to deſcribe her Excellence, or my own great Loſſe.

To the eternal Memory of the truely Vertuous and Pius *Elizabeth Hampden*, Wife of *John Hampden*, the tender Mother of an

happy Offspring in 9 hopefull Children: In her Pilgrimage the Staie and Comfort of her Neighbours, the Love and Glory of a well-ordered Family, the Delight and Happineſſe of tender Parents, but a Crowne of Bleſſings to a Huſband: In a Wife, to all an eternal Paterne of Goodneſſe, and Cauſe of Joye whilſt ſhe was: In her diſſolution a Loſſe unvaluable to each, yet herſelfe bleſt, and they recompenſed, in her Tranſlation from a Tabernacle of Claye and fellowſhipp with Mortalls to a celeſtiall Manſion and Communion with *Deity*, The 20th Day of *Auguſt* 1634. *John Hampden*, her ſorrowfull Huſband, in perpetuall Teſtimony of his conjugal Love, hath dedicated this Monument. 1640-1.

My *Mother* in a ſpecial manner did walke by Faith. In all Trouble ſhe could ſay, It is good for me to be afflicted, it is the *Lord*, let him do what ſeemeth to him good: and in time of Proſperity and Gladneſſe ſhe forgot not the Giver of all Mercies, the Song of Thankſgiving and Prayſe was in her Heart and on her Lippes: Scrupulous in the exact Performance of all her Duties, ſhe regarded none as too inſignificant

1640-1. to be done well: to the Poore ſhe was a kind and bountifull Friend; and as *Hampden* ſayth of his Wife, ſhe was a Paterne of Goodneſſe, and Cauſe of Joy to all who knew her: and the *Lord* permitted his aged Servant to depart in Peace. Bleſſed be his Name!

March 11, *Thurſday.* This Morning aroſe ſomewhat earlier than uſuall, and felt the Benefit of ſo doing throughout the day: Mind compoſed and ſtrengthened. At five of the Clock my Couſins *Anne* and *Margaret* arrived: ſeem warm-hearted young Women, *Anne* grown into more Comelineſſe than ſhe appeared likely to do, two yeares ſince: *Margaret* lovely as a bright Morning in May, the calme Truthfulneſſe of her Countenance brings to mind *Spenſer's* Verſes to the Memorie of his beloved Friend,

> *A ſweet attractive kind of Grace,*
> *A full Aſſurance given by Lookes,*
> *Continuall Comfort in a Face*
> *The Lineaments of* Goſpell *Bookes:*

the two laſt Lines eſcape my Memory. We ſate round the Fire for the moſt part of the Evening: family News and country Goſſip: and *Anne* eager to relate ſundry Tales of *Robin Hood*, and marvellous Stories of Witch-

craft and Fairie-lore, drawing down upon herſelf the grave Rebuke of the *Chaplaine*, to which ſhe gave little heed. When retired to my Cloſet, could not forbeare contraſting my preſent State with that of theſe light-hearted Maidens: I have not ſeene many more Yeares than theſe have, and yet ſuch Gaiety of Spirit is mine no more, the Hand of Care preſſeth heavily on the young Heart, which enters upon the troubled and carefull Path of domeſtic Life, and upon the Duties which appertaine unto the Miſtreſſe of a Houſehold, before it hath had time to enure itſelfe to Hardſhips and Diſappointments, or hath had Experience of its owne Weakneſſe or its owne Power: yet I would not repine; a deeper Well-ſpring of Joy hath beene open'd to me, though its Waters are mingled with Drops of Bitterneſſe. Some one ſayth, our beſt Bleſſings are bought with Paine, as our higheſt Vertue through Sin and Sorrow: this may ſeeme a Myſtery; but *my Thoughts are not your Thoughts, nor my Ways your Ways, ſaith the Lord.* Raiſe up and ſtrengthen within me, O mercifull *Father* that Faith in thy perfect Wiſdom and Love as ſhall enable me to truſt in thee to direct my Ways and lead me to obey thy Will as a little child: 1640-1.

1640-1. bleſſe and protect my *deare Huſband*, and keep him in the Way of Truth and Liberty: keep in Health and Safety, O *Lord*, my precious little Ones, and uphold me in the Fulfillment of the ſeveral Duties committed to my Charge.

March 24, *Wedneſday.* The *Nurſerie* a Scene of much Merriment this Morning. *Anne* at high Play with *Di* and *Fanny*, and *Margaret* with the *Baby*, who clapp'd her Hands and ſcreamed with Delight. My Couſins are both good-tempered, lively Creatures, and I am vaſtly fond of them already, and they no leſſe ſo of me and the Children. I tooke them over the Houſe, and left them in the *Long Gallery*. They followed me after a while, bringing their Needlework, and I tooke my Embroidery, which has got on but ſlowly of late: their lively Talk made the Day paſſe pleaſantly. After Dinner we walked down to the *Village*, calling at blind *Betty's* as we return'd.

March 25, *Thurſday.* *Lady Day*. In the *Steward's* Room two or three Houres, paying out Wages and ſo forth, and looking over *Armſtrong's* Bookes. The laſt yeare's Wool was ſold, the greater part thereof, to the Baize-maker at *Colcheſter*, at 24 Shillings the Tod, a better Price than hath been payd of late.

1641.

The *Great Hall* with its blazing Fire and the Women buſy at their Spinning, ever and anon ſinging to the hum of the Wheels, was a Sight pleaſant to look upon. *Nancy* did deſire ſhe might have a Wheel taken to the *Parlour*, much preferring making of Thread to uſing the ſame. *Margaret* is a notable Needlewoman: her Siſter brought a bright Bluſh to her Cheeke by ſome Query reſpecting a particular Piece of Needlework in hand; and added, on perceiving the effect ſhe had produced, ſhe had heard *Sr. Eraſmus de la Fountain* much commend the delicate Paterne: whereat poore *Margaret* attempted to look up unconcern'd, but was obliged to ſmile at her Siſter's Pleaſantry. I was diſcreet, and led the Converſation back to the Spinning.

The Days paſſe ſmoothly, yet Time ſeemeth very long ſince my deare *Lord* departed on his Journey. We heare no News. *Armſtrong* will perchance gain ſome Tydings at *Colcheſter:* and I muſt await his Return with ſuch Patience I can.

Since my little *Fanny's* long Sickneſſe I have continued the Habit of remaining by her at night, ſometime after ſhe is in Bed: theſe are Seaſons peculiarly ſweet and ſoothing; there

1641. ſeemeth ſomething holy in the Aire of the dimly lighted *Chamber*, wherein is no Sound heard but the ſoft breathing of the ſleeping Infant. I feel at ſuch time as if brought nearer to the *Divine Preſence*, and with every Care and buſy Thought gathered into Silence, almoſt ſeeme as though admitted to the Company of the Angels who keepe their appointed Watch around the little Child: one deſire only filling my Soul that my Children may grow up to walk in the way of the Righteous: at ſuch Moments too how clearly is perceiv'd and acknowledg'd the Claim of the *Creator* over the young Creature he hath formed: He hath breathed into it the Breath of Life, and made it a living Soule, and hath given it to a Mother's Keeping: ſhe boweth herſelfe before him, and receiveth from his hand this *Pearle of great price*, when the Lord *maketh up his Jewels* to be required of her againe. Sanctifie, O *Lord*, I beſeech thee, theſe Houres of Stillneſſe and Meditation to my Soule's eternal Good, and to the Fulfillment of thy holy Purpoſe towards us.

March 30, *Tueſday.* Sitting with my two little Maidens in the *Nurſerie* to-day, *Baby* aſleep in the Cradle, and the Time drawing nigh for them to go to

Bed, the way opened of ſaying a few words to them on the ſubject of Prayer, and methought it ſtrengthened my owne Faith as I brought to their Remembrance that *Jeſus Chriſt* himſelfe pray'd, and had told us to do ſo, and had taught us in what manner we ſhould pray, alſo giving us Aſſurance that *God* would alwayes heare our Supplications, if offered in Humility and Faith: Herein ſhould we find abiding Comfort and occaſion of Thankfullneſſe: *Diana* I thought, from the Expreſſion of her Countenance, underſtood what was ſayd. *Fanny* look'd and ſmiled and made ſome childiſh Remark, but poſſibly tooke in ſome notion of what was meant. It is a teaching Leſſon, the loving Sorte of Truſt with which our Children liſten: how carefull ſhould we be that Nothing deſtroy this Confidence. 1641.

When I came downe ſtaires, met *John* in the *Hall:* he brought me a Letter, and had heard divers Reports. He had the good hap to fall in with Meſſengers on their road to the North, and accompanied them a mile or two on their Way to gaine what Intelligence he could. When the Earle of *Strafford* was brought from the *Tower*, he was guarded by 200 of the Train-band on his way to *Weſtmin-*

1641. *ſter Hall.* Every day of the paſt weeke he was brought thus to and fro to the Triall. The *King* and *Queene* and the *Prince* proceeded to *Weſtminſter* about 9 of the clock: they ſat in their private Cloſet, one being encloſed on each ſide of the Throne with Boards and hung with Arras, in order that the *King* might be preſent without taking Parte, untill ſuch time as he ſhould chooſe: nevertheleſſe he ſhortly brake downe with his own Hand the Trellis, and ſo ſate in the eyes of all. When the *Earle* enter'd, the Axe was not carried before him, the *King* having ſo commanded. The Reading of the Impeachment with the Lord *Strafford's* Reply occupied the firſt Day.

There was much Eating and Drinking during the Day, unſeemely Conduct in the *King's* preſence, and ill becoming the Solemnity of the Occaſion: the Sittings did oft laſt till 2 or 3 of the clock at night. Mr. *Pym* made a long Speech on the 2nd day. What ſeemeth ſtrange, in the *Galleries* were all the chief Ladies of the Court, with Pen and Ink and Papers, taking note of what paſſ'd. It is ſayd, though he was proved guilty of great Wickedneſſe and Tyrannie, yet no one Deed taken ſingly did come within the verge of

Treaſon. The *Earle* did himſelfe ſay aloud, there was nothing that could be Treaſon, and if one thouſand Miſdemeanours make not a Felony, how ſhould 28 make it a Treaſon? So ſoone as the Triall is concluded, we ſhall ſurely hear thereof. 1641.

No Letter or Meſſenger yet arrived. It is well for me that nurſerie Cares and Employments cannot be neglected, and I am thus compelled to exertion, though painefull Thoughts occupy my Mind. It is an awfull thing for Man to take the Life of Man, and difficult to reconcile to the Precepts of Mercy and Forgiveneſſe, given by our *Saviour*, more eſpecially doth it grieve me to ſee the Spirit of Perſecution ſo ſtrong in the Miniſter of Religion. The *Chaplain* and I agree not in theſe Matters, and he hath ever readie in his Mouth Texts from *Holy Scriptures* to juſtify Bloodſhed: the Law of old time was an Eye for an Eye, but not ſuch is the Law of *Chriſt*. I do oft wiſh for my *Huſband's* Preſence in his owne Family: the diſcontented and fanatic Tone of Exhortation adopted of late worketh no Good: for my poore Part I ſee no doing of *God's* Service in neglecting their Duty, which ſome both Men and Women in the Houſehold ſcruple April 19, *Monday.*

1641. not. This wreſting of the old *Bible* expreſſions to ſuit different Opinions, methinks, is like to be dangerous, and maketh a Snare to the Weake.

April 24, *Saturday.* The Bill hath paſſ'd the *Commons' Houſe*, by a very great Majority, and is ſent up to the *Lords*. Mobs of violent Men were gathered round the Parliament, crying for *Strafford's* Blood. The *Lords* made *Complaint* they were threatened: and Dr. *Burgeſs*, a popular Preacher, was put forth to addreſſe the Crowd, who thereupon diſperſed themſelves. The *King* is accuſed of endeavouring to influence the *Houſe of Lords*, and truſts much in the Earle of *Bedford*, who it is ſayd hath ſecretly undertooke that the Earle of *Strafford's* Life ſhould not be forfeited.

May 7, *Friday.* A Report hath ariſen that the *King* hath projected the Earle's eſcape from the *Tower*.

So great is the Excitement that the Noiſe of a Board breaking in the *Houſe* did ſo greatly terrifie the Members that ſome ran out: others thought it was another Gun-powder Plot.

May 8, *Saturday.* No further News from *London*. Thoughts ſo diſtracted that to ſet downe ſome Particulars of public Events as they reach us is all that I am well able. Children at this time well in

Health, a great Mercy: let me not be unmindfull of this and other manifold Bleſſings; but, as the *Apoſtle* ſayth, *by Prayer and Supplication, with Thankſgiving, be my Requeſts made known unto* God. 1641.

The Bill has paſſ'd: the Majority 21 to 19: my *Huſband* ſayth many left the *Houſe*. The Earle of *Bedford*, having ſicken'd of the Smallpox laſt weeke, died on the 9th: he is a great Loſſe to all Parties, being a juſt and good Man; he hath alwayes oppoſed the perſecuting Laws againſt the Non-conformiſt Miniſters, and beene the Enemy of all arbitrary Power, and had occupied himſelfe till his Death in the endeavour to reconcile his Party to ſomething leſſe than capital Puniſhment in the *Earle's* caſe: and 'tis thought the *King* had confidently truſted in his Influence obtaining this End. The Royal Aſſent has beene given by Commiſſion. When the Earle of *Strafford* was inform'd thereof, he layd his Hand on his Breaſt, and ſayd, *Put not your Truſt in Princes:* poore Man, he hath good Reaſon to ſay ſo. The Prince of *Wales* came to the *Houſe* with a Letter from the *King*, a poore Effort to ſave the *Earle*, and to ſatisfie his Conſcience. May 13, *Thurſday.*

The Execution tooke place on *Wedneſday* May 15, *Saturday.*

1641. the 12th: the crowds of People preſent were orderly, and gave way to no expreſſion of Triumph; but at night it is reported they teſtified their Satisfaction by lighting Bonfires, &c. My deare Life doth hope to get away in a few Days: how great will be the Joy to ſee him enter his own Doore againe. He ſayth the *Queene Mother* hath petition'd the *Houſe of Commons* for a Guard: ſhe being fearfull of Crowds and Tumults: 'twas referred to Committee. The *Houſe* moved that the *Lords* ſhould join in a Petition to His Majeſty that ſhe depart this Kingdome.

Have retired to my *Cloſet* at an early Houre, that I may paſſe ſome time in the Exerciſe of Self-examination, eſpecially ſuited to the Day, the ſame being that on which I was born. Firſt, let me return Thanks to *Almighty God* that I was bleſſed with a Pious and Tender *Mother:* 2ndly, That I have been favoured with goode Health: and thirdly, that in Wedded Life my Partner is one worthy of my deareſt Affection & high Eſteeme, and who hath ever treated with Gentleneſſe and Condeſcention my Faults and many Deficiencies. Like unto the loving them who love us is the Thankfulneſſe of the Heart for thoſe Mercies

and Orderings of *Providence* pleaſant to our natural Feelings: how have I borne the Trialls and Diſappointments which have beene given mee to beare? When the *Lord* tooke from me my precious Firſt-born, it was as it were the Dividing aſunder of Soul and Spirit, and of the Joints and Marrow: and I would not be comforted. Yet I doubt not that through this Tribulation I have in ſome meaſure beene brought to a more humbling Senſe of my thoughtleſſe and ſinful State, and to the Conviction that only through Divine Grace could my diſobedient and rebellious Spirit be brought into entire Submiſſion and the patient taking up the *Croſſe* felt to be a daily Duty. Great and oft have beene my Backſlidings; yet bleſſed be *God*, I hope that Faith faileth not, but doth ſtrengthen and become more and more an abiding Principle of Action. Much of Indolence and Selfiſhneſſe I have daily to ſtruggle with: yet ſometimes the comforting Hope is granted, that in theſe reſpects there is Improvement. Though no longer have I a deare *Mother*, yet is her Memory ſo connected with my *Children* that in my own capacity as a Mother I ſeeme with her in many Scenes of her paſt Life. Perhaps ſhe doth now behold mee ſtepping along 1641.

1641. through this Vale of Teares, oft ſtumbling, but an unſeene Arm ſupporting mee from utterly falling, and peacefull Reſting-places and refreſhing waters vouchſafed: and when I draw nigh unto the End of my Pilgrimage, where lieth the Shadow of Death, may I ſtill feare no Evill, but know that the *Lord* is with mee. Have read the 51ſt and 103d *Pſalmes*, and the 5th, 6th, and 7th Chapters of *St. Mathew*, and with renewed Thankſgiving after looking on the ſleeping Little Ones, I will now retire to my ſolitary Chamber.

June 2, *Wedneſday.* There hath of late beene public Events of ſuch ſtrong Intereſt, that ſmall domeſtic Affaires have ſeemed of too little Import, compared therewith, to ſet ought downe, and my Pen too is idly diſpoſed. My time is moſtly thus ordered: after that I have looked into ordinary houſehold Buſineſſe, I teach *Diana* her Reading and Spelling; ſhe is an apt Scholar, and is becoming a notable little Sempſtreſſe: her Temper is quick, and her Behaviour ſometimes overbearing to her *Siſter;* but ſhe hath warme Affections, and ſoon repents of Unkindneſſe or Anger: *Fanny* is more gentle and docile, but with this too readily in Teares; they are both vaſtly fond of *Baby*, and *Fanny* gives it oft-

times ſuch a Hug with her chubby Arm as makes it cry, and then ſhe cries too. *Fan* learns ſome little. In the Afternoone walke out, calling on ſome of my poore Neighbours, and adminiſtering to the Ailing ſuch Remedies as I can beſtow. 1641.

It is like to be a good Hay-harveſt: the Women all called forth to give Helpe therein. I tooke Charge of the *Nurſerie: Di* and *Fan* in the Field moſt part of the Day. Old *Bridget* died laſt Night; and *Smythe* now keepes to his Bed. June 24, *Thurſday.*

The Report hath reached us that the *Queene Mother* hath embarked: a good Riddance to the Countrey. It is ſayd the *Queene* wiſhed to accompany her; and under plea of Ill-health made Requeſt to this effect to the *Houſe of Commons*, which was refuſed: at the ſame time the *Houſe* expreſſed a Willingneſſe to further her Satisfaction in all things ſo farre as may ſtand with the Public Good. Methinks the *King* muſt be diſcompoſed by this Oppoſition to the *Queenes* Wiſhes, which bodeth further Trouble and Vexation to him. July 17, *Saturday.*

The *King* is ſtill in *Scotland*, but is likely to go to *Ireland:* Rebellion and dreadfull Maſſacres in that unhappy Countrey. Sept. 15, *Wedneſday.*

The Biſhops accuſed of High Treaſon. Dec. 14, *Tueſday.*

1641-2.

1641-2.

January 8, *Saturday.*

THE *Commons* have petitioned for a Guard. Newes that Lord *Kimbolton*, Mr. *Hollis*, Sir *Arthur Hazelrigge*, Mr. *Pym*, Mr. *John Hampden*, and another, have been accuſed of High Treaſon by the *Attorney General*. Whilſt the *Lords* were deliberating, Word was brought that Officers were ſealing up the Doores, Trunks, &c. of the accuſed Members. The *Commons* ordered their *Sergeant at Armes* to breake them open: of a ſudden there came a Meſſage from the *King* to the *Speaker* requiring him to deliver up the 5 Members. The *Houſe* replied they would take the Matter into Conſideration. The next day after Dinner, and when they had ſcarcely taken their Seats, Newes was brought them that the *King* was coming with Hundreds of arm'd Men and Officers; they fearing Vio-

lence and Strife in the Houſe, order'd the accuſed Members to leave the Houſe: which they did juſt in time. My *Lord* ſayth the *King* knock'd haſtily on the Doore, and came in with the *Prince Palatine*, leaving the arm'd Men at the Doore. The whole *Houſe* ſtood up uncovered: the *King* walked ſtraightway to the *Speaker's* Chaire, and ſeated himſelfe therein. Then he caſt ſearching lookes around, and not ſeeing thoſe he ſought, ſpoke in a ſevere Tone, aſking were any of thoſe Perſons there, ending with theſe Words, or ſome ſimilar, *I do expect, as ſoon as they come to the Houſe, you will ſend them to me; otherwiſe I muſt take my owne Courſe to find them*, and aroſe and went out, amidſt Murmuring and cries of Privilege. This open Defiance of *King* and *Parliament* has created a vaſt ſtir: and many marvel at the bold bearing of the *Houſe*. The next Day the *King* went into the City of *London*, when the *Common Councill* were aſſembled at the *Guildhall;* but made not much Impreſſion: nevertheleſſe he got a good Dinner at the Houſe of one of the *Sheriffes*. 1641-2.

For ſome days no Tidings have reached us: all that we have heard of late is of the *Militia Bill*, which is calling forth ſtrong Feelings on both Sides. The *Queene* and *Princeſſe* are at Feb. 28, *Monday*.

1641-2. length gone into *Holland:* it is ſayd ſhe hath taken, beſide her Plate, the Crown Jewells. The *King* returned not to *Whitehall,* but is at *Theobalds,* the Prince of *Wales* with him.

March 17, *Thurſday.* This Forenoon my little Daughter *Fanny* ſhowed ſo wilfull and froward a Spirit, refuſing to do that ſhe was told, that I was forced to correct her with ſome ſeverity: ſhe hath of late fallen away from the ready Obedience wherewith ſhe did formerly attend to my Bidding, and I do much reproach myſelfe in that I have beene neglectfull of my Duty towards her, and the others; thus occaſioning Trouble to them, and Grief and Diſappointment to myſelfe. Sorely tryed by divers Anxieties I have too much look'd to my deare Little Ones for preſent Joy and Comfort: and haply in my forlorne State, with an encreaſed Tenderneſſe have beene led to overlooke the Beginnings of unruly & diſobedient Conduct, which ought to have met with Correction.

As I ſtood and look'd on the little Face ſo lately diſturbed by angry Feelings now quietly aſleepe, I deeply bewailed the Effects of my Selfiſhneſſe. *Lord,* I have beene an unfaithfull Steward, and neglected the Talents committed to me: call me not to account, Oh Righteous

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Father: take not away from mee this precious Truſt: but whileſt I acknowledge and deplore my Unworthineſſe, ſtrengthen, I beſeech thee, my weake Minde, and helpe mee to traine them up in Obedience, which ſhall prepare them for a yet higher. Thou knoweſt the Burthen of theſe fearefull and troublous Times is heavy to be borne: yet would I ſtrive and pray for a more patient and faithfull Spirit.

March 18, *Friday.*

Attended to family Buſineſſe and Duties with renew'd Diligence: and I truſt humbled, by the paſt Experience of Slackneſſe in performing the ſame. I weary for my deare *Huſband's* preſence and Support.

March 19, *Saturday.*

Intelligence that the *Lieutenants* of *Counties* are forthwith to organize *Militias:* the Farmers and Labouring Men will be put to great Inconvenience and Loſſe.

Late in the Afternoone my *Lord* arrived, travaile-ſoiled, having ridden ſo farre out of his way to the North: he with ſome others are appointed to preſent to the *King*, now at *Yorke*, a Declaration from *Parliament.* He had but a few Houres to ſtay: ſo much to be ſayd in ſhort Time, we ſcarce knew where to begin: he inclined to diſmiſſe for a while all Public Affaires. I cauſed a good fire to be

1641-2. made in our favourite Parlour. *Armſtrong* relieved his *Maſter* of parts of his Riding-dreſſe, and tooke Orders reſpecting freſh Horſes, baggage, &c. the while I haſten'd up to the *Nurſerie* & brought downe the three *Girls*. *Fan* tooke her old Place on her Father's Knee, *Di* on a Stool at his Feet, and I nurſed and coaxed *Baby* into not being alarmed at a Stranger, ſo little has ſhe ſeene of him, that at firſt ſhe did refuſe to leave my Arms for his: very great was our Satisfaction and Delight: he look'd wearied, and well he might, but ſayd the ſight of ſo many deare Faces was the onely Happineſſe he had had ſince he laſt ſaw us, and did more to reſt him than could aught elſe: the Dogs too ſhared his Notice: and the *Children* prattled ſo that we could hardly get in a word to each other. One by one they were ſent off to Bed, and we had a ſhort ſpace of Quiet to ourſelves. Before we are like to meete againe, he doth expect, as doe all Men, that Blood will have beene ſhed: both Parties are now ſcambling for Armes: and nothing can ſave this unhappy Kingdome from a Warre. Wee are much out of the way: but in diſturbed Times, worthleſſe and evil-diſpoſed Perſons are readie for any Violence, and under Pretext of

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being engaged for one Side or the other, likely to plunder the undefended: and *Armſtrong* has orders to ſee that before dark, the Houſe be ſhut, and all the Men within; who are to be armed: the new *Militia Act* will make this needfull. My *Lord* will have with him alwayes one or more truſt-worthy Serving-men, whom he can ſend with Letters or Meſſages, and heare from us in returne: and herein wee muſt both take ſuch Comfort as wee can. He is now under the Orders of *Parliament*, and for ſome time is pretty certaine to be in the *North*, the *King* having eſtabliſhed a ſort of Court at *Yorke*. The Take-leave time came at laſt, *And now, deare Heart*, he ſayd to his trembling *Wife*, with much adoe I kept a tolerable Compoſure, *have no Miſgivings of thyſelfe: I have ever found thee of quick Wit in Difficulties, and manifeſting a quiet Courage and Endurance, at which I have marvelled: and if need ſhould be, I will find Meanes for your better Protection.* Well was it now that the Horſes were readie, and he look'd not around, after his parting Embrace, to ſee mee drown'd in Teares. He ſet forth well armed. Two Men the ſame, and another with a led Horſe and Baggage.

Went to my lonely Roome at Night: the

1641-2. Caſement ſhook with the Winde, and preſently the Raine came downe heavily: for a time I was overpower'd with the Grief of loſing him, and thinking of him riding all night in Weather ſo tempeſtuous, the while I ſat by a brightly burning Fire, in a comfortable warm Roome. Yet would I gladly ſhare his Hardſhippes, and be at his Side through all. Rouſed myſelf at laſt, and prepared for Reſt, praying for Strength that my ſelfiſh Love may never bee a Hinderance to my beloved *Huſband* in the way of his Duty, but rather that I may give all the Aide that a poore weake Creature may, to one ſo farre above her in all true Nobleneſſe. As I beheld the little Face ſleeping beſide mee, thought what ſhould betide if wee were driven from our Home: how ſhould wee find Shelter for this tender Flower, and the other deare ones.

March 22, *Tueſday.* The *Chaplaine*, when wee met this Morning, with much Reſpect did offer his Services: he ſideth with the *Parliament*, and I fancy could play the part of Soldier well, other ways than in Spirituall Warfare.

March 31, *Thurſday.* Had the great Comfort of a Letter dated *Nottinghame:* my *Huſband* reach'd that Place ſoone after Sir *Anthony Ereby* and the Lord

Dungarvon, whom he was to meete there: and they preſently departed for *Yorke*. My *Huſband* telleth mee that Mr. *John Hutchinſon* boldly oppoſed the Taking-away the Pouder from the *Caſtle* by the Sheriffe for the *Kings* Uſe: the which was well nigh accompliſhed. It did ſo happen that Mr. *Hutchinſon* chancing to call on the *Mayor*, was there told that Lord *Newark* and the Sheriffe were up ſtairs ſeeing the Pouder weighed out. A good number of People were gathered together, and told Mr. *Hutchinſon*, if he would ſtand by them, they would not let it be taken away: and ſome were minded to go up and toſſe the Sheriffe out of the Windowes. Thereupon Mr. *Hutchinſon* went up, and made manfull Remonſtrance with the ſayd Sheriffe, and they did preſently put up their Papers, and left the Townes-hall. My *Lord* had ſome knowledge of Mr. *Hutchinſon*, and is right glad to find him a ſtedfaſt Friend, on the ſide of Liberty and Juſtice. 1641-2.

It is no eaſie Matter to follow my uſuall Employments, and I make ſome excuſe continually to myſelfe for looking towards the Gate, though no Newes is like to arrive yet awhile. The afternoone was fine, and I walked with the *Children* to *Framlingham*, and went April 5, *Tueſday*.

1642. over great part of the *Caſtle*, met there Doctor *Sampſon*, who gave me at conſiderable length the Hiſtory thereof. He was in much Concerne for his Friend Mr. *Lovekin*, the Rector of *Ufford*, who hath beene plundered of every thing ſave one Silver-ſpoone which he did hide in his Sleeve. The Oak-trees hereabout are of great ſize. The *Children* were mightily pleaſed with the *Caſtle:* and were it not that their Hunger made the thought of Supper well pleaſing to them, I ſhould not eaſily have got them away.

April 19, *Tueſday.* This morning was mild & bright: the Woods clothed in the ſoft Greene of early Spring: & the whole Scene ſo quiet and beautifull, 'twas ſad to reflect how many happy country Places were defaced by the Trampling of Soldiers, & Women and Children ſitting in Terror of Warre at their very Doores. I walk'd down to blind *Betty's* Cottage: the Doore ſtood partly open: and as I entered ſhe was ſeated by the ſmall Fire, her Dreſſe cleane though homely and worne, and her poore ſightleſſe Face wearing its accuſtomed Looke of Contentment: her Lips moved, and ſhe raiſed up her withered Hand at times, as if in Supplication. She knew my ſtep, & aroſe to meet mee with her

wonted Salutation of Reſpect and Wellcome: her firſt Enquiry was to know if I had heard Tydings of the Lord *Willoughby:* & then of the *Children*, every particular of their Health. And now ſhall I reade to you, *Betty?* I aſked: with many Thankes ſhe expreſs'd the Pleaſure it would give. The *Chaplaine* had not call'd to ſee her theſe three Daies: and a Chapter, as ſhe ſayd, would be more to her than Meate or Drinke. I read a portion of *Iſaiah*, and afterward the 15th Chapter of *Corinthians:* her Remarks thereon, though ſimple, reminded mee in their Piety and Zeale of my deare *Mother*. She then begged for the laſt of *Revelations*, wherein ſhe doth alway find peculiar Edification and Delight. This poore lone Widow is a living Sermon to mee in her Faith under all her Troubles, which have beene manifold: but they have led her to the true Source of Peace and Conſolation. 1642.

Before I left my Chamber this morning, was told a Meſſenger had arrived from *Aldborough*, having come there by Sea from *Hull* deſiring Speech of mee, ſaying he was from *Yorke:* I did loſe no time in ſeeing him. He ſayd the Lord *Willoughby* had not Time or Meanes to write, but ſent mee his Ring as a Token that he who April 30, *Saturday.*

1642. bare it was to be truſted in his Relation of Affaires as they then were. On the 22nd the *King* ſent the Duke of *Yorke* and the Prince *Palatine* with the Earle of *Newport* to *Hull*, without any armed Force, my *Lord* with them, as if to ſee the Town: the Day following they were to dine with the *Mayor:* but a little before noone Sir *John Hotham* was informed the *King* intended to dine with him that day, and was within 3 or 4 miles of *Hull*, with 300 Horſe and more. He haſtened to conſult the Aldermen and ſome others on the *Parliament* ſide: and they ſent a Meſſenger beſeeching his *Majeſty* not to come, as the Governour could not admit him. But the *King* advanced: the Bridge was drawn up, and the Gates ſhut, and the Soldiers ſtood to their Arms. The *King* rode up to the Gate, and commanded Sir *John* to open the Gates: he anſwered that he was entruſted with the Securing the Towne, and would do his Duty: but if the *King* pleaſed, he might enter with 12 Men: this the *King* refuſed. At one of the clock the Duke of *Yorke* and others with him were allowed to go out. The *King* ſtayed there till afternoone, when he gave Sir *John Hotham* an Houre to conſider what he would doe, and retired: then

he came backe to the Gate & received the ſame Anſwer as before. Thereat he cauſed the Herald to proclaime Sir *John Hotham* a Traitour: and in great Anger and Diſappointment the *King* went away, and lodged at *Beverley*. My *Huſband* will remaine at *Hull*, being appointed with 3 other Commiſſioners to act with Sir *John Hotham*. The *Parliament* have voted Thanks to the Governour, and ſent an Order for the Ordnance and moſte of the Armes to be ſent to *London*. For a ſhort time my deare *Huſband* is employed on a Service of ſeeming little Danger, but this cannot be for long. The Meſſenger ſtayed only for needfull Refreſhment, proceeding to *London:* deſired *John Armſtrong* to reward him with liberal hand, and alſo requeſt him to ſend us the *Perfect Diurnall*, or ſuch Paper as he can procure, when he reaches *London*. 1642.

The *King*, having got Poſſeſſion of the Great Seale, hath iſſued Proclamations commanding the People in no way to aide the *Parliament:* the *Parliament* doing the ſame to forbid their aiding the *King:* what can the poore People do? June 28, *Tueſday*.

There is Rumour that the *King* hath collected a conſiderable Force, and is gone to beſiege *Hull*.

1642.

July 15, *Friday.* The *Parliament* have iſſued an Order for the bringing in Money, Plate, Horſes, &c. and have named the Earle of *Eſſex Commander* of the Army; many Gentlemen of the *Houſe* of *Commons* have entered the Service, Lord *Grey*, *Hollis*, Sir *William Waller*, and our good friend the excellent Mr. *Hampden*.

July 16, *Saturday.* The Paper ſays the Lord *Willoughby* is made *Lord-Lieutenant* of *Lincolnſhire;* and Mr. *Oliver Cromwell*, the Member for *Cambridge*, is a Colonel: and will raiſe Forces and Money in that County and *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*.

Some part of *Suffolk* has ſhown itſelfe in Favour of the *King*. Would that my *Lord* were at home: yet his Eſtates lying chiefly in *Lincolnſhire*, his Preſence there is doubtleſſe important.

Not only have the Wealthier Sort brought in their Money, Silver Goblets, and ſuch like, but poore Women of their ſmall meanes, even to their Silver Bodkins and Thimbles.

Aug. 29, *Monday.* The Royal Standard ſet up in *Nottinghame:* we heare that the *King* himſelfe rode up to the Top of the Hill with the Standard Bearer: the evening was ſtormy, and the next morning the Standard was found blown downe: & ſome ſay it ſo happened a ſecond time, and many of

the Royaliſt Party much caſt downe by an Event ſo ominous. Poore *King*, my Heart pitieth him, as who can help? happy they who are not ſet in the high Places. 1642.

The *King* hath marched towards *London:* the *Parliament*, having notice thereof, ordered the Train-bands to be in readineſſe, and that the *City* ſhould be fortified with Poſts and Chaines: and they ſay vaſt numbers of People, even Women and Children, came to the Worke, digging and carrying the Earth to make the new Fortifications. September.

Whilſt that my *Lord* ſome while ago was raiſing and putting into order the *Lincolnſhire* Militia, the *King* being informed thereof wrote to him deſiring him to deſiſt: whereupon he returned Anſwer, that it was not in his power to do that which his *Majeſty* required of him, without Breach of that Truſt which he had undertaken to the *Parliament*, and to which he was encouraged by the Opinion of his *Majeſty's* great Officers eminent in the Knowledge of the Lawes, wherein he was not learned.

The Lord *Brooke* is actively at worke in *Warwickſhire*.

Tidings of an Encounter betweene the two Armies: the firſt Report that our Side were Oct. 28, *Friday*.

1642. defeated: then came others that the *King's* Forces were beaten with great Loſſe. Certaine it was that a Battle had beene fought: and late in the evening I ſaw from my Bedroom Window a Man riding up, his Horſe ſtumbling from Fatigue, and preſently was told it was *Shephard.* As onely from great Neceſſitie would my *Huſband* ſend from him this truſty Man, I feared ſome ill Newes: and when *Shephard* ſaid his *Lord* was well, I could ſcarcely ſtand, ſo great was the Reliefe from that which I was afraid of hearing. A battle had beene fought at a Village called *Keynton:* Lord *Eſſex* with his Army in the Village, the *King's* halted at *Edgehill. Eſſex* advanced into the Plaine, and he ordered the Artillery to fire on that Part where the *King* was reported to be: and a terrible Fight began. The Royal Standard was taken: Prince *Rupert* entered *Keynton,* pillaging and committing great Cruelty: men ſayd it would have gone hard with *Eſſex* if he had not thus loſt time. My *Lord* joined them with his Regiment, *Hampden's* and another, in the height of the Conflict; they had laine on the Field all night, without Covering or Proviſions. He told *Shephard* to tell mee he could not be in better Company, Colonel

Hampden and he being much together. Some wiſhed to purſue the *King*, who is gone towards *Banbury:* others adviſed Reſt for the Soldiers. I aſked *Shephard* how my *Lord* looked, and he ſayth paſſing well, not ſo wearie, to his thinking, as when in *London:* he is to remaine one or two Dayes; and take back Linen, &c. After the firſt hurry of Feeling had ſomewhat ſubſided, I endeavoured to compoſe my Minde to a due Senſe of Thankfulneſſe that I am yet ſpared Tidings of his being wounded or even worſe: how many Wives and Mothers at this time are weeping over the Dead, or watching the Wounded & Dying: and we know not whoſe Turne will be next. 1642.

The Lord *Say's* Houſe at *Broughton* hath beene taken by Prince *Rupert.* Nov. 2.

Dr. *Sampſon* walked over from *Framlingham*, and ſtayd Dinner: he hath heard that a ſudden Attack had beene made by the *King* on *Brentford.* Lord *Eſſex* was in the *Houſe*, which had juſt received a gracious Anſwer from the *King*, and aſking if Hoſtilities were to be ſuſpended: Whilſt he ſpoke, he heard the Sound of Cannon: he haſtily left the Houſe, and gallopped acroſſe the Park in the direction of the Sound: & he found that Prince *Rupert*, who was fol- Nov. 18, *Saturday.*

1642. lowed by the *King* and the whole Army, had taken advantage of a thick Fog, and had attacked *Brentford*, where was Col. *Hollis's* Regiment, who fought ſo well, the Regiments of Colonel *Hampden* and my Lord *Brooke* had Time to come up: and when the Earle of *Eſſex* came up with a conſiderable Force, he found the *Royaliſts* had retired, and were ſtationed quietly on the weſtern ſide of *Brentford*. The *Parliament* is in great Indignation, and have voted they will never treat with the *King* againe.

Eſſex at the head of more than 20,000 Men, it is ſayd, was urged by *Hampden*, *Hollis*, and others to purſue the *King*, who had retreated: but for what reaſon was not known, he remained ſtill. Cart-loads of Proviſions, Wine, and Ale, &c. were ſent out of *London* to the Army.

Some ſay Sir *Thomas Fairfax* has beene defeated by the Earle of *Newcaſtle*.

1643. 1643.

NEwes from *London:* the *Parliament* have enter'd into a Negotiation with the *King*, to forme a Treaty of Peace, in order whereunto Commiſſioners have beene appointed, and are now at *Oxford*, where it is ſayd the *King* treats them with Civility. He refuſes to have the Lord *Say* and *Sele* one of the Commiſſioners, becauſe he had proclaim'd him a Traitour: and another was choſen in his place. Abroad there ſeemeth only Gloom & Apprehenſion: let mee hope that within our Home there is a brighter Proſpect: Children well, and mending of their little Faults; and when I looke backe on the Yeare juſt paſt, I ſee Cauſe for Encouragement reſpecting them. And herein is any effort at Self-diſcipline well rewarded: March 29, *Monday.*

1643. the more circumſpectly I endeavour to walke in the ſtrait and narrow Way, bearing cheerfully the Croſſes, and performing with diligence the Duties appointed mee, not onely is my owne Progreſſe in the *Chriſtian* Path made evident in the Peace which at times I am favoured to experience: but in the encreaſed Care and Watchfulneſſe over the Tempers and Conduct of theſe deare *Children*, I am Witneſſe of their Growth in Virtue and Happineſſe. Before this Yeare cometh to a cloſe, haply *Peace may be in our borders, and the People ſhall dwell in a peaceable Habitation, and in quiet reſting-places.*

Thurſday. People ſay there was a Riſing for the *King* at *Loweſtoffe*, and that Colonel *Cromwell*, with 1000 Horſe, came upon them unawares, and gained the Towne with ſmall difficulty: many Priſoners taken. Hitherto this ſide of the Country, being moſtly for the *Parliament*, has beene quiet: but now, I feare mee, we ſhall ſhare in the general Diſturbance.

It is confidently ſayd Colonel *Cromwell* hath gone to *Norwich:* Thankfull to heare the ſame, I had trembled to think of him within ſo few miles of us.

March, *Monday*, There is Newes that the Lord *Brooke* hath

beene ſhot: I would faine hope this may not be the fact. The *King* has march'd forward to *London* with a great Army. 1643.

Armſtrong heard at *Woodbridge*, when he went to the Faire on Wedneſday, that Colonel *Cromwell* and my *Lord* have joined the Army at *Loughborough*, and are expected to make an Attack on *Newark*. They ſay *Cromwell's* Soldiers are the beſt ordered of any, ſave *Hampden's* Greencoates. The Lord *Brooke's* Death is much lamented. A party of Soldiers had taken poſſeſſion of the Cathedral at *Litchfield*, and fired at the Houſe where he then was, and the bullet ſtruck his Head, and he died inſtantly. He hath left 5 Children; poore young Man, he hath ſoone fallen: it is a ſatisfaction to believe Lady *Catherine* and her Family will meet with Helpe & Protection from the Earle of *Bedford*.

All hope of preſent Peace is at an end. The Commiſſioners are recalled from *Oxford* without coming to any ſettlement of theſe unhappie differences. April 19, *Wedneſday*.

Dr. *Sampſon* hath ſeene ſome Letters wherein is mention of S^r^. *Thomas Fairfax* having received a Shot in his Wriſt, the loſſe of Blood was ſo great he lay on the ground ſenſeleſſe May 16, *Tueſday*.

1643. till his Surgeon came up. His Wife was taken Priſoner with the Officer behind whom ſhe rid: and the Child after being carried on horſeback for twenty houres could not hold out longer, and her Father thought would have dyed, in the frequent Swoonings ſhe did fall into. Seeing her in ſo diſtreſſefull a ſtate, he bade her Maid take her to a houſe he ſaw not farre off, where ſhe did meet with kindly Treatment.

May 22, *Monday.* No Newes of my *Huſband*, but am comforted to heare that Sir *Thomas Fairfax's* little Daughter hath recover'd and his Wife hath beene ſent back by the Earle of *Newcaſtle* in his owne Coach, and with a guard of Soldiers. See cauſe to beleeve that I did moſt conſult my deare *Huſband's* eaſe by remaining at home, of which I have ſometimes doubted.

July. Thanks be unto *God*, I have to-day a few Lines written by my deareſt *Life* in much haſte. A ſlight hurt of his left Arme being all the injury he hath ſuſtained in the late Fight near *Grantham*. *Burleigh* Houſe hath beene taken by *Cromwell*. Heard with feelings of ſorrow of the Deceaſe of my honoured *Uncle*, the Lord *Noel*, at a great age. We have not met of late, but I have never ceaſed to love and reſpect him, and have at times received Tokens of his Re-

membrance, valuable to mee for my deare *Mother's* ſake, who did entertaine for him a particular Affection. 1643.

The *Diurnall* ſayth Sir *John Meldrun* was well nigh beaten at the Siege of *Newark*, the Garriſon ſallying forth forced him to retreate, but the Lord *Willoughby* came gallantly up with his Regiment, and beate them backe into the Towne, taking divers Priſoners and a piece of Ordnance. Deare *Huſband*, how conflicting are my Feelings, one moment rejoicing in his Succeſſe and proud of his Ability and Bravery; and then trembling for his Safety, and ſtricken in Conſcience that I could heare of Strife and Death, with aught but Horrour and Compaſſion. *Wedneſday.*

Further Particulars of the Siege of *Gainſborough* have reach'd us: Colonel *Cromwell* had retired to *Lincoln* to recruit his Forces, and my *Lord* was in *Gainſborough*, where he made a brave Defence, and repulſed ſundry Aſſaults. The Earle's Force conſiſted of 6000 Men: upon their proceeding to ſet fire to the Towne, my *Lord*, to ſave ſo terrible a Diſtreſſe and Ruine, founded a Parley, and ſurrender'd upon quarter after eight days: but the Enemy broke the Articles and diſarm'd his Soldiers, and others *Thurſday.*

1643. that had beene ſent from *Nottinghame.* He hath now gone to *Lincoln.* He is conſidered to have done good Service, though the Towne is loſt, having made ſome hundred Priſoners at firſt Taking of the Place, ſome of them Men of Rank, among them the Earle of *Kingſton*, who with others being ſent in a cloſe boat to *Hull:* a party of *Cavaliers* ſeeing them paſſe by, called to them to ſtop the Boat, which they refuſing to do, they fired, and ſo the Earle and his Man were ſlaine by their owne Friends. When I ſhall have private Intelligence I know not, or how I beare up under this terrible uncertainty, I know not: ſorely am I perplex'd when I pray unto the *God* of Peace and Love to give Succeſſe to our Armies: can his bleſſing reſt upon the Field of Strife and Death? Mercifull *Father*, looke with Pity on thy poore miſguided Creatures, and over-rule all this Evill and Suffering to a wiſe and rightfull iſſue: and if it be poſſible, reſtore the Huſband and Father to his helpleſſe Family: and helpe mee, oh *God*, to ſupport whatever tryall thou mayſt think fit to ſend mee: and in my owne Diſtreſſe may I the more ſeeke to aide and comfort thoſe who are yet more afflicted than has yet beene my lot in this time of Peril.

1643.

In the Paper mention is made of a Conſpiracy: in which Mr. *Waller* is concern'd: he is fined, and hath gain'd Permiſſion to go abroad. Two Men have beene hang'd.

July 1, *Saturday.*

To-day my Pen muſt record the ſaddeſt event that next to private loſſe could have happen'd: *Hampden*, to whom all Men did looke up as a Patterne of Virtue and a moſt true Patriot, has fallen: he was ſeverely wounded in an encounter with Prince *Rupert's* Troops, who made a ſudden Attack by night. *Hampden's* active and courageous Temper could not wait the ſlow ſteps of *Eſſex*, and he rode up to ſupport his Friends. It had beene confidently ſayd by many that *Eſſex* would be removed from the Command, and *Hampden* ſucceed him, and his Friends ſtrove to keepe him back from this Skirmiſh. He was wounded in the ſhoulder by two balls, and rode off the Field in the direction of his Father-in-lawes Habitation at *Pyrton*, but could not go that way, by reaſon of the Enemy's Cavalry, and was taken into the Houſe of one *Browne:* here he linger'd ſome days in ſevere Torments, notwithſtanding which he writ divers Letters, and died on the 24th of June, a few houres after taking the *Sacrament*, offering up fervent Prayers for his Country.

1643. We are tempted to exclaim, Why might not one ſo excellent *be delivered from the terrour by night, and the arrow that flieth by day?* Allmoſt it ſeemeth as a judgement from Heaven upon our Cauſe. We heare of ſome ſerious Diſaſters to our Army: *Briſtol* is deliver'd up to Prince *Rupert*, and elſewhere the *King's* Troops have beene ſucceſſefull. Sir *Harry Vane* is in the North.

July 5, *Wedneſday.* Heard at *Framlingham* that *Hampden* was interred in the Pariſh Church of *Hampden*, his Regiment followed him to the Grave ſinging the 90th *Pſalme:* after ſeeing their Friend layd in the Grave, they returned ſinging the 43d, to expreſſe their Truſt in *God*, and looking to Him to deliver them and their Country from Injuſtice and Oppreſſion. Thus do they truly honour the Memory of their beloved Leader in banding together to go on with his Worke: never was there ſuch Conſternation and Sorrow at one Man's Death, as when the Tidings thereof did reach *London*, in the *Parliament*, and the People throughout the Land, as if their whole Army had beene defeated: his private Loſſe is unſpeakable.

Sept. 21, *Thurſday.* As day ſucceedeth day I can only ſtrive to wait with ſome degree of Compoſure for the

1643.

next Reports: one of our Neighbours came up to the *Hall* to tell mee he had met with ſome wounded Soldiers a few Miles beyond *Wickham*, who told him Sir *Thomas Fairfax* and Mr. *Cromwell* and my *Lord* have join'd Forces, and are deſigned for the *North*. *Hull* is beſieged by the Earle of *Newcaſtle:* it is ſayd he had ſecret Correſpondence with the *Hothams*, which was timely diſcover'd; and Sir *John Hotham* and his Sonne are ſent to the *Tower*, and the Charge of the Towne given to Sir *Matthew Bointon*, the Brother-in-law of Sir *John*.

Sept. 25, *Monday.*

The Towne of *Nottinghame* has beene ſett on fire, but not more than two or three Houſes deſtroy'd; and the ſame attempted againe at divers times, fire having beene diſcover'd layd to barnes and other buildings; it is ſayd that Women did go in companies at night, to prevent the burning, which doth ſeeme ſtrange. Miſtreſſe *Lucy Hutchinſon* hath not only dreſſed the Wounds of many of their owne Soldiers, but alſo of Priſoners brought into the Caſtle Dungeon. I have afore-time heard her much commended as a kind Lady of great Capacity and Learning; and Colonel *Hutchinſon*, who ever ſince he was made Governour has had to

1643. contend with perſonal Jealouſies and Oppoſition, my *Lord* ſaith is one of the braveſt and moſt honourable Men on our Side.

Sept. 26, *Tueſday.* Tidings of a Battle at *Newberry*. The *Lord Faulkland* killed: he hath ſoone followed his once beloved Friend *Hampden* to the Grave, and doubtleſſe to a world where all Differences will ceaſe. He was a Gentleman of great parts and did love to entertaine at his Houſe, near *Oxford*, Men of learning and ability: he was courteous and juſt to all, and did endeavour all he could to promote Peace betweene the *King* and his People. Alſo in this Battle the young Earle of *Sunderland* hath loſt his Life.

Dec. 15, *Friday.* For a few dayes my deare *Lord* hath ſtay'd with us: and I have ſome hope, now that the ſevere Seaſon hath ſet in, that he may perchance get time to ſee his Family, and ſettle his Affaires: he hath now departed for *London*. He ſaith the Lord *Faulkland* had of late beene a changed Man: his gentle Spiritt & quick Feelings ſo diſtreſſed, that he could not ſleepe, and would oft ſit long in ſilence, at times uttering with deep Sighs the words *Peace, Peace*, and would ſay to his Friends, *the very Agony of the Warre, and the Sight of the Calamities and Deſolation the Kingdome did and muſt*

endure, would ſhortly breake his Heart. He was conſider'd to have fought his Death, having no call to enter into the Fight, he being *Secretary of State:* he replied to one who did urge this on him, that he was wearie of the Times, and foreſaw much Miſery to his Countrey, and did beleeve he ſhould be out of it ere night: and did call for a cleane Shirt, that his Friends might find his Body cleanly arrayed. If in more of Men's Minds was this Abhorrence of Warre and Strife, how happy would it be for mankind: but others ſay, yes but men muſt firſt act juſtly, then would they meete with Mercy. This the *King* hath never done by his People, and now he muſt ſuffer: what is a Crowne, if the head that wears it is diſhonoured? 1643.

My deare *Huſband* well in Body, but ill at eaſe in Mind.

Poore Mr. *Pym* is deceaſed after a life of Toyle and Suffering.

1643-4.

1643-4.

January 1, *Monday.*

THE Seaſon of *Chriſtmaſſe* hath paſſ'd gloomily. At a time when Families are divided by civill Differences and many gathered round a darkened and deſolate Hearth, there is not much diſpoſition to Mirthfulneſſe. The newe Yeare hath ariſen upon a diſtreſſed Land: the Dayes and the Weekes thereof are yet in the Hand of the *Almightie:* and who ſhall live or who ſhall die we know not. Apart from the publick Diſtractions and Unhappineſſe, precious Bleſſings and abundant Mercies fill our Houſe with rejoicing and thankſgiving: not onely Life but Limbs ſpared to him who had to go forth into Battle and danger, and Nurſerie proſpering. Methought as yeſterday I ſate by a bright Fire-ſide, my three little *Daughters* playing round mee, and the deare

Father, though abſent, in health and preſent ſafetie, few were ſo bleſt, ſuddenly their play ceaſed, and *Di* & *Fanny* were no where to be ſeene, *Beſs* on my Knee: when hidden in the deep Bay Window, they ſung to my eare very ſweetly the Carols they had learned from the Neighbours Children: they ſtaid up to Supper, and kept up a fine Prattle. 1643-4.

Walked downe to *Wingfields:* the poore Mother is in a pitiable ſtate, her Son's lingering Death has worne her away, & ſhe doth long to lay her head beſide him in the Grave. Strove to comfort her, but beleeve ſhe took more in ſeeing mee ſhare her Sorrow than in any Words I could ſay. Went on to ſee the Soldier who had his arme broken, beſide other injuries; he was greatly better, and able to walke a little: he ſate cleaning his Carbine & Sword, & the Teares ran downe his Wife's pale Cheeke as he talked of againe joining the Army, ſo ſoone as he could beare the Fatigue: poore Creatures. The *King* hath ſummoned a Parliament at *Oxford:* it is reported many have left the one ſitting at *Weſtminſter*. January 27, *Saturday.*

The *King* has beene forced to leave *Oxford*, and is gone to *Worceſter*. The Earle of *Mancheſter* and his General *Cromwell* are in the May 31, *Friday.*

1644. North. This *Oliver Cromwell* riſeth more & more into note.

As we ſate downe to dine to-day ſome Horſemen were ſeene to approach, and Sir *Harry Vane* came into the Hall: he was on his way to *Fairlawn:* and in much kindneſſe rode ſo farre out of his way to bring mee good Tidings of him neareſt to my Heart, and of the growing Succeſſe of the People's Friends: He is hurrying on to rejoyne the Army at *Yorke*, where are the Earle, General *Fairfax*, and Colonel *Cromwell;* a large body of *Scotch* Troopes under their old Commander *Leſlie* have joined them. So ſoone as he was gone, retired to my Cloſet diſturbed in Minde and Conſcience: in Conſcience, that I had beene ledde away by Sir *Harry's* vehement and powerfull Minde to catch ſomething of the ſame Spirit whilſt liſtening to particulars of this terrible Warfare, wherein ſeemeth to mee now a want of womanly Tenderneſſe and Pity, and ſorely diſtracted is my poore Minde by conflicting feelings of Wife and Mother: our Duties ſeparate us in theſe fearefull Times: hitherto I have remained calmly at my poſt, but how can I longer abide ſo farre from one expoſed to ſuffering and Death, who is dearer than my owne Life? Yet have

I beene ſupported through times of like Anxiety in a good degree of Quietneſſe & Patience: let mee pray for renewed Strength and Faith. 1644.

The *Queene* hath given birth to a Daughter at *Exeter*, on the 16th. June 18, *Tueſday.*

The *Chaplaine* returned Thankes at morning Prayers for the Victory gained by our Army: he hath received Intelligence, it ſeemeth, by a ſure hand, that a great Battle hath beene fought at a place called *Marſton Moor*, a few miles from *Yorke*. July 6, *Saturday.*

Some further Particulars have reached us: Prince *Rupert* has bene wholly defeated, a vaſte number of Priſoners taken, as alſo Armes of divers ſorts, Pouder-barrels, the Colours and Standards, and more than 20 Pieces of Ordnance. The loſſe on our part ſmall: alas, alas, all are *Engliſhmen*, & Children of one common *Father*. Sir *Thomas Fairfax* his Men have received great Hurt, and himſelfe well nigh loſt his Life: his Brother *Charles* hath ſince dyed of his Wounds and lies buried there. July 11, *Thurſday.*

I have no Letter, but a Meſſage by word of mouth, that ſets my Heart at reſt: Thanks be unto *God*.

The Earle of *Newcaſtle* hath left the Kingdome, and ſo it is reported hath Sir *Marma-*

1644. *duke Langdale* and others. Our Army has taken poſſeſſion of *Yorke*.

Oct. 22, *Tueſday.* It hath beene very cold of late; ſharp Froſt in the Nights, the Oak Leaves wither and fade and come fluttering downe with every little Blaſt: and the Swallows are gone away, after collecting in Flocks on the Roofe of the Houſe, during the paſt Weeke.

Nov. 18, *Monday.* The Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* hath againe beene brought before the barre of the *Houſe*.

Nov. 19, *Tueſday.* Great Feare and Amazement in the Countrey round at the ſight of three Sunnes in the firmament, and a Rainebow with the Bend towards the Earth: & this happening on the *King's* Birth-day, many did thinke it portended Evill to him, and it was remembered that a remarkable Starre was ſeene to ſhine at noone-day, the Day whereon the Prince of *Wales* was borne: ſome wept and trembled, and divers both men and women did kneele downe in the roads & fields. That which did moſt affect my Minde was beholding the Bow, that had beene ſet in the Clowde as a Token of the everlaſting Covenant, now appearing as it were overthrown. I had withdrawne to my Cloſet, when *Alice* did ſend to ſpeake with mee in the Still-room: She had beene out to looke at the

1644.

wondrous Sight, and was greatly perturbed: I did remaine with her till ſhe was ſomewhat comforted.

Letter from *London:* Mr. *Cromwell* hath made a ſtrong Speech in the *Houſe*, and a Mr. *Zouch Tate* hath moved the bringing in of an Ordinance to exclude all Members of *Parliament*, whether of the Houſe of *Lords* or *Commons*, from Command & Offices in the Army; he was ſeconded by Sir *Harry Vane*, and the Motion carried. A Petition from the Citizens of *London* hath beene preſented, thanking the *Houſe* for their Care over the Commonwealth. Oppoſition by *Whitelock* and others, who ſpoke againſt the Motion as a perilous and uncalled for novelty.

The Bill which they call the Self-denying Ordinance has paſt: In my Ignorance I know not what is like to be the Effect of this new Act: they ſay the Removal of *Eſſex* is chiefly aimed at.

Dec. 11, *Wedneſday.*

Diſſenſions ariſe in our owne Party: freſh Diſcuſſion on the Self-denying Ordinance Bill, which has at length paſſed the *Commons;* but when ſent up to the *Lords* was rejected. The *Commons* have named Sir *Thomas Fairfax* as General in chief in place of the Earle, and other Alterations in the Army have beene made, & partly agreed to by the *Lords*.

1644-5.

1644-5.

January 6, *Monday.*

A Letter from my deare *Lord:* he writes with melancholy Heart, no Effort could ſave his former Friend, poore Sir *John Hotham* has beene put to death: his Son was executed the day before. Sir *John* had few Friends, he had a cold harſh manner: the *Lords* had paſt a Vote for his Reprieve, which being known, he did fully expect one to the laſt moment: but the *Commons* would not give way, the Execution proceeded.

January 14, *Tueſday.*

The *Chaplaine* is return'd: another of theſe dreadfull Executions: the *Archbiſhop* was beheaded on the 10th, poore old Man, he hath ſuffered even in this world a large meaſure of retribution for his paſt Cruelties: at the end of his Speech, when upon the Scaffold, he ſaid he

forgave all the World, all and every of his bitter Enemies; that no man could be more willing to ſend him out of the World than he was to go out. Some over-zealous *Preſbyterian* did preſſe him with Queſtions: he replied the Knowledge of *Jeſus Chriſt* was alone the meanes of Salvation. To the Headſman he gave ſome Money, and ſaid, *Do thine office in Mercy*. As he knelt downe, he turned pale, thereby proving it falſe what ſome were whiſpering about, that he had painted his face, that he might not looke afraid. It is thought that he was brought to Death chiefly by meanes of the *Scots* Party, in their vehement and unchriſtian Revenge for the Part he had taken to force upon them the *Liturgy*, and to remove him out of their way. 1644-5.

The *Scots* Commiſſioners have obtained the ſetting aſide of the abhorred *Liturgy:* but *Parliament* refuſes to give them any legiſlative or judiciall Authority: ſo the *Chaplaine* doth informe mee.

Sir *Harry Vane* is appointed one of the Parliament's Commiſſioners to meete thoſe of the *King* at a town called *Uxbridge*. What Mercy would it be, if a peacefull Settlement could now be entered into, of the *Countrey's* Grievances and the *King's* Claims: and this January 30, *Wedneſday.*

1644-5. would ſeeme not unpoſſible, if the *King's* Word could be depended upon. It is thought he might be brought to yeeld ſome Points but for the Influence of the *Queene*, which is never for good. She it was who added the Poſtſcript to the *King's* Letter on *Strafford's* buſineſſe, *That if he muſt die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday.*

This being my *Diana's* Birth-day, I did my endeavour to contrive for her ſome Amuſement more than ordinary: tooke her firſt to my Cloſet, and after halfe an houre ſpent there in, I hope, a profitable manner, we joined the other Children. She is now eight yeares of age, mends of her little Faults, and hath gained a greater degree of command over her Temper: ſhe is Truthfull, and ſhoweth a tender Conſcience, active and induſtrious, and withall can enjoy a Game of Play right well. She bids fair to be comely in Countenance and of gracefull Carriage: a Satisfaction to mee, as doubtleſſe it will be to herſelfe. I profeſſe not to be indifferent on this Point for my Daughters, as ſome are or pretend to be: neither do I think beauty any peculiar Snare to the poſſeſſor of it, but rather contrariwiſe, unleſſe the Minde be neglected, or is by nature vaine & ſelfiſh

beyond the ordinary degree in which theſe Defects are ſhared by moſt: and even then ſuch Paſſions are no worſe than in the ill-favoured, though mayhap more conſpicuous by the contraſt. The three *Girls* and ſome young Companions made very merry. 1644-5.

My deare *Lord* arrived moſt unexpectedly: he ſaith there is no hope of Peace. After three weekes Negotiations, the *Parliament* have recalled their Commiſſioners. He looketh worne, & would faine leave all theſe Diſtractions, & doth ſometimes talke of going out to *Barbadoes:* Jealouſies and Bickerings increaſe; and he with ſome others, ſickened with Warre and Intrigue, are readie to make allmoſt any Terms with the *King*. Would that our good and excellent Friend *Hampden* had beene ſpared: truſted by all, & wiſe as brave, we ſhould have had a head to our Party, fit to governe, & one whom all would follow. Sir *Harry Vane* in cloſe Intimacy with *Cromwell:* he and *Fairfax* keep up the Energy and determined Spirit of the Parliamentary Partie. How ſmall a matter it ſeemeth would ſet all right. Feb. 26, *Tueſday.*

During the time my deare *Huſband* could remaine, found not time for writing. April 9, *Wedneſday.*

A long time hath elapſed ſince I held the

1645. penne : the illneſſe of my three Girls hath occupied mee night and day. *Fanny* began with the Meaſles, and had a dangerous time of it, through the Fever which ranne high, and Symptomes of Inflammation of the Lunges : and for many nights I did never undreſſe : *Di* followed, but thro' Mercy had the Complaint lightly : and deare *Beſs*, tho' ſadly troubled by the Irritation, had but little Cough. This Seaſon of Care and bodily Fatigue, and at one time of Alarm, hath not beene without its Uſe and Comfort : Troubles that ariſe in the naturall Courſe of *Providence*, and are adapted to our Nature and Situation, bring with them ſomewhat of Peace, and oft of Thankfulneſſe. We receive Paine and Sickneſſe as from the Hand of *God*, and looke to him to helpe us under them : and my Minde having thus beene called off from the Contemplation of the diſtreſſefull State of this poore unhappy Countrey, is renewed in Strength. Many ſweet little Sayings of the Children at different times of their Sickneſſe have given mee great Encouragement reſpecting them : can there be ought ſo precious to a Mother as a ſure Hope that the Spirit of her Child hath taſted of the Fountaine of living Waters ? May the *Lord* helpe mee to

cheriſh theſe faire Bloſſoms of Piety & Goodneſſe: and grant that they may bring forth, ſome thirty, ſome ſixty fold. And, oh *God*, thou who haſt made mee, unworthy as I am, to be the Inſtrument of thy good Providence towards theſe little ones, make mee daily more ſenſible of my owne Sinfullneſſe, my owne Weakeneſſe, and aſſiſt mee in the Worke thou haſt given mee to do. *According unto the Multitude of thy tender Mercies blot out my Tranſgreſſions: waſh me thoroughly from mine Iniquity, and cleanſe mee from my ſinne. Create in mee a cleane Heart, O* God, *and renew a right Spirit within mee. Thou haſt crowned mee with Loving-kindneſſe and tender mercies: bleſſe the Lord, O my Soul.* 1645.

Cambden Houſe near *Eveſham*, Sir *Baptiſt Noel's*, has beene burnt downe to prevent the Parliament making it a Garriſon. It was built not many yeares ago at a great Coſt and was a noble Building. May.

The day ſo milde the Children went out, and did greatly enjoy the freſh aire, and rambling about the Fields: ſeated on the Bank by the Pond, they wove Caps and Baſkets of Ruſhes. *Fanny's* dainty Hands and ſlim Fingers looking barely ſtrong enough for the worke: whilſt we June 21, *Saturday.*

1645. were all at worke, we ſaw Dr. *Sampſon* coming acroſſe the Field: whereupon I left them, to hear what newes he might bring. At their tender age, I like not their hearing of Fighting and Crueltie more than can be helped. I have heard little of publick Affaires ſince the Battle at *Naſeby*, whereat our Army was victorious, & Colonel *Cromwell's* part much noiſed abroad. Dr. *Sampſon* ſays the *King's* Cauſe hath ſuffered more by the Letters found in his Cabinet, the ſame being now made publick, than by his Defeate: many of his Friends greatly grieved thereby: his Double-dealing and Arrogance herein proved, during his Treaty with the *Parliament* at *Uxbridge*, as likewiſe in the *Iriſh* Affaire. He has now left *Ragland Caſtle*, it is ſuppoſed making towards the North. Prince *Rupert* delivering up the City of *Briſtol* in foure Dayes, after that he had boaſted he could keepe it foure Months, hath greatly incenſed the *King* againſt him. Whilſt at *Ragland* the *King* did give in to Hunting and other Sports, and this the while his People were ſuffering, and many giving up their Property and Time in his Cauſe, his very Crowne too in peril.

June 25, *Wedneſday.* Reading in the *Arcadia* the Prayer of *Pamela:* ſo well pleaſed therewith that I know

not that I can ſpend my Time more profitably this morning than in copying the ſame, that I may have it nigh at hand. 1645.

O all-ſeeing Light, and eternal Life of all things: to whom nothing is either ſo great that it may reſiſt, or ſo ſmall that it is contemned: looke upon my Miſery with thine Eye of Mercy, and let thine infinite Power vouchſafe to limit out ſome portion of Deliverance unto mee, as to thee ſhall ſeeme moſt convenient. Let not Injury, O *Lord*, triumph over mee, and let my Faults by thy Hand be corrected, and make not mine unjuſt Enemy the Miniſter of thy Juſtice. But yet, my *God*, if in thy Wiſdom this bee the apteſt Chaſtiſement for my inexcuſable Folly, if this low Bondage bee fitteſt for my over-high Deſires, if the Pride of my not enough humble Heart bee thus to bee broken, O *Lord*, I yield unto thy will and joyfully embrace what Sorrow thou wilt have mee ſuffer. Onely thus much let me crave of thee (let my craving, O *Lord*, bee accepted of thee, ſince even that proceeds from thee), let mee crave even by the nobleſt Title, which in my greateſt Affliction I may give myſelfe, that I am thy Creature, and

1645. by thy Goodneſſe (which is thyſelfe) that thou wilt ſuffer ſome beame of thy Majeſtie ſo to ſhine into my Minde that it may ſtill depend confidently on thee. Let Calamitie bee the exerciſe, but not the overthrow of my Virtue: let this Power prevail, but prevail not to their deſtruction: let my Greatneſſe be their Prey: let my pain bee the Sweetneſſe of their Revenge: let them, if ſo it ſeemeth good unto thee, vex me with more and more Puniſhment. But, O *Lord*, let never their Wickedneſſe have ſuch a Hand, but that I may carry a pure Minde in a pure Body.

Having beene told that *Peggy Lydgate* was in trouble, I ſett forth early as it was farre to walke. Tooke with mee the young Greyhound. Reſted awhile at the Bridge, ſaw many Fiſh, and a Water hen with her young ones paddling about at the Water's edge by the tall Reeds. The King-fiſhers did uſe to frequent hereabout, but they came not in ſight to-day: feare mee they have beene killed or frighted away: the People deem it lucky to poſſeſſe them, and hang them up in their houſes. Further downe where the ſtreame narrows ſtayed againe to hearken to the pleaſant

Sound made by the Water running with little ſplaſhes amid the ſtones, and keeping up a chearfull rippling noiſe as it went on its way through the Meadow below. The Doore of the Cottage was open, *Peggy* was ſeated on a low ſtool, her Face covered with her Apron, the 2 Lads ſtanding by her. The poore Creature hath cauſe enow for trouble, both her Sons would be Souldiers, the elder in the *King's* Army, whilſt the younger would join the Parliament Forces, ſome of his Kinsfolk having a yeare agone followed Mr. *Oliver Cromwell;* ſo in all likelihood would the Brothers meet in fight againſt each other. They did appeare moved by their Mother's griefe, the youngeſt methought ſhewed ſome tokens of yielding. I bade him follow mee good part of the way home and have hope that a few words I then ſpake would prove of ſome availment. 1645.

Armſtrong mett *Robert Lydgate*, he ſayd his Mother tooke on ſo, hee had not the heart to leave her: his Brother was gone. Aug. 16, *Saturday.*

My *Lord* telleth mee he met with Colonel *Hammond*, who was at the taking of *Baſing-houſe*, and made Priſoner there: he and another Officer were taken before the Houſe was Oct. 20, *Monday.*

1645. attacked, by a Party ſtealing out therefrom on a foggy night. Lieutenant General *Cromwell* wrote a Letter acquainting the Governour that if any violence were offered theſe Men, the beſt in the Houſe ſhould not expect Quarter. The Counteſſe of *Wincheſter's* Gentlewoman and Waiting-woman were killed by a cannon ſhot. Sir *Marmaduke Rawdon* declared to the Marqueſſe who propoſed to ſurrender, he would not, ſo long as a dog, or a cat or rat did remaine: yet it would ſeeme there was not much Danger of ſuch Extremity, there being found in the Caſtle vaſt ſtore of Wheat, and 300 Flitches of Bacon, and forty thouſand pounds weight of Cheeſe, beſides Beef. They took off the Lead from the Turrets, to uſe for Bullets: and the Marchioneſſe with her Ladies did helpe to caſt them. There were within the Caſtle 600 common Soldiers, moſt whereof Papiſts, and fought deſperately. *Inigo Jones*, the great Builder, is one of the Priſoners. So likewiſe was *Winceſlaus Hollar* who did make his eſcape. He is one well ſkilled in the Arte of engraving on Copper. My Lord *Arundell* did once ſhow mee ſome ſmall Figures by him, of Women of divers Condition and mode of Apparell, accurately deſigned from the Life,

Merchants' Wives, Country-Women, and the like. *Hollar* had Loſſe of his Patron when the *Earle*, who brought him to *England*, accompanied the *Queene Mother* and did remaine in Foreign Parts: the *King*, having look'd coldly on him ſince the Affaire of *Strafford* he did not incline to returne. Alſo it is ſayd his *Majeſtie* was offended by his boldneſſe of Speech on ſome occaſion, maintaining his own Right, albeit oppoſed to the *King's* Wiſhes. Colonel *Hammond* ſayth, the Marqueſſe, on ſome Quarrel with Sir *Marmaduke*, he being of the *Engliſh* Church, and the Marqueſſe a Roman Catholick, became ſuſpicious of him being the Governour, and had him removed: and ſhortly thereafter the Houſe was taken, the Storme not laſting more than an houre. The Silver plate, Cabinets, Jewells, and other Treaſure did afford rich Plunder: the Houſe is burned down to the Ground. 1645.

Greatly ſurpriſed to read in the *Perfect Diurnall*, that the *Houſe* has moved that the Lord *Willoughby* be made an Earle, and the ſame of other Lords, and that the Earles of *Eſſex*, *Pembroke*, &c. be made Dukes: in all likelihood the matter will end here. They whoſe Titles are of long Deſcent, methinks, would not con-

1645. ſider newe ranke, given under the circumſtances, as any addition to their Dignitie. We heare an *Engliſh* Barony is to bee conferr'd on Lieutenant General *Cromwell*, with an Eſtate of 2500 Pound yearly.

A Neighbour of the blind Widow came up at Noone to ſay the poore infirme Creature did appeare neare her laſt Houre: went ſtraightway to her Cottage, ſhe was ſtill ſenſible, and did expreſſe great Satisfaction at my coming: ſate ſome time by her Bed-ſide, ſhe ſpoke of her Sonne, whom ſhe yet beleeves living, and ſtrong were her Supplications that Divine mercy might be extended to him, that he might turne from the Evill of his Wayes, even at the Eleventh Houre: My poore prodigal Sonne, thus ſhe ſpake, hath he in that diſtant Land, away from his poore old Mother, call'd to Minde her Words, her Prayers, and return'd to his Heavenly Father, ſaying, *I have ſinned in thy ſight, and am no more worthy to be called thy Sonne. If* the *Lord* in his Mercy would give mee this hope, then would his unworthy Servant depart in peace. She ſeemed comforted: and repeated at intervals, *With God all things are poſſible.* I left her in her awful Paſſage from Life unto Death, a paſſage to her

deprived of Terrour, for her Faith forſooke her not, but rather burned brighter and brighter, even to the End: ſhe did not live through the night. Her Gaine is my Loſſe: though poore and meane, I have failed not to find in her Company Edification and ofttimes Comfort. 1645.

The *King* hath fled by night from *Newark* to *Oxford:* the two *Houſes* have againe reſolved to ſubmit to him certaine Propoſitions.

My *Lord* hath heard that the young Earle of *Carliſle* hath eſtabliſh'd his Claime to the *Barbadoes* Property, and is inclin'd to enter into Negotiation concerning the ſame. Preſent Perill in fighting or ſtrife, or Perill of the deepe waters and peſtilence, whichſoever way I turne Trouble on every ſide.

An Order hath paſſ'd that the Summe of 3300 pounds be paid to the Lord *Willoughby*, which I am ſure the ſayd Lord much needeth.

The Children greatly pleaſed with a tame Squirrel ſent them by the old Man at the Mill. Three Turkies and a Baſket of Fiſh came up this day from *Martins'*. Oct. 23, *Thurſday.*

Latham Houſe in *Lancaſhire* is taken: the Lady *Derby* having defended it two yeares: the Earle in the *Iſle of Man* by the *King's* command. For 9 Months together the be- Dec. 9, *Tueſday.*

1645. ſieged Party held Communication with their Friends by meanes of a Dog, in this way: they tied a Letter round his Throat, and he went to where he did uſe to live, 3 miles off: here he was kept, and when any Papers were to be ſent, his Miſtreſſe tyed them in like manner, and having kept him awhile a hunger'd, open'd the door and beat him out, when he ſet off and returned to his Maſter, who was in *Latham Houſe*. He was at laſt ſhot by a Souldier, but got to the Mote-ſide near the Gate, and there died. The Houſe is burnt: the rich ſilk Hangings of the Beds were torn to pieces, and made into Saſhes. This hiſtory of the Dog was related to mee by one there preſent.

Dec. 18, *Thurſday.* Great Diſagreement in the *Houſe:* the *Scotts* take the Side of the Preſbyterians. There ſeemeth no Maſter-minde to give a ſteady Direction to the Power they have gained. General *Cromwell* & *Fairfax* are away from *London*, deeming it moſt prudent, as they hold out, to bring the reſt of the Kingdome into ſubjection to the *Parliament*, before they beſiege the *King* at *Oxford*. People remark that other Generals ſhut themſelves up in Winter-quarters, but this *Cromwell* ſets at Defiance the Cold of Winter, Stormes and Darkneſſe.

1646. 1646.

LAſt weeke *Fairfax* & *Cromwell* reached *Newberry*, a place within a ſhort diſtance from *Oxford*, and where the Lord *Faulkland* was killed, whereupon the *King* fled from that City in diſguiſe: ſurely brought to this extremity he would yeeld to his *Parliament*, and keepe to his Engagements. He hath made a Treaty with the *Scots*, through his Agent *Montreuil*. I do heartily wiſh they may convey him in ſafety to *Scotland*, and thence beyond Seas, there to abide for a time, till the heate of Men's Spirits againſt him paſſe away, and haply then Affaires might be ſettled for his returne to his Kingdome. The Prince of *Wales* is ſayd to have eſcaped. My deare *Huſband* is wearie of the Confuſion, and apprehendeth an April.

1646. Army may in the ende be more tyrannical and a worſe Enemie to contend with than a King.

June. It is ſayd the poore defeated *King flits like a hunted Partridge* from one Garriſon to another; the laſt Report was of his being at *Newark*. The Princes *Rupert* and *Maurice* have demanded Paſſeports of *Parliament* to go beyond ſeas. The *Commons* readily complyed, with Thankfulneſſe to get rid of one who hath ſhed ſo much *Engliſh* Blood. Prince *Rupert* hath latterly ſhewne great Diſreſpect & contemptuous Manner to the *King*.

July 20. On the 15th Parliament ſent Deputies to the *King* at *Newcaſtle*, with an Addreſs containing Propoſitions expreſſing their wiſh for Peace.

Auguſt 19, *Wedneſday*. Sitting yeſterday toward evening at the Bay-window, in great Abſtraction of Minde, oppreſſed by a ſenſe of my lonely Condition, I did weepe unreſtrainedly, knowing not that I was perceived by any, until a little Hand was put into mine, and *Lizzy's* face was rayſed up to kiſſe mee. Sorrowfull Thoughts could not be at once ſet aſide, and I did not ſpeake to her for a time, for my Heart was heavy. She ſate quietly downe at my Feet with a gentle loving looke and ſo remained. The Raine had ceaſed

and the Sunne ſhon in through the ſide caſement. The Light as it fell upon her golden Haire made her ſeeme like to the holy Children in the *Italian* Pictures. Of ſuch, methought, are the Kingdom of Heaven: thus looketh, and haply is even now nigh unto mee, ſeparated only by this veil of Fleſh, the Spirit of my precious Child: as the Flower of the Field ſo he periſhed, & my Heart yet yearneth after him, my Firſt-borne. Aroſe and tooke *Lizzy* in my armes and held Her up to the Window. A few pale flowers of the Muſk Roſe ſmelled ſweetly after the Raine. *Di* and *Fanny* were running on the Terrace: wee went out to them, and they were as merrie as Birds: and I did put from me my own Griefe. Very gracious is the *Lord* unto me, and in him will I truſt. 1646.

Had occaſion to looke for ſome Papers wanted by the Steward, having relation to the Eſtates in Lincolnſhire, which I thought to find in the Cabinet, preſented to mee by my honoured *Father* on my Marriage. Found them not therein, opened a little Drawer which did containe a Box made of the Wood called Sandal of a ſweet Perfume, a ſmall piece of Amber, and a Signet Ring of wrought Gold curiouſly graven, which if I miſremember not Sir *Henry* Auguſt 22, *Saturday.*

1646. *Wotton* did bring from *Italy*. In another Drawer was a ſprig of Roſemarie, how much hath come to paſſe ſince the day whereon I tooke it with mee in ſadneſſe from the deſolate room where my deare *Mother* departed this life! ſhe went to a timely Reſt.

Auguſt. Newes hath arrived that *Fairfax* has taken *Ragland Caſtle* in *Wales*. The old Marqueſſe held out bravely more than ten dayes, but at length ſurrender'd: as many as eight hundred People and Souldiers march'd forth the Caſtle, which I have heard ſay is a noble Building. The Marqueſſe was accompanied by his Sonne Lord *Charles*, the Counteſſe of *Glamorgan*, & Lady *Jones*. How great a change for this venerable Nobleman, who but a ſhort time ſince did entertaine with princely Magnificence and Loyaltie his Sovereign: and now both *King* and Subject are Wanderers. Beſide loſing his Caſtle, he is like enough to loſe large ſummes of Money which he hath lent the *King:* high & low, Miſery is all over the Land.

Sept. 16. The Earle of *Eſſex* died on the 14th.

1646-7. 1646-7.

THe *Scots* having received the Summe of 200,000 pound, have march'd out of *Newcaſtle*, leaving the *King* to the Commiſſioners of *Parliament*, the Earles of *Pembroke* & *Denbigh*, and the Lord *Montague*, and the Commiſſioners of the Houſe of Commons. It tooke 36 Carts to carry the bags of Money to *Yorke*, and ſome ſay it did take nine or ten dayes to count the ſame. January 28, *Wedneſday.*

The poore *King*, a Priſoner in his owne Kingdome, is now eſtabliſhed at *Holmby Houſe*, and hath expreſſed his Satisfaction with his Treatment there and Accommodation, with one Exception, that he hath no Chaplaine, the which he petitioneth for, but it is not thought ſafe or expedient, & they who have taken the ordering of this Buſineſſe have ſent him Chaplaines of Feb. 19, *Friday.*

1646-7. their owne Perſuaſion, but the *King* will not liſten to them, neither will he permitt them to ſay Grace at his Table: Men ſay he beareth his Misfortunes, which truly are many, with Dignity and Cheerfullneſſe.

March 10, *Friday.* My deare *Huſband* hath much Turmoile in the Houſe. The Earle of *Warwick* doth aime to get the three Earles, *Bedford*, *Hollande*, and *Clare* admitted: the which others would if poſſible prevent, and they talke of getting the *Commons* to bring in an impeachment of the Lord of *Hollande*, on ſome Affaire which my *Huſband* calleth the Forreſt-buſineſſe, of which I know not: beſide this he went over to the other Party, notwithſtanding that he had taken the Oath.

May 12, *Wedneſday.* The Lord *Liſle* hath beene removed from the Government of *Ireland:* and likewiſe his Brother *Algernon Sydney* from *Dublin*, the latter on the Motion of old Sir *Henry Vane*. This ſudden removal of his Sonnes will no doubt be diſpleaſing to the Earle of *Leiceſter*, though he keepeth himſelfe in much privacy at *Penſhurſt*, and meddleth not in publick Buſineſſe.

May 14, *Friday.* Yeſter night did receive a Letter from my Siſter *Albinia*, wherein ſhe doth expreſſe much tender Solicitude and Affection. Let mee be

duly thankfull for the Love of ſo many deare Friends. Children through mercie keepe well. Have obſerved with ſatisfaction that *Fanny* hath of late ſhewn more Denial of Selfe. This day I did note an inſtance, though in a ſmall matter. *Alice* had made two ſhapely Pincuſhions of watchet coloured Brocade, & as is too much her wont did give *Fanny* the one of moſt curious Device & Workmanſhip, who quickly perceiving ſome Diſappointment to be felt by her Siſter, with winning manner did prevaile upon her to exchange Gifts. I did refraine from beſtowing Commendation, believing it to be our Duty to leave undiſturbed by humane Praiſe, the appointed connexion of inward Peace with the performance of Duty. By the contrarie practice we encourage the growth of that, which hereafter we ſtrive to up-root, the ſeeking the Praiſe of Men rather than the Praiſe of *God*. 1647.

On Saturday the 5th the *Commons* ſate long, and becauſe of the greatneſſe of their Buſineſſes they reſolved to ſit even the next day (Sunday). They did deſire the *Peers* to do ſo likewiſe, which they, expecting ſome great Matter, agreed to do. Mr. *Algernon Sydney* did tell my *Huſband* that when the *Commons* met, Mr. June 10, *Thurſday*.

1647. *Marſhall* their famous Miniſter did pray for and with them, and that when he ended his Prayer, the *Commons* deſyred him to make a repetition of his Sermon which he had preach'd that day at *Weſtminſter*. The ſame being over, the *Commons* roſe without doing any thing, and without ſending ſo much as a word to the *Lords*.

June 24, *Thurſday.* Much Diſcontent riſing up: the *Preſbyterian* Party have proclaim'd the eſtabliſhment of their Form of Worſhip to the excluſion of every other. My *Lord* becometh more & more diſſatisfied with the Spirit of Bigotry which has of late gathered ſuch Strength, and the Self-exaltation, as excluſive as that of Popery, which they do condemn in others. This is moſt contrary to my deare *Huſband's* naturall diſpoſition and former Principles. It is propoſed to reduce the Army, and ſome Troops have been diſbanded.

June 25, *Friday.* The Army is greatly incenſed, and hath broke up its Quarters at *Nottinghame*, and march'd, People ſay, upon *London*. Alas, muſt more blood be ſhed? What will become of this unhappy Countrey: no King, no Rulers, and a large victorious Army ſet in oppoſition to the now feeble power of a miſguided and

fanatic Houſe of *Commons*. And woe is me, the Huſband whom I love and honour, ſo mixed up with them that he muſt abide by their acts, and ſhare in them. 1647.

The Earle of *Northumberland* hath had permiſſion to take the *King's* Children to ſee their Father: coming to *Caverſham*, we are told a great number of People flocked thither to ſee them, & ſtrewed the way with greene branches and herbes. Poore Children, their pitifull Condition moveth many hearts, & no marvell; many will in ſecret rejoice that this drop of comfort is permitted to the unhappy *King*.

The monthly Faſt: met with the Remark following, which ſeemeth much to the purpoſe: *Let thy religious Faſt be a voluntary Abſtinence, not ſo much from Fleſh as Fleſhly Thoughts. He faſts truly that abſtains ſadly, grieves really, gives cheerefully, and forgives charitably.* June 28, *Monday.*

Alice becometh daily more infirme, and is but little able to take any overſight: think to place my own Waiting-woman more in charge, after ſhe hath given ſome Inſtructions to *Patience*, who is apt at her needle, and will ſuit me well-enough.

As I came up from the Dairie met the Children full of Sorrow that a poore Partridge

1647. had beene killed by a Scythe, whilſt ſitting on her Neſt: the Egges are put under a Hen, and the Men think will be hatch'd in a few dayes.

Aug. 3, *Tueſday.* Voted in the *Houſe* that the Army ſhould not come within 40 Miles of *London.*

The Army, they ſay, hath made *St. Alban's* their Head-quarters, & have ſent up to accuſe *Hollis, Stapleton, Maynard,* and others.

Great Tumults in *London.* The Speakers of both *Houſes* and great part of the Members have put themſelves under the Protection of the Army. Sorely perplex'd, & know not what is the meaning of theſe diſturbances, or what may befall my *Huſband:* the Children, too young for care, are as happy as May-queenes.

Aug. 12, *Thurſday.* One Day cometh, and then another, and yet no Tidings: this is hard to endure, ignorant what may betide us in theſe evill Times.

Aug. 14, *Saturday.* Late to-night my deareſt Life rode haſtily up: he was ſafe for the preſent moment, & my firſt Feeling was of unmix'd Thankfullneſſe to Him who permitted us to meete once more. After he had reſted awhile, he entered into ſome Relation of the late Events in the *Houſe.* He and many others have believed that the Power of the Army endangered the libertie of

1647.

the Countrey, and the Common Council of *London*, united with them, and met, and ſent a Letter to the Generall declaring their wiſh for Peace, and entreating that the Army might not advance, nor intermeddle with the Rights and Privileges of the *City*. The Train-bands were ordered out. Some Members met in either *Houſe*, but the Speakers came not: and to my *Lord's* Amazement he was choſen Speaker, *pro tempore*, and Mr. *Pelham* of the *Commons*. They proceeded to appoint a Committee of Safety: and the *City* iſſued a Proclamation to the effect that they deſired a happy and ſpeedy Peace, by the Settlement of true Religion, & the re-eſtabliſhing his *Majeſty* in his juſt Rights and Authority. But the Proceedings of the *Houſe* were marked by uncertainty and trepidation, & the day following, *Fairfax* came up to *Weſtminſter* attended by *Cromwell* and regiments of Horſe and Foot. The Generall on horſe-back with his Life-guard, then the Speakers and Members of the *Lords* and *Commons* in coaches, and another regiment of Horſe brought up the rear. Mr. *Whitelock* writes, the Officers and Gentlemen, and every Soldier had a branch of lawrel in his hat. The Generall received the Thankes of

1647. both *Houſes*, and was made Lieutenant of the Tower: & thus the Army aſſerted its Supremacy.

For a time the conſideration of our private Affaires was ſet aſide, in the momentous concerns of this diſtracted Kingdome. Who will ariſe with a ſtrong minde & pure Heart, to bring theſe ſtruggles for Freedome, and theſe conflicting Opinions to a happy iſſue? There is one my *Huſband* ſayes who lackes not the will to become Leader, or peradventure the power: but none have penetrated his heart, or know if he may be truſted. I did once behold this *Cromwell*, who maketh ſo many quail before him, but methought his Looke was hard and cunning, and I liked him not. And the *King*, deare *Huſband*, I aſked, is he ſafe, will he depart the Countrey? No Man knoweth, he reply'd: he will not be permitted to leave the Countrey, if Guards and ſtrong Caſtles can prevent. He is ſafe, ſo far as concerns his Life: he may be deprived of Power or even of his Crowne, but on no Plea can they take his Life: and yet who ſhall ſay where they will ſtop? I would lay downe my Life to know him to be ſafe; we have fought and ſtriven, and have ſet a Stone rolling that haply will cruſh all that come

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in its way, Laws, *Parliament*, or even the *King* himſelfe. My *Huſband* leant downe his Head on the table, and hid his Face on his arme, and ſo remained overwhelmed by the proſpect of Miſery before us. I ventured not to ſpeake: it is an awfull thing to behold the Spirit of a ſtrong Man ſhaken, and to hear Sobbes burſt forth from his over burthened Heart. At length ſuch violent Shivering ſeized him that I ſummoned *Armſtrong*. We endeavoured to perſuade him to drinke a little Wine, he tooke ſome, but begged for Water, his mouth was ſo parch'd: after ſome time he went to bed, and deſired that *Armſtrong* might ſit up by him during the firſt part of the night, his owne Man, having had poore reſt of late: he feared to affright mee by his uneaſie ſleepe. I layd mee downe in the Nurſerie, riſing oft to ſee if he ſlept: toward 3 of the clock he was more quiet: and at 4 I ſent *Armſtrong* to bed, and tooke his place by my poore *Huſband*. I look'd on his altered Countenance, ſunk & pale, the faire Brow wrinkled, and his long black Haire now gray and diſorder'd: a ſlight quivering of his Lippes and unequall Breathing betoken'd ſtill uneaſy reſt: my Eyes grew blinded with Teares, and I bent downe and

1647. hid my face on the Pillow beſide his. And here to my ſurpriſe found I had dropt aſleepe: he ſeeming likely to remaine quiet, I aroſe ſoftly and ſtepp'd into my Cloſet, and there, alone, endeavoured to compoſe my Thoughts: had he not been preſerv'd in many Battles and dangers, and ſhould I now give up Faith in the good Providence of *God*, beleeving heartily that we are ſafer in his Hands than if we could take the ordering of our Fate into our owne? I would faine have my deare Life depart hence with ſpeed, but untill he knoweth what Courſe the *Parliament* will hold towards him, and thoſe with whom he hath acted, he is unwilling to leave the Kingdome: he hath Enemys in the Houſe of *Commons*, but likewiſe good Friends, & he doubteth not receiving timely Notice of any meaſure to his Hurt. It would ill beſeem his Wife to counſel flight, nor would I, how great ſoever my Feares, if he could doe ought for his *King* or Countrey by remaining: but this Subjugation of the *Parliament* by the Armie, will bring the Countrey under the fierce and uncertaine Rule of the Souldiers and their Commanders, and there is no party to withſtand them. I ſtrive to put from mee the dreadfull Viſion of the Scaffold and the

Block, which hath often viſited mee in the night-watches when ſuch danger exiſted not, but now may well fill my Soule with Terrour. I will beſeech him to paſſe over to *Holland*, he ſayeth the worſt will be Impriſonment in the Tower: but how many are led therefrom onely to their Death. 1647.

Word brought by a ſure hand that it is order'd by the Houſe of *Peeres*, that the Lords impeach'd by the *Commons* be brought up to anſwer to the Impeachment. Friends of my *Huſband* adviſe him to keepe out of the way untill the preſent Heate & ſtorme be a little paſt over: this Counſell but ill receiv'd by him, and he is bent upon appearing. Sept. 11, *Saturday.*

The *King* hath eſcaped from *Hampton Court:* the Report is, that he having retired to be private, as hath been his cuſtome a ſhort ſpace before evening Prayers, and ſtaying ſomewhat longer than uſuall, it was taken notice of, and not yet coming forth, ſuddenly there were Feares of the cauſe hereof, which were encreaſ'd by the crying of a Dog within, he had latterly kept conſtantly with him a favourite Greyhound, often ſaying he did prefer them to Spaniels, upon Search being made, it was found the *King* had departed by a back Doore Nov. 13, *Saturday.*

1647. which ledde to the Garden. I do heartily hope he may get away: methinks he will then ſtand in a more honourable poſition to make Termes with his *Parliament* than when ſhut up as a Priſoner: and the People finding themſelves without a King, perchance may wiſh for him back. It is currently believ'd that ſome Officers of the Armie did ſecretly communicate with the *King*, and had Inſtructions from Generall *Cromwell* himſelfe and others, that if he would aſſent to their Propoſals, which were lower than thoſe of the *Parliament*, the Armie would ſettle him againe on the Throne: and it is thought he was hereupon inclined in his owne Judgement to enter into a Treaty with them, but was diſwaded by the Biſhops. Some are as hotly againſt *Cromwell* as againſt the *King:* nay ſome goe ſo farre as to ſay he was in danger of being ſent to the Tower, had he not left *London* before they were prepared.

Made the needfull preparations for my Departure: my ſtay in *London* muſt of neceſſitie bee uncertaine: wearied by much Toyle and Care, but Duty clear, is a Help through difficulties. The Morrow is a day of Reſt, and will bee a ſeaſon of Comfort and renewed Strength if uſed aright.

1647. Nov. 24, *Wedneſday.*

This being a day whereon the *Parliament* ſate not, the Lord *Gray* and *Henry Willoughby*, a young Kinſman of my Huſband's, tooke mee to ſee ſome Tapeſtrie Hangings in the Houſe of *Peeres*. A Portrait of Sir *Ambroſe Willoughby* is work'd therein, who was Uncle to the late Lord, & Grandfather to *Henry*. They did perſuade mee to be carried in a Sedan-chaire: I was well pleaſed to get out againe, being much diſcomfitted by the jolting. After ſome examination we diſcovered the Portraite, on the border under the Armes of the Lord High Admiral: it is of oval ſhape, a Gorget of plate armour over his Doublet, and a picked Beard and Muſtachoe, like to thoſe now worne. He was in Command of a Ship againſt the *Armada*. I was faine to aſke whereabout my deare *Huſband* had heretofore ſate, but when the Thought aroſe, that the next time he would enter that Houſe it would be as a priſoner to be tried by Men, many of whom were his bitter Enemies, I could ſcarce raiſe my Voice: the Lord *Gray* ſuſpecting wherefore I look'd around ſo wiſtfully, did kindly point out the Place.

Nov. 30, *Tueſday.*

To-day my *Huſband* occupied himſelfe for my ſatisfaction in drawing up a Letter to the

1647. Houſe of *Lords*, ſomething to this effect: begging their Lordſhips would be pleaſed to order his Enlargement, ſeeing that he had beene committed without any particular Charge againſt him: that he had received counſell of his Friends that he is not fit for publick Employment, and was therefore reſolv'd on Privacy: that he had allwayes beene faithfull to the *Parliament:* and deſired their Lordſhips to make an honourable Conſtruction of his Wiſh for Retirement. After all our Toyle, I much feare he will not at preſent ſend his Remonſtrance; whenſoever ſett free he would without delay imbarke for *Holland.* He can no longer act with the *Parliament*, ſince they will make no Termes whatſoever with the *King*, and he is jealous that the Monarchy is in danger of being wholly loſt, and all Rank deſtroyed.

Dec. 2, *Thurſday.* Wente downe in a coach to the Parliament-houſe, and ſate therein the while *Henry Willoughby* did try to learne ſome Newes. After waiting more than an houre, the Lord *Say* came out and inform'd mee a Meſſage had beene ſent to them by the *Commons* that morning praying for further Time to be allowed for bringing up the Impeachment of the ſeven Lords, which was granted. Hereupon I went backe to the

Tower to tell my *Huſband* of this further Delay: and it was agreed betweene us that it were well I ſhould returne to *Parham* forthwith: and as Miſtreſſe *Gage* did purpoſe to ſett forth early in the forenoone to morrow, and would goe by *Hengrave*, & had offered to carry mee with her in her coach, it ſeemed too favourable an opportunitie to be miſſ'd, although it would make my Departure ſudden. Left the *Tower* before 8, the Snow lying thick upon the Street, and with ſorrowfull Heart made Preparation for ſetting forth homewards. My deare *Huſband* maketh light of his ſituation, and ſtrives to cheere mee, and perſuade mee to take Hope in the Exertions now making by a few faithfull Friends of Influence in the *Houſe*, who promiſe they will doe him what Service they can to pacifie his Adverſaries, who are the more ſharply bent againſt him. The chearfull and compoſed Demeanour he did maintaine ſerved for a time to lighten my Forebodings, and the moment of Parting came on a ſudden, and I followed the Guard downe the Staires and under the Archway as in a Dreame: the Doore cloſed after mee: had I in truth left him, my deareſt Life, in that dark Priſon-houſe there alone to await his Sentence? I knowe not how I 1647.

1647. reach'd my Lodging, ſome kind Friend put mee into a coach & ſupported mee to my chamber.

Nature would have her way for a time, but the *Lord* ſuffered mee not to be wholly caſt downe, and in ſpreading my Sorrows before Him, and committing my beloved *Huſband* to His Keeping, who hath the power to ſave even to the uttermoſt, I was ſtrengthened, and did endeavour to ſubmit with patience to the preſent Triall, though it is indeed heavy and grievous to be borne. The night was cold, and my condition forlorne and comfortleſſe, but I laid me downe on the bed in as much quietneſſe of ſpirit as I well could, feeling that reſt was needed to encounter the morrow's Journey from this weary Citie to returne to my poore Children. Reflection on the Encouragement given by divers kind and powerfull Friends was very helpfull, and I ſlept. The time of our Departure the next day was appoynted at an early houre.

1647-8. 1647-8.

NO Tydings from *London*. Newes of great Diſorder and Tumult in *Canterbury*. The Mayor endeavouring the execution of the Ordinance for aboliſhing Holy-days, he was much abuſed by the People on *Chriſtmaſſe-day*, they beat him on the head, and dragg'd him up and downe. The like Violence hath beene practiſed at other Places, but none hereabout. Some fewe People came into the Parke, and collected around the old Thorn, which hath many times put forth a fewe Bloſſoms on *Chriſtmaſſe-eve*, & which they looke upon as a Miracle, but no perſon did moleſt them. Jan. 3, *Monday*.

The Children were abroad ſo ſoone as the Sunne roſe, and brought in Ivy and branches of Holly, which they put about the *Hall* &

1647-8. their *Nurſerie*, as their pleaſure is. They ſet up a great Shout when there was ſeene a fine piece of Miſſeltoe at the top of a Hamper containing Apples, timely ſent by their Uncle from *Glouceſterſhire*. I could not beare to ſadden their Pleaſure by the trouble of my owne Heart, and they did ſpend a right merrie *Chriſtmaſſe*. Their Uncle *William* and his Family ſtaying with us.

Jan. 11, *Tueſday.* It is well for mee the Children give mee full Occupation: they take well to their learning, and the *Chaplaine* ſaith *Fanny* maketh goode progreſſe in the Latine; but I find her ſomewhat averſe to Needleworke, wherein her Siſter *Diana* is more expert, as alſo in ſome other Matters which in my judgement are like to be of more Service than a knowledge of Latine: though where Nature hath given a Capacitie for ſuch ſtudies, methinks we ſhould err in not providing Meanes of improving the ſame: and I doe already ſee in *Fanny* an encreaſe of Steadineſſe at her taſkes, and exactneſſe in the Performance of them.

Jan. 29, *Saturday.* Hear from Sir *Harry Vane* the charge againſt my *Huſband* paſſ'd the *Houſe* on the 27th, and was ordered to be ſent up to the Lords.

Feb. 20, *Monday.* *Armſtrong* returned yeſternight from *Ald-*

1647-8.

borough: no Veſſell, it is ſayd, will ſail to *Holland* from that Place or *Yarmouth* for ſome time.

March 6, *Monday.*

My deare Life, Thanks be unto *God*, is ſafe, his Letter is writ from the *Hague:* he hath ſeene the Prince of *Wales*.

Deare Heart,

A portion of the letter apparently alluded to by Lady Willoughby. *Editor.*

After a toylſome Paſſage we landed at *Dort:* methought the Voyage did too nearly picture my troubled and uncertaine Life. I am well in Health: the Packet came ſafe to hand, and I was right glad of the Paſtie and Wheaten-loaf, after having ſpent the night on deck, the Victuals on board being ill to eat. The Doublet worked by my ſweete Wife did greatly add to my Comfort, as did divers other Matters lovingly remembered by her for my uſe. Heretofore, though often ſeparated, yet was I in the ſame Countrie that did containe my little Ones and her who is my Soule's Joy and Conſolation, the trueſt Friend and Counſellor that ever Man had: now each wave carry'd me onward to a ſtrange Land, & never did Abſence appear ſo unſupportable. Kiſſe our deare Children for me. Bid *Armſtrong* be carefull to omit

1648. nought that I left in his Charge; he would doe well to ſee *Wingfield* concerning the gray Horſe, which ſhould be cared for: my Brother can ride *Berwick*.

1648. 1648.

HAve receaved no further Newes of my *Lord* ſince I heard from him that he was made *Vice Admirall* in the Duke of *Yorke's* Fleete. There is a report that the *Duke* has ſaild for *Holland*. Aug. 15, *Tueſday.*

A Friend doth write that a Letter from the Prince of *Wales* to the Speaker of the *Lords* has beene read in the Houſe, giving aſſurance that he will endevour his part with the *King* for a good Settlement: Alſo he ſpeakes of divers marchant Veſſels ſeized; one of theſe Ships it was underſtood was full of Gold, and was captured by the Lord *Willoughby*. I have this ſatisfaction in that as he doth hold this publicke Station, ſhould any great miſ- Aug. 16, *Wedneſday.*

1648. chance befall him, notice would be taken thereof.

Diſcouraged under many difficulties, and in an eſpeciall manner tried by the ignorance in which I am day unto day, of my deare *Huſband's* preſent fortune, be it ill or well; pray to be preſerved in Faith: if not thus held up, how ofte ſhould I have beene diſmayed and ſunke beneath the weight of care and perplexitie.

Aug. 19, *Saturday.* This morning, as for ſeveral paſt dayes, awakened contrarie to my wont, with little ſenſe of Refreſhment or renewed Strength; uſually the Night bringeth Reſt to my wearied frame and Sleepe to mine eyes. *Care-charming Sleepe*, ſayth the Poet, *Sweete Father of ſoft Reſt*, as he hath it in another place; but yeſter night Sleepe was troubled by the Reſtleſſneſſe of waking Thoughts, like the ſwell of the Ocean after the Winds are ſtilled: and ſo the day, commenced under this Depreſſion of Spirit, did ſeeme onely as another burden, an added day of Taſke-worke to bee performed. Neither received I the ſweete renewal of Truſt and Hope from my Devotions, that is ſo ofte graciouſly permitted mee to enjoy; nevertheleſſe I was preſerved from the preſumptuous Sinne of repining. If for a time the light of

1648.

His countenance is withdrawne, who am I, the pooreſt of His Creatures, that I ſhould complaine, if my path, when it ſeemeth to Him good, ſhould bee through the darke valley of Humiliation; ſo I walked ſorrowfully on my way, uncomforted from within or from without; thought on the text, *In thy afflictions He is afflicted, and the Angel of his Preſence ſaveth thee*, but this comfort ſeemed not intended for mee.

Aug. 22, *Tueſday.*

Begin to doubt, that I have beene too readie to bee ſatisfied with myſelf, and to ſay to my ſoule *Peace, peace, where there is no peace*, and have not beene ſo contrite and broken under a ſenſe of Sinne; and ſo is it not unrepented Sinne which doth ſtand betweene mee and the light of my Father's Countenance? Read the 51ſt *Pſalm*, but ſtill felt in Darkneſſe.

To night hath *God* ſpoken to mee by the voice of my little Child. It did chaunce that late in the evening I had occaſion to give ſome orders in the Nurſerye, paſſing by the bed I ſtooped to kiſſe my little Girle as I aſked her, had ſhe ſayd her Prayers to Nurſe? She anſwered, No, I ſayd them to *God*. I told her *God* will bleſſe little Children who pray to Him, and he lookes downe and ſees us all. Yes,

1648. ſhe anſwered, keeping the whiles faſt hold on my apron, *God* ſees Father in the Ship a long way off, and he ſees me in Bed, and when I feel affraid in the darke I ſay, Pleaſe *God* I am a good little Child ſometimes. *Except ye become as little Children ye cannot enter into the Kingdome of Heaven. Lord, increaſe my Faith. I believe, helpe thou mine unbeleefe. Why art thou caſt downe, O my Soule, and why art thou diſquieted within mee? hope thou in God.* Chaſtened but not without Hope, I goe to my Bed and lay mee downe in Peace, praying to become as a little Child.

Aug. 25, *Friday.* Much impreſſed with a ſenſe of the *Divine* Godneſſe towards us, whileſt ſo many are induring all the dreadfull Calamities of Warre at their very doores, than which none have beene brought to ſuch a height of Suffering as the poore beſieged People at *Colcheſter*, for more than two moneths have they held out, till it is ſayd the Cries of the ſtarving Women and Children are very great; Numbers are driven to the eating the fleſh of Horſes and Dogges; and of this now there is little left. One Woman got out of the Towne with her Children to begge from the Parliament Armie, and was driven backe.

1648.

Aug. 26, *Saturday.*

Now they ſay many hundreds of Women were let to come out of the Towne, and were then fired upon by Col. *Rainſborough* both with Cannon and Muſketts, according to ſome not loaded with ſhot, yet would not the Towne let them come backe: what did become of the poore Creatures? Well may Ordinances be paſſed for dayes of Publicke Humiliation to bewaile the Sinnes of the Nation: yet to what purpoſe, when they goe on the more ſinning, as if they beleeved they could faſt and pray away their Sinnes as eaſily as waſh their hands. *Keepe backe thy Servant from preſumptuous Sinnes.*

Sept. 1, *Friday.*

Heare to day that *Colcheſter* has ſurrendered; and that Sir *George L'Iſle* & Sir *Charles Lucas* were ſhot, to retaliate it is ſayd the ſame Crueltie exerciſed by them in like circumſtances.

Dec. 13, *Wedneſday.*

Good old Dr. *Sampſon* called: he had heard it was reported that the *King* had made his Eſcape from the *Iſle of Wight.*

1648-9.

1648-9.

Feb. 3, *Saturday.*

TErrour and amazement doe fill all Men's minds, ſo unheard of a Crueltie did ſeeme impoſſible, even by the *King's* bittereſt Enemies; ſurely the Judgements of the *Lord* will be drawn down upon this unhappie Countrey. What further Suffering ſhall bee, wee know not, before the Nation is chaſtiſed and purged from its Iniquities. Renewed cauſe of Thankfulneſſe, that my beloved *Huſband* did betimes withdraw himſelf from the Councels of theſe Men: oft did he uſe to ſay to mee, they could on no pretence take the *King's* Life, how little can wee foreſee whereunto men's Paſſion will lead them.

My poore *Fanny* can ſcarce ſleepe at nights, ſo beſett is ſhee with the Image of the mur-

thered *King:* when the Newes were told of a ſudden, ſhe nigh fainted. *Die's* Griefe hath more of Indignation, and hardly can ſhee refraine wiſhing to heare of ſome ſignal Vengeance being taken. Gave orders that the Houſehold ſhould put aſide and deſiſt from their ſeveral Occupations, that the remainder of the Day might be kept with due Solemnitie befitting the ſad occaſion: at Evening Service all were ſenſibly affected, at the ſeaſonable Exhortation of the *Chaplaine* on this awfull Event. 1648-9.

Heare with no ſmall concernment that Coll. *Hutchinſon* was one of thoſe who did put their Names to the Sentence given againſt the *King:* one of more honourable repute as a Chriſtian and Gentleman I never heard ſpeake of: wherefore it cannot be doubted but that he hath beleeved himſelf called upon by his Conſcience to this Act, and I would alſo hope, others likewiſe have beene conſtrained to join in it againſt their naturall feelings, but even Zeale in a good cauſe requireth to be kept downe by a ſober Judgement: ſo long as the Flame burneth Heaven-ward, it is a pure and ſhining Light; but turned Earth-ward, it becometh a fierce and deſtructive Fire. Feb. 13, *Tueſday.*

Letter from my *Siſter;* ſhe ſayth Proclama-

1648-9 tion hath been made, that whoſoever ſhall proclaime another to bee *King*, ſhall be put to death as a Traitour.

Fanny, who hath beene ailing of late, was yeſter night ſo feaveriſh that I gave her a compoſing Draught, and ſhe keeps her bed to day.

Feb. 14, *Wedneſday.* *Fanny* better; think to give her a courſe of Bitters: my *Mother* did much recommend them taken faſting every Morning.

March 15, *Thurſday.* More Executions; the three Lords have beene beheaded: Lady *Holland* had ceaſed not importuning for the *Earl's* life, and buoyed herſelf up with hope to the laſt; and when the *High Court* granted a Reprieve for two dayes, ſhe and other Ladies and Relatives of the Priſoners had great Expectations there would be a Pardon, and ſo was it nearly carried in the *Houſe:* as the Speaker's was the caſting Vote, and he gave it againſt him; he having juſt before by his Voice in favour of Lord *Goring* ſaved that bad Man, in regard of ſome private Services hee had rendered to him: yet did cauſe the Death of one who, though he might have done ſome Wrong to his partie, had ever beene a Friend to the Poore and to thoſe who were oppreſſed and perſecuted for

their Religion, and who was civil and courteous to all People. Some particulars were related to mee, by one who is well acquainted with one of my Lrd. *Holland's* Friends who did accompanie him to the Scaffold. 1648-9.

Mr. *Hodges* had much diſcourſe with him after his Sentence, being deſirous to comfort him. He would not ſee his Wife and Children, ſaying it would adde too much to his Sorrow: he was for a while in great Agonie of minde in that he had not aſſurance of Pardon for his Sinnes; but it pleaſed *God* in his great Mercie to raiſe him up out of this afflicted condition, and after paſſing through a ſevere conflict of Spirit, he remained in a cheerefull frame of Minde to the end. He ſlept ſoundly the night before his Execution, inſomuch he was with ſome difficulty awakened; he went to the Scaffold without ſhewing any Feare; and ſhewed himſelf to the People, who were moved with ſorrow at the ſight of him; he tooke an affectionate leave of his Friends, and ſo did ſubmit to be put to Death.

It is to mee matter of Amazement as well as of Sorrow, that Men pay ſo ſmall Regard to the right every man hath to his owne Life, which *God* hath given to him, and which Hee

1649. alone can take away. Vengeance is not for Man, weake and erring; the Promiſe is given that Evil ſhall be overcome of Good, not by Evil.

March 30, *Friday.* The Time ſeemeth very long before I can with reaſon expect to heare from the *Barbadoes*. The *Dutch* Marchant Ships, it is reported in *London*, ſailed in February.

April 17, *Tueſday.* *Fanny's* Health improves. Since ſhe hath had charge of the Still-room, ſhe hath taken a pleaſure in the Cultivation of the Plants, and hath enlarged the Herbe Garden. The Lavender ſlippes have ſtrucke roote, and ſhe hath good ſtocke of Clove Gilloflowers; a Neighbour hath promiſed her an excellent Recipe for making a Conſerve of theſe, obtained as a favour from Mr. *Gerard*, the Chirurgian and Botaniſt, who ſayth of it, that it is exceeding cordiall and wonderfully above meaſure doth comfort the Heart, being eaten now and then.

Her liking for Reading did lead to her over much Studie; I do blame myſelf for not giving more heed to the effect upon her Health: it ſeems that her Siſter was more ſenſible in this matter, and did often indeavour to perſwade her to leave her Bookes. In ſmall things as

in greater, ſo true is it that the right is a ſtraight and narrow way. 1649.

Our Nephews *William* and *Henry* ſtaying with us, good Laddes in the maine; and wee do expect a Viſite ſhortly from my deare Couſin *Margaret de la Fontaine:* wee have not mett ſince her Marriage. April 18, *Wedneſday.*

Receipe. The flowers of Lavender picked from the knaps, I meane the blew part and not the huſke, mixed with Cinnamon, Nuttmeg, and Cloves, made into Pouder and given to drinke in the diſtilled Water thereof, prevaileth againſt Giddineſſe. Conſerve of the Flowers made with ſugar. April 20, *Friday.*

This Recipe given to mee by Mr. *Gerard's* Aunte.

Mr. *Gerard* doth recommend for a Cold and Cough, or ſore Throate, a Decoction of Hyſſope, made with Figges added; or Figges boiled, and Honie and Rue added thereto.

1651.

1651.

May 24, *Saturday.*

THis our Wedding day: a ſweete morning; roſe early: firſt Thoughts ſaddened by the abſence of him, who is indeed firſt in my Hearte, but not here to give the welcomings of Love ſo precious to mee; ſo ſweet to receive and lay up with recollections of other like Endearments to live upon in Abſence, preſerved, as ſome one ſaith, in the Memorie as in a Cabinet richly ſtored, garnered in Faith, and ſafely locked with the Key of a loving Conſtancie: and truly can I ſay, no Miſtruſt hath ever fallen upon our deare Affection for each other. Although in looking backe through theſe ſixteene Yeares now paſt, to the early part of my wedded Life, I do perceave that there was on my part ſome Conſtraint and

1651.

an over feare of diſpleaſing, and haply ſome Perverſitie of Temper, that made ſome things appeare as Unkindneſſes that were not ſo intended; yet was it I truly beleeve more through Ignorance and the newneſſe of my Situation. My deare *Mother* had exerciſed ſuch a tender Care over me, that like a timid bird no more ſheltered by the parent Wing from the rough Winds and pitileſſe Storme, I was affrighted, and oft times would faine have returned to the Arke. But the olive Branch appeared above theſe darke Waters, and was found to be a ſure Reſting Place for the ſole of my Foot, and its roots were firmely fixed, and it hath ſtood firme. Wee have need of two faiths, faith in humane Affection, and the higher faith, in Divine Wiſdome and Love: *Lord, I beleeve, help Thou mine unbeleefe*, is the earneſt ſupplication of my Hearte. Oh if wee were conſtant in this praier, how manie feeble Knees would be ſtrengthed, how many hard and rebellious Thoughts be kept downe.

Sixteene yeares ago, I do well remember the morning was like this: the Sunne ſhone brightly, and my Siſters did thinke mee happie to be the choice of the brave Lord *Willoughby;* his comelineſſe and youth made him to bee

1651. greatly admired by them, as hee was by manie others. Since that day how much hath come to paſſe: Trouble and Difficulties to overcome not a few: then my firſt Child borne, bringing new hope and a Joy unſpeakable; but the ſweete Bloſſome was early nipped, and the cup of joy daſhed from my lippes: Oh *God*, thou knoweſt what I ſuffered, that my Faith was tried to the uttermoſt, and for a while failed; but Thy Mercie and Truth failed not: Other Children were given to us, lent and graciouſly ſpared: My deare and excellent *Mother* tooke her peacefull departure; this a Sorrow, but not a Sorrow without Hope, no Bitterneſſe was in it; her Worke was ended, and I had no wiſh to keepe her from her Reſt. Precious *Mother!* I humbly hope I have not been inſenſible of my privileges: I think I may ſay that under a ſenſe of my owne favoured Lot in this reſpect, I have alwayes felt much tender Solicitude for ſuch as are early deprived of maternal Care, whether knowne or unknowne to mee.

During this long period I have had the Happineſſe of ſeeing my beloved *Huſband* zealous and active for the Publicke Good, and protected through many Dangers; and though very frequent have beene our Separations, and

this laſt the moſt diſtant and perillous; yet have they beene mercifully permitted to his greater Safety. Thus in caſting this backward looke over paſt yeares, I am led to acknowledge with Thankfulneſſe the gracious dealings of our *Heavenly Father* to us, and eſpecially would I note my *Huſband's* timely Withdrawal from a party of Men who have fallen into the Snare ſpread by worldly Pride and Ambition, and in the end brought about the Death of the *King*. 1651.

Oft have I beene caſt downe as the Sinne and Suffering, that doe ſo fearefully abound, were from time to time brought before mee; but ſtrength hath beene given mee to endure, and praiſe be unto *Him* who hath vouchſafed a meaſure of Faith, whereby the diſcipline of Life is now viewed in a more cheereful ſpirit, and its burdens and imperfections borne with leſſe of Impatience as Yeares do encreaſe, and I am able more entirely to acknowledge that *the Judgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether:* and if ſo in mine owne experience, may I not truſt that in Publicke Affaires in like manner, Man's doings are working out the purpoſes of the *Lord* of *Lords* and *King* of *Kings;* that the Nation, when it ſhall have

1651. paſſed through this Fire of tribulation and anguiſh, ſhall riſe up in a newe and righteous Libertie, and bee at Peace.

But little to add this evening to the foregoing: after fervent Supplication for my deare abſent Love, went downe ſtairs and was met by the deare Children, each of them with a Poſie of flowers, Cowſlips, Primroſes, and Hawthorne; and *Fanny* had gathered ſome of more raritie from her garden. *Die* was eager to know the number of Yeares we have been maried, that ſhe might give directions for the ſame number of Pies to be made, according to the cuſtome in theſe Parts, that there ſhould be ſet on the Table a Pie for every Yeare that a couple have beene maried, and ſhe and her Siſter ranne away to order 16 Pies: They are kindly hearted and gladſome creatures, and moſt dutifull and comforting Children.

July 4, *Friday.* Received tidings that the Ship in which my *Huſband* did ſaile, hath reached *Barbadoes*. Thankes be unto the *Lord* who hath brought them unto their deſired Haven.

July 7, *Monday.* The deare Letter yeſternight hath filled my Hearte with Joy and Thankfulneſſe.

1651.

Letter o Lord *Willoughby*, March 24, 1650.

Moſt Deare Wife,

Wee came to anchor in *Carliſle* Bay, in ſomewhat more than two moneths after we left *Holland.* We fell ſhort of Water, having but halfe a Barrel when wee came in ſight of Land, and were ſtill worſe off for Forrage, and were forced to take the Straw out of the men's cabines, and mix it with ſhavings of Deale boards to give the Horſes to eate. We kept ourſelves concealed ſome dayes, conſidering it the more prudent, till we had all in readineſſe. Wee then appeared in good force and proclaimed the *King.* Numbers joined us, and my Commiſſion met with due reſpect. I ſend this Letter by the Maſter of a Ship ſailing to *London.* Sweete Life and my deare Children, may it fare well with you. During the weariſome Voyage, plans did ſuggeſt themſelves of your joining mee here, but I knowe not how you would endure the hardſhip and dangers of the Paſſage. The Climate of this Iſland is not ſo unhealthy as in ſome others. I hope *Parliament* will not withdraw the Graunt, it would cauſe greate trouble with thoſe who accepted it in Settlement of Demands againſt mee, and might put my deare

1651. Hearte to inconvenient Straites for Money. Wee are like to have unfriends in both Houſes; it may not bee ſafe to ſay more. Give mee whatſoever Newes of the *King* can be depended on. I cannot beleeve the preſent ſtate of Affaires will laſt long. The heate is greate, nevertheleſſe my Health is good, in the which I do heartily rejoyce, knowing there is One who will be much comforted herein,

Whoſe I am in all
faithfull Affection,
Willoughby.

July 11, *Friday.* It is reported, and I feare mee truely, that Sir *George Aſkew* hath ſet ſaile for *Barbadoes*, to take that Iſland and others thereabout from the *King's* Friends. How may I endure the thought that again my beloved *Huſband's* Life is expoſed to all the dangers and ſufferings of Warfare, and this at ſo great diſtance, that for Moneths I ſhall be in ignorance whether he yet live. I thought it well hee ſhould be out of this poore Countrey, full of ſtrife and bloodſhed, but the dangers of Warre are every where.

Sept. 7, *Sunday.* Word brought of a Fight at *Worceſter*, and ſome ſay the *Prince* is ſlaine.

1651.
Sept. 10.
Wedneſday.

The rumours that the Prince of *Wales*, or more rightly the *King*, was ſlaine after the Battaile, not true, though he was wounded in the Hand. He fled from *Worceſter*, and it is hoped he hath eſcaped from his cruell Enemies, as no one knows where he is. A Meſſenger kindly ſent by Mr. *Tobias Bridge*, who ſetts out for *London* to morrow, and hath engaged to ſend to my *Huſband* a Letter thro' a ſafe channel by meanes of a Friend of his, a conſiderable Marchant in the *Citie*, who hath undertaken this out of regard to the Lord *Willoughby*, who did ſhew ſome kindneſſe to a neare Kinſman of his at the Siege of *Newark*, which he hath not forgotten. Have writt to my *Huſband* in ſuch termes as I thought moſt like to have weight with him that he would yeeld up the Place; telling him, that the moſt zealous Friends of the *King* do now give up all hope; that his Wife and Children wearie of his abſence, and are kept in continual Feare for him; and that as I never had wiſhed to hold him backe from what he judged to bee his duty, ſo now hee might beleeve that I would not urge him to a courſe diſhonourable, or that would injure others. Likewiſe I added that all his Friends did agree with me in this opinion.

1651. Eaſier in mind having taken this ſteppe, ſo much more hopeful to the Spirit is action, let the thing done towards the deſired end be ever ſo ſmall or by ever ſo weake a hand, than to remaine, as my lot hath moſtly beene, unable to do ought; not even to holde a cup of water to the lippes of him who while I write theſe Wordes may be lying wounded or dying.

October 31, *Friday.* In a Letter from my Siſter ſhe ſayth, one told her who was preſent in the *Houſe* when Letters were received from *Paris* containing divers curious Particulars of the *King's* Adventures and Eſcape. Hee and my Lord *Wilmot* were ſo ſore puſhed that on the ſecond day's march from *Worſter* they betooke themſelves into the Woods, and did ſleepe two nights in a Tree, and whileſt there ſome Souldiers came cloſe by, but ſaw them not. Hee had other marvellous Eſcapes; and owed his Safetie to a Gentlewoman who diſguiſed him; ſhe cut off his Haire, and put Serving Man's clothes on him, and a Perriwig (hereat, as this curious hiſtorie was read aloud, ſome of the Members refrained not from laughing), he was mounted on a Horſe, and ſhe did ride behind him on a Pillion. That which does ſeeme moſt wonderfull, the *King* was in *London,* and walked about

dreſſed in a Gentleman's habite, and did even look into *Weſtminſter Hall.* The Lord *Wilmot* at length did procure a Marchant Ship; and the *King* followed him into a Houſe, when to their great terrour the Maſter of the Veſſel came to them and ſayd he knew the *King.* They prevailed with Money and Promiſes, and ſailed for *Harvre de Gras.* This Relation did ſeeme ſo full of wonder and mercy towards the poore young *King*, who doubtleſſe would have beene ſlaine had he beene taken, that I have thought it well to copie the ſame from my Siſter's Letter. 1651.

Death of Colonel *Ireton* is much lamented: he did compaſſionate the deplorable condition and miſeries of the People of *Ireland;* and in this barbarous Warfare ſhewed more Mercie than ſome others. Dec. 11, *Thurſday.*

1651-2

1651-2.

January 6, *Tueſday.*

NEwes ſent mee that Letters have beene received by the *Houſe* that Sir *George Aſcue* had reduced the *Barbadoes:* and likewiſe there was read a Copie of an Act of the Lord *Willoughby* and the Aſſembly, for ſequeſtring Eſtates. This will, I feare mee, inflame people's mindes the more againſt him.

Feb. 21, *Saturday.*

My Lord *Say* and *Seale* hath ſent mee ſuch particulars as have come to hand. Sir *George* had taken many Ships, and fired at the Caſtell; and they in the Caſtell ſhot at him and killed one man. Then he ſent a Summons to the Lord *Willoughby*, who made anſwer that hee would keepe the place for the *King*, who he was informed was neare *London*, and that all the Countrey came in to him: this it is ſuppoſed he had beene told by the *Dutch*. Offers were

made of Indemnitie, and great perſuaſion uſed to bring over the People to the *Parliament*. It was expected that Sir *George Aſcue* would waite ſome dayes, in the hope that the *Iſland* would ſurrender, before he attempted to land his Forces. 1651-2.

Alas! I know its brave *Governour* too well to doubt what courſe hee will take. May the *Lord* have mercie upon us, nothing is there for mee to doe but to keepe neare to the everlaſting Arme that can ſupport the weakeſt of his creatures, and ſave in the midſt of the greateſt Dangers.

Miſs the faithfull overſight of *Alice*, tho' of late ſhe had beene too infirme to do much. My Brother *William* and his Familie make us a large Houſehold: and to keepe a well ordered and well provided Houſe is no ſmall charge. Since my Brother compounds for the Eſtates, I am releeved from ſome perplexitie. Poore old *Alice*, her Death was timely, had ſhe lived to heare of the Execution of the *King*, it would have gone farre to breake her hearte. March 25, *Thurſday*.

The Diurnal doth containe the report that Sir *George Aſcue* hath taken *Barbadoes*. March 27, *Saturday*.

Eclipſe of the Sunne: many have been infected with feare of ſome greate Calamitie or March 29, *Monday*.

1652. Diſturbance to happen at this time, and would not goe out to their Worke, or leave their Houſes: the darkneſs was ſo great one could not ſee to reade a booke without the light of a Candle.

No Tydings of my deare *Huſband:* and my very Soule is ſicke with waiting and liſtening to catch the lighteſt Rumour.

My Friends have ſent mee all the Information they could obtaine; and my hearte is bowed downe with Thankfulneſſe for the merciſull and wonderfull Preſervation of that precious *Life*, the object of daily prayer and ſupplication. It doth appeare that my *Lord* did refuſe to ſubmit to the Summons of Surrender thrice demanded by Sir *George Aſcue*, who thereupon did land ſome Troopes: the Lord *Willoughby* made a gallant Defence, but by reaſon of the Darkneſſe, they thought the Enemie were in number more than they were, and the Seamen running up with great ſhouts, they were ſo amazed they gave way: the *Parliament* Forces purſued them to *Fort Royal*, which they ſtormed, and were joined by Colonel *Muddiford* and his Friends; following this Example, they did engage to live or die with the *Parliament*. The Lord *Willoughby* finding this, marched

up to them with all the Force he could make; and whileſt that he held a Councell of Warre, one of the Enemies great Gunnes ſhot in at the doore and carried away the Sentinell's head. A Treatie has beene concluded, Protection being granted to the Lord *Willoughby*, Colonel *Walrund*, and divers others for the keeping their Eſtates in *England* or elſewhere. Surely I may hope to have a Letter ſhortly. Choſe out for my portion of *Scripture* the 103d *Pſalm*. What ſhall I render to the Lord for all his benefits, this crowning Mercie wherewith he hath bleſſed mee? 1652.

To-day I had the great happineſſe of a Letter. My deare *Huſband* beareth bravely his ill Fortunes: he was entreated very courteouſly by Sir *George*. My *Lord* doth purpoſe returning by one of his owne Veſſels, having Buſineſſe to ſettle in *Surinam*, and in *Antigua*. April 8, *Thurſday*.

Wingfield tells mee he has had ſome Newes of the Horſe that was ſtolen laſt weeke, and would go to *Ipſwich* to-morrow, that being Market day; told him not to be ſparing of Reward on this occaſion, I would ill like him to be loſt: Bade *Wingfield* ſee at the Weavers when the Linnen would be readie, alſo if the Flax was arrived. April 9, *Friday*.

1652.

May 5, *Wedneſday.*

The Packman is long in coming his rounds, and my waiting woman is alarmed that her ſtores of houſewiferie will ſcarce hold out; and *Fanny* is like to want imbroidery Silks, and doth watch his coming with impatience, as ſometimes he doth bring of Bookes a few ſortes, and Ballads, which ſhe doth eagerly catch up; & he had entered into ſome promiſe of bringing for her a booke of Poems by a Mr. *John Milton*, one that keepes a Schoole at *London*, the ſame it is ſayd, who did write the *Image Breaker*, a Booke that did excite the Indignation of manie; that a man of parts and learning ſhould deſire to injure the memorie of one not onely a Martyr, but who had manie rare qualities, and was our anointed *King*, albeit in that capacitie he did ſome great Wrongs. The worke was little read, the while the ſubject of his attack, the *Eikon Baſilike*, did excite in people ſuch true Sympathie, that it was read with Teares. A Friend did procure one for mee, which not onely doth ſerve to cheriſh a ſorrowful remembrance of the heavy Trial and the Griefes of his late *Majeſty*, but by the pietie and meekneſſe of the ſeveral Meditations, doth greatly tend to Edification and Improvement.

1652.

May 7, *Friday.*

No Tydings of the old Horſe to be heard at *Ipſwich: Wingfield* and one of the men are gone in another direction, ſome miles on the *Loweſtoffe* Road.

May 11, *Tueſday.*

The men returned this forenoon after two Dayes abſence, bringing with them the poore Animal, jaded and half ſtarved; hope he will looke in better condition before my *Lord's* return. A Man living at *Saxmundham*, who had ſerved in one of his Regiments, had ſeene the Horſe go through the Village, and knew it againe, and by this Clue they traced him.

May 12, *Wedneſday.*

Lizzy hath finiſhed her Sampler; her Siſter *Die* hath much credit for the ſame, for the Patience with which ſhee hath taught her this, and other Needle-worke.

Reading our uſual portion of *Holy Scripture* this morning, after ſome Remarks thereon, I felt encouraged to ſay a few wordes to my Daughter *Fanny*. Shee hath leſſe of ſelf-will and heate of temper needing reſtraint and watchfulneſſe than her elder *Siſter*, but falleth into Errour of another ſorte, ſeeming too well inclined to take her eaſe, and ſheweth an indifferency to ſuch Purſuits as ſuite not her Fancie, yet which are of good account and Service in a Familie. Eſpecially ſhe hath of

1652. late againe addicted herſelf over-much to her Bookes, which, if not to the hurt of her Health as formerly was the caſe, cauſeth her to bee ſo enrapt in them, and in the indulgence of her own Imaginations, that ſhe neglecteth thoſe ſmall occaſions wherein ſhe might bee of Uſe or Pleaſure to others, and at the ſame time ſecure Benefite to herſelf by being drawne into little acts of Courteſie and Kindneſſe, which doe keepe alive and enlarge the kindly Diſpoſitions of our nature, and doubtleſſe are ſoe intended by *Him* who hath planted mankind in Families. She did receeve with meekeneſſe this Reproof, acknowledging her ſometime Negligence, and her Temptation to the unprofitable ſpending of her Time in ſome particulars, and did confeſſe that haply her Affections had beene too highly ſett on works of the Fancy and Imagination; although ſhee ſayd, they were ſuch as for the moſt part did containe manie pious and vertuous Meditations, and added with modeſty, that ſhe believed the Minde was elevated and refreſhed by drinking at theſe Fountaines. The while ſhe ſpoke, raiſing timidly her eyes & bluſhing, as ſhe pleaded for ſome Poets above others, more eſpecially Mr. *Edmund Spenſer*, one who hath

indeed tuned his Lyre to the utterance of moſt ſweet Truths and deepe Philoſophie, ſhe ſeemed not unaptly deſcribed in his own Wordes: 1652.

Ne in her Speech, ne in her 'Haviour,
Was lightneſſe ſeene, or looſe Vainitie,
But gracious Womanhood and Gravitie
Above the reaſon of her youthly yeares.

I can truly ſay it is my deſire, not through an over-ſtrictneſſe or miſconſtruction to narrow the benevolent deſigns of the *Creator* toward his Creatures; hee, with bountifull Hand hath adorned the Heaven and the Earth with beautie, and if he hath in a peculiar manner fitted ſome Mindes to taſte hereof, and to approach him by theſe ways of Pleaſantneſſe & Peace, doubtleſſe it may bee to the attainment of the higheſt *Wiſdome*. Yet, like all things elſe in this World, hath it not its peculiar temptations, this keene Senſe of the Beautifull and aptitude in the diſcernment thereof? doth it not ſometimes lead to a turning away from the rigid aſpect of Dutie, and miniſter to ſelf-gratification under a faire diſguiſement, which maketh it unſuſpected of evill. The Beautifull Gate of the Temple inviteth us to enter, but if ſo be

1652. wee remaine at the portall, we prophane its ſacred purpoſe.

Once more the *Poet* cometh to my aide.

The meanes therefore which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his Workes to looke,
Which hee hath made in beautie excellent;
And in the ſame, as in a Brazen Booke,
To reade inregiſtered in every nooke
His Goodneſs, which His Beautie doth declare,
For all that's good, is beautiful and faire.

Through whatſoever ways we are led, how various ſoever may bee our Gifts, there is but one end, that we may all be brought to ſee the Beautie of Holineſſe, to perceave the Harmonie that doth exiſt in the morall government of *God*, as in the viſible wonders and beauties of Creation, and ſo come to worſhip Him in Spirit and in Truth.

May 15, *Saturday.* There is like to be a poore Hay harveſt, no Raine as yet; this long drought is a great concerne to *Fan.* Some of the Seeds ſhe hath ſowne, ſcarce to be ſeene; what is more ſerious, fodder for the cattell is difficult to be had.

May 28, *Friday.* Great tempeſts during the Weeke; raine and winde, and lightening; the Thunder ceaſed

not for houres together. About *London* it is ſaid there were Haile ſtones which did meaſure ſome inches round, and ſome of ſingular ſhape. Much Glaſſe hath been broken. 1652.

Went to ſee *Cicely*, ſhee and her Children are bravely. She had beene to *Langham*, neare unto *Colcheſter*, to viſite her huſband's Mother, whom ſhe did find in a diſtreſſefull ſtate; her Sonne not well of his wounds, and ſhee, every time ſhe dreſſeth his arme, hearte-broken to thinke that hand had given his *Brother* his death ſtroke. He knew not who it was, till he got ſight of his face as he dropped; and as he fell on his knees beſide him, he received a Blow on his head, which ſtunned him. This chanced well for him, as he thereby could remaine, he dragged the Bodie of his *Brother* to the ſide of a Hedge, and then as he did paſſionately bewaile his Death, and kiſſed the bleeding Face, he found Life not utterly departed, and ran ſome diſtance to a Ditch where was water, and pouring it into the Laddes mouth, for it was his youngeſt *Brother*, and very deare unto him, he opened his Eyes, and ſeemed to know him, but was paſt Speech, and could onely draw him cloſer, and ſo died. All the Countrey round there was Want and Sickneſſe, the May 31, *Monday.*

1652. Grant from the *Parliament* is a ſeaſonable help; but it mendeth not broken bones, nor bringeth backe *Sonnes* and *Huſbands* to Life.

July 10. *Saturday.* For ſome Weekes I have not left my Chamber, and have beene confined to my Bed the greater part of that time, having beene ſeiſed of a ſudden Sickneſſe; at leaſt ſo it did then appeare, though continuall haraſſment & ſuſpence had brought mee into a weakely ſtate for ſome time paſt. It happened that ſome Noiſe, and the ſound of unaccuſtomed Voices in the Hall, did ſtartle mee for a moment with the notion that my deare *Huſband* had come into the Houſe: I haſted downe ſtaires, and ſome great Packages ſtrucke my Sight, and did the more confirme my Hopes, but it proved only to bee ſome goods ſhipp'd from *London*, which had come there by a Marchant Ship from *Barbadoes*. As I turned backe, the ſhocke of the Diſappointment following quicke on the Joy that had ſeemed ſo neare, overcame mee, and my Limbes trembled under mee, and I ſcarce could reach my Roome, and that night a Feaver came on, with ſuch violent Shiverings that I greatly feared it was the Ague. For many Weekes tooke no nouriſhment but Sage poſſets, my drinke Whey. Still but poorly.

My deare Children have beene tender Nurſes, and, when I began to recover, yet remaining weake, ſo that I moſtly could beare but one Perſon at a time, I had oftentimes ſweet converſe with Each, and miniſtred to the ſeverall wants of their Characters, as I was favoured with Help ſo to do; endeavouring to impreſs upon them Faithfulneſſe to their Convictions, whether in ſmall things or greate, as the only way to obtaine true Peace. 1652.

Alſo hath it beene a ſeaſon of Self-examination, and deepe ſearching of Hearte; and my Birthday happening when I was thus layd low, I endeavoured to paſſe it profitably, and to queſtion myſelf if, as I approched nearer and nearer to the Grave, I was the nearer Heaven. Selfe ſeemed the great Hinderance in the way of improvement. It is a hidden Idolatrie and often unſuſpected. Is it not Selfe that prevents our eye beeing ſingle?

Read ſome portion of the *Scriptures* that were not ſo familiar to mee as other, or as they ſhould bee. July 12, *Monday.*

I would here note downe, as a cauſe of Thankfulneſſe, one of a multitude of tender mercies and loving kindneſſes of my *Heavenly Father*, his raiſing mee up and reſtoring mee

1652. to Health, and to the care of my deare Children in their Father's abſence; and alſo that with returning Health he hath given mee a rejoycing Hearte. As I walked forth in the warme Sunne ſhine, the Fragrancie of the Aire, and every thing around mee ſo full of Beautie, it did ſeeme that truly *My Youth was renewed like the Eagles*, ſo ſweet and pleaſant were my Thoughts.

July 12, *Monday*. To-day my Strength was ſo farre increaſed that I was able to walke downe to the Brooke, and ſate downe on the warme ſunnie Banke.

From the *Queſt of Cynthia*, by Michael Drayton. Ed.

The Winds were huſht, no Leafe ſo ſmall
At all was ſeene to ſtirre,
Whileſt tuning to the Water's fall
The ſmall Birds ſang to her.

Thought of my deare and honoured *Mother*, and of the laſt time wee did paſſe together at this Spot; the little Streame of cleere water did now run gurgling on juſt as it did then, and the Flowers and the moſſie Banke were there, but my *Mother's* voice no more, yet did ſhe ſeeme neare mee, and nearer in this, that ſome of her experience had now beene mine, Sorrow and Death had beene my teachers,

Miniſters of his that do his pleaſure; but he leaveth not his Children comfortleſſe: the words of the *Lord Jeſus* ſuſtained mee, His Life and His Death were my Strength and Conſolation. How ſweet is it, that the Memorie of my *Mother* is ever linked with peaceful and holie Thoughts. Oh might I ſo live that my deare *Children* might ſo thinke of mee, but I am not worthie of this. Oh that the deſire may bee more preſent with mee, and put more of Heaven into my Love for them. I do confeſſe, with ſorrow and contrition of Hearte, that my Solicitude for them hath beene more Worldly as they have growen older, and the ſence of their immortall Deſtination not ſo abiding, as when they were younger, Gifts newly from *God's* owne Hand, and Talents entruſted to my Stewardſhip. 1652.

Yeſter-noone, Thankes bee unto the *Moſt High*, to my unſpeakable joy and comfort my deare Life returned to his Familie, through Mercie well in Health, but changed by the long Sea-voyages and the climate of the *Indies;* this, though onely in the outward, beeing the ſame loving *Huſband* and *Father*. He ſtayed not in *London;* but ſo ſoone as he could leave the Ship, did earneſtly ſet forth hitherward. July 19, *Monday.*

1652. He expreſſeth ſome ſurpriſe to find the Nation ſo quiet, the joy of our Meeting was ſaddened by the manie relations to be given of the Murther of the late *King* and of ſome of his former Friends, and divers other particulars of the ſtate of Affaires and Parties, and the hopeleſſe condition of his preſent *Majeſtie;* of familie Newes there was much to learne. Mr. *Edmund Spenſer* ſayth,

One loving Houre
For manie Yeares of ſorrow can diſpenſe,
A dram of Sweet is worth a pound of Soure;
She hath forgot how manie a wofull ſtoure,
For him ſhe hath endured: She ſpeaks no more
Of paſt; true is, that true Love hath no power
To looken backe; his Eyes bee fixed before.

Feare that I can ſcarce ſay this, not having ſo great Hopefulneſſe.

My deare Life is well ſatisfied with his Daughters, and knoweth not which he doth the moſt admire; yet methought his eye turned to the youngeſt moſt lovingly; he is pleaſed to commend my Care of them. I had feares that he might thinke them forward, or deficient in obſervance of ſome ceremonies, and did aſſay

ſome little Apologie, if they were more free in his preſence than did ſeeme altogether becomming, ſeeing they had beene, in conſequence of my retired Life, more with mee than is cuſtomarie. In my lonely State I was faine to ſolace myſelfe with their ſweet Societie, and did encourage them to feele unreſtrained before mee; manie a loneſome and wearie Houre have they lightened by their ſimple Talke, and eaſed mee not ſeldom of troubled thoughts by their dutifull Affection. 1652.

He ſmiled as he replied he knew not what might be deemed too forward, they ſpake not to him without Bluſhing, yet were they free from awkward Baſhfulneſſe, he wiſhed them none otherwiſe, or in aught different, and had onely to deſire that they might grow up ſuch as their Mother. Teares did ſpring to my Eyes as he uttered theſe kind Words; but although as a Wife the prayſe was ſweet and incouraging, and I beleeve might be ſo received without conceit, yet in my Hearte did ariſe the ſecret Prayer, that they might be much better Women than their Mother. He added, no Father could deſire better or prettyer Children, and in his abſence *Diana* had ſo grown, ſhe was, tho' not ſo handſome as *Fanny*, an exceed-

1652. ing lovely young Creature. *So we are rich in our Daughters, if in nought elſe.*

July 27, *Tueſday.* This Evening my *Lord* diſcourſed ſome time on his ſeverall Adventures, affording us ſome pleaſing entertainment by his Hiſtorie of the different Iſlands and Places; already is there a Towne, which he has called *Parham,* began building on the north of the Iſland of *Antigua;* and on the Southern ſide of the ſame Iſland a beautiful Bay, into the which he ſailed, and found ſhelter from a Storme, which ſuddenly aroſe, and as it was through the following his Councell that they ſteered in this courſe, it was named by the Sailers *Willoughby Bay;* and hence has beene ſo called by others, ſo our name, and that of our deare *Parham* may abide, and may ſome day be familiar words to the Voyager, and amidſt a ſtrange People, when our Race may be paſſed away, and the place thereof be knowne no more.

Aug. 4, *Wedneſday.* My *Lord* having fixed on our Departure for *London,* have beene too buſie to take up the Penne. Hee could not beare to leave his Familie ſo ſhortly after his Returne; alſo to mee the ſeparation would have beene ill to beare, now that I have againe enjoyed the ſup-

port and happineſſe of his Preſence, ſo it is determined that wee take Lodgings and remaine at *London* the while our Affaires may make it needful ſo to doe. 1652.

Came to our Lodgings, which are conveniently ſituated in *Ruſſel Street*, *Covent Garden*.

My Siſter called and tooke us in her Coach to the *Parke*. As wee paſſed *Whitehall* wee alighted, and did looke with Awe and Sadneſſe on the ſcene of his late *Majeſtie's* Death. The place through which hee was taken on to the Scaffold having beene newly bricked up, points out the exact Spot. The Girls wiſhed to enter the *Palace*, but there were no meanes at hand, neither could I be ſure it would be prudent. Aug. 10, *Tueſday.*

This day went to *Northumberland Houſe;* there informed that Lady *Liſle* was in a dangerous ſtate, ſhee had beene doing well till yeſter night; the Babie is a healthy Child. Aug. 12, *Thurſday.*

Mett the Earle of *Winchelſea* at *Spring Gardens*, he joined us; he ſeemeth a Man of ſome Sence, and hath a lively and polite Manner.

Heard the ſorrowfull newes of Lady *Liſle's* Death. The Bodie is to bee carried downe to *Penſhurſt* for Interment. Mr. *Algernon Sydney* doth accompanie thither his afflicted Brother. Aug. 13, *Friday.*

1652. It is thought my Lord *Leiceſter* will be likely to keepe the Children at *Penſhurſt*.

Aug. 18, *Wedneſday.* Mr. *John Evelyn* called, the Lord *Say*, and others.

Auguſt 22, *Sunday.* Went to heare Mr. *Owen* preach in the morning; in the evening heard Dr. *Jeremy Taylor*.

Auguſt 23, *Monday.* Went forth early in the Day; returning from *Weſtminſter* wee tooke a Boate at *Whitehall*, a landing place runs out ſome way into the River, and the Boats are brought up cloſe to the ſide, ſo that to ſome it was an eaſie matter to ſtep in, and thoſe accuſtomed to this, had no more feare or difficultie than in ſtepping into a Coach; for myſelfe, I doe confeſſe it ſeemed of no eaſie accompliſhment: the Boat appeared narrow, though, wee were told, it was one of the largeſt ſize in common uſe. It had a convenient Shade or awning, with Windowes, and was pulled by ſix Rowers. Wee went at an amazing rate; and it did ſeeme marvellous how wee avoided running againſt other Boats, or they againſt us. Landed at the *Tower Staires*, could ſcarce beleeve it ſafe for my *Lord* to be walking ſo neare this darke Priſon-houſe, but could not prevaile with him to haſten his ſteps, hee deſiring to ſhew to his

Children as much as he could ſee to point out of his former Priſon. "Who next will be murthered there?" he whiſpered; I ſhuddered to heare him ſpeake of the Lords *Capel* and *Holland*, aſking mee of the manner of their Death, and how it was taken by the People, and other Queſtions, all moſt untimely, to my thinking. 1652.

Begin to wearie of this great Towne; ſo much going hither and thither. Our Kinſman, Mr. *Willoughby*, called to-day, and tooke us to the *Royall Exchange:* it is a Quadrangle, and hath a Piazza round each ſide, within are benches for people to reſt upon. Above this covered walke there are Shops containing rich Marchandiſe from the *Indies*, both Eaſt and Weſt, and elſewhere; Haberdaſhers' ſhops, and others of divers kindes. Auguſt 28, *Saturday.*

The Earle of *Winchelſea* hath appeared to affect our Societie more than our ſlight acquaintance did ſeeme to neceſſitate, the reaſon whereof is now made to appeare. Sept. 20, *Monday.*

Retired early this evening, a Subject of much Solicitude having beene brought before my Minde, and truly one very unexpected. The Earle of *Winchelſea* hath expreſſed his deſire to allie himſelfe with our Familie, having fixed

1652. his Affections on my deare Daughter *Diana*, and doth crave Permiſſion to waite upon her, and expreſſeth his humble hope, that wee will looke favorably on his ſuite. Our knowledge of him is but ſmall; but I have heard my *Mother* ſpeake of his Familie, ſhee having had great eſteeme for this Earle's Grandmother, with whom ſhee had good acquaintance, & did conſider herſelfe honoured thereby. When Lady *Maidſtone*, ſhee received the Title of Counteſſe of *Winchelſea* from the hands of his late *Majeſtie;* and this in reſpect of her worth and great merits, ſhee having beene previouſly raiſed to the Peerage by *King James:* So that my Lord *Winchelſea* cometh of good Parentage, a matter not to be lightly conſidered. It would doubtleſſe bee a ſatisfaction to beſtow our Daughter on one come of a good Lineage, and who in other reſpects ſeemeth deſerving of regard; nevertheleſſe my Minde is impreſſed with a painfull Senſe of the uncertaintie how farre this Connexion may bee for her true happineſſe, and with the certaintie that Trialls of manie ſorts attend this change of condition. The ſharpeſt Paines and Sorrowes of life are inſeparable from its brighteſt Joys. It is like unto bidding my deare Child *God* ſpeed, on

her ſetting forth on a long and hazardous Voyage to an unknowne Country beyond my helpe, and expoſed to divers hidden Dangers, and haply even Death. Who knoweth what a day may bring forth? the early morning may ſhine out brightly; but ſoone doe the clouds ariſe and obſcure its brightneſſe; and oft the bow of promiſe, diſcerned through the falling Raine, is the onely token of future Sunneſhine; ſo is Life: but for the gracious Promiſes made viſible to the eye of Faith, a darke and troublous paſſage, a diſcipline whereby the will is to bee ſubjugated and Selfe ſacrificed, and ſo the Heart purified: what ſayeth the Prophet: *Hee ſhall ſit as a refiner of ſilver.* So wee muſt bee tried, even by fire, till our corrupt Nature is fitted to receive the Divine Image. But though I am prone to conſider Life, perhaps, under too gloomie an Aſpect, as beeing more alive to the ſuffering of the Conflict, than to the peace of Victorie, yet have I through Infinite Mercie beene ſuſtained under Temptation and Triall; and ſhould not I have the ſame truſt for this deare Child. Alſo I have received great earthly comfort and delight in the endeared relations of Wife and Mother, and the ſame may bee her experience, and 1652.

1652. haply through leſſe inward conflict: ſhee hath a cheereful and brave Spirrit, and a loving and good Heart; and is worthie the eſteeme and love of any Man. How great a Comfort and Joy ſhe hath beene to mee, and this in eſpeciall manner during the paſt two Yeares, when ſhe hath greatly indeared herſelfe to mee by her Thoughtfulneſſe and Readineſſe to helpe and cheere mee when all other outward Support failed: this may not be told, nor at this time ſhould it bee too keenely remembered.

October 5, *Tueſday.* Calls from our Kinsfolke and Friends: The Earle introduced his Siſter *Lady Waller.*

October 6, *Wedneſday.* Mr. *John Evelyn* called, and wee returned with him to *Sayes Court.* Tooke a Boate to *Deptford:* Went over the Garden to looke at the improvements therein: He doth ſay it can never be to him ſo ſweet a place as *Wotton;* ſtill he beſtoweth time and paines, and hath much pleaſure in laying out walkes, planting, and ſo forth. We were ſhewen manie Curioſities, Bookes, Pictures and the like; the dried Plants pleaſed *Fanny.*

Little time for Reading or quiet Meditation. Went to ſee the *Portugal* Ambaſſador goe in ſtate to the *Parliament Houſe.*

October 23, *Saturday.* The *Earle* importunes for an early Day;

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my *Huſband* inclines to the ſame for divers reaſons. Although there appeareth a Settlement of the Nation, and an outward Quietneſſe and Submiſſion of Parties, ſome there bee who are unwilling to ſuppoſe it will laſt, and hints are occaſionally dropped among Friends, of ſecret Letters and Miſſions; and this Mariage would put one of our Familie, as my *Lord* doth expreſſe it, to ſaile in another Boate.

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April 5, *Tueſday.*

A Sad Miſchance hath befallen the tame Redbreaſt, which had not beene ſeene for neare a Weeke, & wee ſuppoſed it had a Neſt which kept it away; but it hath beene found lying neare the Windore of the Apple-roome, not much uſed of late, ſtarved to death. *Diana* will lament to heare the ſad fate of the little Bird ſhee did feed all the Winter, which was ſo tame hee would pecke out of her Hand. The old Raven too hath dyed ſince ſhee went away.

From the Counteſs of *Winchelſea* to the Ladie *Willoughby.*

Madame,

Your Ladyſhip's Letter was duly received by mee, and hath given mee Comfort. Deare *Mother*, I will ſtrive to walke after

the excellent advice you give mee: this great Citie is exceeding loneſome; I will do my endeavour to thinke leſſe of the Fields and Woods of *Parham*. My Heart pineth for Home, and meethinks one Kiſſe from my *Mother* would bee a Conſolation, and leave mee to more contented thoughts; but I deſire not to complaine, neither have I juſt cauſe. The *Earle* ſpeakes of our going into *Rutlandſhire* this Summer: *Burleigh*, I heard ſaye, is a fine place. We went to ſuppe at Mr. *Pepys'*, and heard an *Italian* Muſician plaie on a Harpe in an aſtoniſhing manner: Mr. *Evelyn* was there, hee did inquire concerning your health and of my Siſter *Fanny*, who, I do aſſure you, hee doth admire greatly; hee ſayth people of faſhion doe now beginne the Yeare as doe Foreiners, in *Januarye*, the change is like to bee troubleſome; ſome one made the remarke that the Spring time ſeemeth more properly to begin the yeare than the Winter, and ſo it ſeemeth to mee. 1653.

Deare *Mother*, I hope this will find you in Health; alſo my honoured *Father*, to whom is my dutifull Affection: I deſire my Love to my Siſters, and hoping you will excuſe

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this poore writing, as you know I did never excell in this Arte, I remaine

Your Ladyſhip's obedient
and loving Daughter,
D. Winchelſea.

Strand,
6th of April, 1653.

Madame,

The *Earle* doth informe mee that a Meſſenger is going Northward, and hath offred mee, if I wiſhed to write to your Ladyſhip, hee would ſend my Letter. Though but little diſpoſed I take up the penne: I cannot ſend you the better account of my Health you ſo much deſire to heare; and at times, deareſt *Mother*, I am ſo low, I wonder almoſt if I am the ſame Creature that was once merrie enough. Yeſter-day in the forenoone I rode out by the *Earle's* deſire in the new Coach: he hath taken great paines in the ordering of it; it is made after the patterne that Mr. *Evelyn* brought from *Paris;* wee were nigh beeing upſet in *Drury Lane*, by reaſon of the deepe tracks into which the wheels ſanke, and a Wagon load of Hay mett us; after a deale of lifting

and puſhing, wee went on. The ſweet ſcent of the Hay coming in at the windore tooke my thoughts to *Parham*, and to thoſe dayes when I was happier riding with *Fanny* and little *Beſs* in our Hay-cart, than ſitting ſtately up in this fine Coach. Rode in *Hide Parke;* they paie one ſhilling now at the Gate, which diſpleaſes manie. On Wedneſday, in *Mulberie Gardens*, met Mr. *Evelyn* and Mrs. *Evelyn*, and ſome Ladies: here were a number of gaily dreſſed Perſons, and Tables of refreſhment. 1653.

Hoping you are well,
deare *Mother*,
I reſt your Ladyſhip's moſt
obedient & loving Daughter,
D. Winchelſea.

Strand,
16*th of July*, 1653.

P.S. My *Lord* tells mee your Ladyſhips old friend Sir *Harry Vane* hath taken the late conduct of the *Protector* ſo ill, that hee hath retired to *Raby Caſtell.*

Have heard no Newes of my Daughter *Winchelſea* for ſome time, to-day did receive a Letter writt with Cheerfulneſſe and in good October 25, *Tueſday.*

1653. Hearte at the Proſpect before her; *The Lord hear her in the day of trouble.* It is a triall not to bee with her at a time when no perſon can bee the comfort which I know that I ſhould bee to my deare Child; but wee muſt ſubmit: ſhee will have kind Friends and good care I doubt not. Shee hath beene at the Chriſtening at *Sayes Court*, and findeth herſelfe in no way the worſer, but indeed the better, for the lively Companie ſhee did there meete. Good Mr. *Owen* did perform the Service in Mr. *Evelyn's* Librarie; this I thinke is Mr. *Evelyn's* ſecond Sonne.

October 27, *Thurſday.* To-day read in 1 *Corinthians*, 13 Chap. 4. Verſe. Under a trying ſence of Diſcouragement in the failure of an endeavour to ſet ſome Affaires ſtraight which did concerne others as well as myſelfe, wherein one ſhewed a Jealouſy and meane Suſpicion very grievous to mee: I ſate downe in my chamber, moved to teares at this Unkindeneſſe in one from whom I did expect farre otherwyſe. In this Deſpondency, and lett mee confeſſe it, not without ſome feelings of Reſentment, the wordes of the Text were brought before mee, *Charitie ſuffereth long, vaunteth not itſelfe, is not puffed up:* Felt humbled; had I not ſhewen an impatience of

Temper, a readineſſe to take Offence, and to juſtifie myſelfe? *Is not puffed up;* Had I not given incouragement to a ſelfe-ſatisfied Spirrit, like the *Phariſee*, that I was not as other Men are, and ſo was guiltie of a worſe Fault than hee whom I did condemne? Spirituall Pride beeing the worſt ſort of Pride: now after that my perturbation had ceaſed, and through a little wholeſome ſelfe-examination, I did ſtrive to overcome vaine Thoughts of myſelfe and evil Thoughts of another, ſome parte of the Buſineſſe did appeare in a new light, and ſhortly afterward I was able to convince my Friend, who did immediately repent him of the termes he had uſed. It is not enough alwayes to bee in the right, but wee muſt bee carefull not to obſcure the Truth by too greate anxietie to make others thinke wee are. 1653.

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April 22, *Saturday.*

THis afternoone arrived my *Daughter Winchelſea* and her Infant, Servants, &c. A Coach drawne by ſix Horſes was a ſight in *Parham*, and all the Village ranne out, and manie People collected at the Gate, ſome for the ſight, others to teſtifie their pleaſure: *Nurſe* had come up to the Houſe, likewiſe *Cicely* and her Children, and the Hall was crowded with faces when my deare Child entered once more her *Father's* Houſe.

Never was a greater rejoycing in our Houſehold. As I remained with *Die* for ſhort ſpace in the Parlour, and looked in her ſweet face enquiringly, teares ſtarted to her eyes, but momentarie, her preſent Joy ſhone through them, and ſaying, I am happie now, my *Mother*, ſhee quickly ledde me up to the

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Nurſerie to ſee her Child; as wee did enter the roome, ſuch a din of voices ſcared the poore little Fellow, and hee was juſt ſetting up a diſtreſſefull crie when hee caught ſight of his *Mother's* Face, and was pacified: Nurſe rubbed her Spectacles, and could not enough admire him. Quietneſs in the Houſe at laſt. At night feelings were revived of paſt Sorrow; as I ſtood with my *Daughter* by the Cradle where her little *Sonne* was ſleeping, the ſame in which my *Firſt-borne* had once ſlept, in the full promiſe of Health and Life; yet ſo ſoone to lie there in the ſleepe of Death.

The beſt Bed-roome had beene made readie with no ſmall preparation of the Toylet Table, the new white Satin Pinnecuſhion imbroidered by *Fanny;* the chaſed Silver Candleſtickes given mee by my *Uncle;* the roſe-coloured Ewers of Venetian Glaſſe Silver mounted; and the Cup and Stand of wrought Gold ſet with ſtones, brought by my *Father* from the *Netherlands;* and *India* boxes for pouders and perfumes. Two *Maids* were in attendance, and *Nurſe* ſtood at the Doore dreſſed in her beſt Gowne and Apron of fine Lawne, and her white Cap and Kercher, to receive the young Counteſſe, who did laugh merrily at all this

1654. ſtate; and afterward, when wee did parte for the night, as ſhe did looke around her, and at the high Bed, the thicke Dammaſke Curtaines, and ſpread with a rich Coverlet of quilted Satin, ſhee prayed ſhee might be permitted after this night to ſleepe with her Siſter in their old pleaſant Chamber.

April 28, *Friday.* Have ſetled to our accuſtomed Wayes, excepting that there is ever a going to and fro to the Nurſerie, and young Maſter calleth out Luſtily. He is ſurely a fine *Child:* Our Neighbours are ſomewhat ſurprized that my *Daughter* taketh on herſelfe not more Sedateneſſe or Ceremonie. True is it that when her Preſence is required ſhee is ſeldome to be found in the withdrawing Roome; yeſterday, in the afternoone, when Companie did arrive, ſhee was downe at the *Dairie* making acquaintance with her pet Calfe *Strawberrie,* now growne up into a fine brindled Cow: In the Still-roome with her Siſter, her ſweet merrie voice is like my little *Die* of yeares paſt; but when at worke with mee, ſhee ſometimes falleth into a ſadder Mood, yet it paſſeth away. It pleaſeth mee to ſee her enjoy her dear Siſters companie and the Occupations of the Countrey, but ſhee doth ſeeme more indifferent to the Abſence of

the *Earle* than I would ſhee did; I have adventured diſcreetly to approch the ſubject, but ſhee doth dextrouſly avoide ſaying ought that ſhould imply Diſcontentment on her part, or Unkindneſſe or Diſſatisfaction on her *Huſband's;* and I have heard from others, that the Match was acceptable to his Kindred, who have ſeverally ſhewen their eſteeme for her. If any Cauſe there bee of a Perſonall kind, in the Temper or Habits that giveth her Uneaſineſſe, which ſtandeth in the way of a more entire Affection toward him who ſhould be firſt in her Honour and Love, ſhe keepeth it to herſelfe: hard, yea, and unbearable muſt bee the Yoke, and bitter the Bondage, where Love is not, or but a divided Affection; and woe is mee, I have great feares for my *Child's* Happineſſe, and in this Trouble I can do little or nothing to lighten her Burthen. *The Heart knoweth its owne Bitterneſſe, and a Stranger intermeddleth not.* It is ſo farre well that there doth exiſt no want of outward Courteſie or Reſpect in my Lord *Winchelſea's* Deportment. Hee is much in the gaie World, and as ſome Men affect an indifferency toward their Wives as more dignified, if ſuch bee the preſent Mode his is not the Minde to contemne ſuch a def- 1654.

1654. piſable Vanitie, and hee hath the more Credit that hee offend not in this way. It ſtriketh mee at this time, as it hath not heretofore that the Scriptures doe oft ſo ſpeake as though Man's Portion mainly were worthie of conſideration, for good or ill, in this Union; this may bee from the Cuſtome of the Countreys in the Eaſt, to looke upon a Wife as no more than a Servant: And here wee may obſerve the change in this reſpect wrought by our *Saviour*, whoſe tender Compaſſion overlooked not the weake and dependant nature of Woman, but raiſed her up from her low eſtate; deſpiſed not her Humilitie, but accepted her Faith, and opened her Heart to underſtand his Teachings. No marvell that the Mothers brought their little Children that their Divine Maſter might bleſſe them alſo.

Heare little of any publicke Newes. *Die* ſayth manie were greatly ſcandalized that the *Protector* ſhould goe to a Feaſt at the *Lord Maior's* on *Aſh-Wedneſday*, riding in ſtate through the Cittie; Service was forbidden in all the Churches.

May 1, *Monday.* Have engaged Mr. *Peter Hingſton*, Organiſt of St. *Marys* Church in *Ipſwich*, to come to *Parham* one day in the weeke; the Girles

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mightily pleaſed, and promiſe to bee diligent Schollers. He is Nephew to Mr. *John Hingſton*, the Organiſt to the *Protector*, who hath had the Organe of *Magdalen Colledge* brought from *Oxford* and put up at *Hampton Court*, where he delighteth in hearing it as hee walketh in the greate Gallerie. Mr. *Hingſton* ſayth his Highneſſe hath alſo a love for Singing, and hath Concerts performed before him, and ſo pleaſed was he with the Singing of one Mr. *Quin*, that he reſtored him to his Student's place in *Chriſt-Church*, from which he had beene turned out.

June 21, *Wedneſday.*

Sentence hath beene executed on Mr. *Gerrard* and one named *Vowel*, taken in the late Conſpiracie, likewiſe the *Portugal* Ambaſſador's Brother, their time of probation cut ſhort by Man's cruell Judgements, and their Soules hurried unbidden into the Preſence of their *Creator:* when will the End of ſuch things bee? when will Man as well as the Angels rejoyce over the Sinner that repenteth?

Letter from my *Daughter*, the little *Heneage* in good Health, and likely to bee off on his Feet before he is much older.

October 3, *Tueſday.*

It was reported in *Ipſwich* that the *Protector* was killed, ſome ſaid by a Piſtoll Shot.

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October 4, *Wedneſday.*

The Newes of the Death of the *Protector* proves to have beene a falſe Report, yet was hee not farre off ſuch an Accident; having a minde to drive his owne Coach drawne by the ſix Horſes lately given to him by the Duke of *Oldenburgh*, hee did provoke them with the Whip, which made them unruly, and his *Highneſſe* was flung from off the Coach-box, and his Feet being caught in the Tackling he was dragged ſome way: the report of the Piſtoll occaſioned ſome preſent to thinke he was Shot; but it was found to bee one which hee did weare concealed, and this hath beene much commented on, as no one did imagine that he ſtood in ſo great Feare of his Life as to carrie Fire-armes about his Perſon.

Dec. 10, *Sunday.*

Much Sickneſſe and Want among our poore Neighbours: not a day paſſeth but that ſome one or other ſendeth up to the *Hall* for Phiſicke or Helpe of ſome ſort. Our ſtocke of Linſie Woolſie hath beene of good ſervice, alſo a Cloth called Fuſtian, made in the north, called *Bolton* Cloth. *Fanny* is now rewarded for her diligence in her Herbe Garden and the Still-roome, and hath given out divers Medicines with her owne Hands, which have proved ſerviceable, and comforting Cordials and Syrops

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for the old and weakely, which ſhee doth oft take to thoſe that are bed-rid, and returneth rich in the Bleſſings of the Poore and thoſe readie to periſh.

In ſome ſolicitude for my Daughter *Winchelſea*, who looketh to the encreaſe of her Familie in another month or thereabout; when writing to her by Mr. *Gage* did call to her Remembrance the 15 Verſe of the 2nd. Chapter of St. *Paul's 1ſt Epiſtle to Timothy*. The *Lord* bleſſe her and keepe her, the *Lord* bleſſe her evermore.

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Feb. 17, *Saturday.*

MY Lord *Newport* came yeſternight, and this evening arrived Sir *Henry Slingſby* and one other, who departed after Supper.

Feb. 20, *Tueſday.*

Letter from my Daughter *Winchelſea*, ſhee doth write cheerfully, and ſays ſhee hath recovered wonderfully well; the Infant thrives, & her little *Heneage* is mightily pleaſed with his Siſter; when ſhee cries, he runnes up to kiſſe her, and is diſturbed to find it of no availe: may my deare *Daughter's* Nurſerie be to her an encreaſing Joy, and repaie her for all that ſhee hath gone through.

Feb. 23, *Friday.*

How greatly to my comfort and happineſſe would it bee if my *Huſband* would keepe from meddling in the Affaires of either Partie, and live in ſuch retirement as doth now Sir *Harry Vane*,

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who abideth quietly at *Raby;* alſo another of his former Friends, Colonell *Hutchinſon*, who hath ſtirred not in publicke Matters for ſome time; I have heard ſaie hee did ſoone ſuſpect the Deſigns of *Cromwell*, and was held in ſmall favour by him, this the more that he ſpake with plaineneſſe and Sinceritie when words of Complement would have beene more acceptable, hereby giving offence, as was evident and much noted at the time, in the neglect purpoſely ſhewn to him at the Funerall of Generall *Ireton:* Col. *Hutchinſon*, it is ſayd, doeth great good in his part of the Countrey as a Magiſtrate, and doth give up much of his Time in endevour to improve the People in his Neighbourhood: a Kinſman of Mrs. *Hutchinſon* who had lately viſited *Awthorpe*, and paſſed by this way on his journey homeward, did give us a pleaſing Relation of Mr. *Hutchinſon's* care for the Education and Amuſement of his Children, providing for them Maſters in Muſicke and Painting. Hee hath an ardent love for Painting, and hath become poſſeſſ'd of ſeverall choice Pictures of the late *King's*, ſome of which hee did buy from thoſe who had received them for Wages or Money owing to them, before that the *Protector* had put a ſtop to the Sale.

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March 24, *Saturday.*

My deare *Huſband* came home with a diſturbed Countenance. The Government has beene verie buſie with Arreſts and Examinations; a Friend in *London* writes there is a report much credited that the *King* is in this Countrey: it is pretie well knowne that my Lord *Rocheſter* is ſkulking about, and divers Gentlemen are under ſuſpicion: feared to aſke any Queſtion: Sir *Henry Slingſby* came at night-fall.

March 27, *Tueſday.*

My *Daughter* writes that the eldeſt *Child* is ſicke.

March 28, *Wedneſday.*

Another Letter; my little *Grandſonne* worſe.

Deare *Mother*,

Heneage is very ill, and the Phyſitions thinke that *Babie* is ſickening of the Diſeaſe. The *Earle* not having had the Small-pox, has yielded to my entreatie that hee would keepe out of the way of Infection as much as poſſible; but he will not leave the Houſe, and, deare *Mother*, ſheweth tender care for mee and the *Children:*

aſking your Prayers, I am
your dutifull *Daughter*,
D. Winchelſea.

March 30, *Friday.*

The precious *Child* is removed. Have writt

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to my poore bereaved *Daughter;* ſcarce, meethinks, can there be a chance for the *Babie's* Life. My deare *Huſband* much moved by the Loſſe of his ſweet *Grandſonne*, and we wept together at the thought that we ſhould ſee his little merrie Face no more.

Letter from the Earle of *Winchelſea.*

Madame,

It is with unſpeakable Griefe that I have to informe your *Ladyſhipp* of the Deceaſe of my *Sonne*, who departed this Life at 9 o'clocke this Morning. The *Infant* is no better; but the Feaver is not ſo greate as was the little *Boyes*, and my deare *Wife* doth continue to hope it will be ſpared to comfort us for our heavy Loſſe: I beg your *Ladyſhip* to excuſe more at this time from,

Madame, your *Ladyſhip's*
Affectionate and humble Servant,
Winchelſea.

April 2, *Monday.*

To-day have received another Letter from my Lord *Winchelſea;* the little Infant is releaſed. My poore *Daughter's* ſorrow unexpreſſable, both her precious Babes taken! *Heavenly Father*, comfort and ſupport her under this

1655. afflicting Diſpenſation of thy *Providence*. My poore Child!

April 4, *Wedneſday.* Have beene pleaſed to ſee the Sympathie felt by all our Houſhold in this ſeaſon of Trouble; the Women can ſcarce ſpeake for crying when they aſke how my *Daughter* bears the Loſſe of her ſweet *Children: Fanny* & *Elizabeth* greatly diſtreſſed, they doe heartily love their *Siſter:* this is the firſt Bereavement they have ſuffered.

April 8, *Sunday.* An unfiniſhed Letter from my poore afflicted *Daughter* ſent mee by her *Huſband*, who doth adde to it a fewe Lines, hee found it on her Table, ſhee having beene carried to bed by her Maids, too ill to continue writing: my Heart is pierced through by her Suffering. Have mercie, oh *God*, upon thy afflicted Handmaiden, ſtrengthen her Faith, binde up her broken Heart, and pour the oile of Conſolation into her wounded Affection. Shee mourneth as *Rachel* for her *Children*, and will not bee comforted. Unto thy Fatherly Care doe I commit her, in the bleſſed Aſſurance that ſhee will be brought to know thee, the *God of all Conſolation.*

Letter of Ladie *Wincbelſea.* Deare *Mother*,

All is now ſo changed I wonder that I

Live. My Teares ſeeme frozen up, and a heavie Weight is at my Heart. 1655.

Deare *Mother*, I am a little better; in very miſerie I crawled up to the Nurſerie, the Cradle and the little Bed, they were there: but my *Children*, my precious ones: I kneeled downe and tried to praie, and ſo wept. Were my Prayers too wilfull, that *God* heard mee not when I prayed night and day for the Life of my Darlings? Is *my God thy God*, Mother? *thou* prayeſt and Hee anſwereth thee; but Hee is far from me, childleſſe, comfortleſſe.

Writt to my beloved *Daughter*, but could onely feebly expreſſe what I would faine give utterance to of my tender Sympathie, and intreatie that ſhee would ſubmit to the Chaſtening of Him *who doth not willingly afflict:* Exhorted her to ſeeke for the onely true Peace promiſed by the *Saviour*, the Peace he left to his Diſciples, of Love and perfect Obedience, even to the Death of the Croſſe; and did conclude with a few words on Praier, which I humbly hope may be ſome helpe to her. I cannot ſuffer for her; but I doe ſuffer with her, my deare afflicted *Child.* April 9, *Monday.*

1655.

April 23, *Monday.*

While yet in much ſadneſſe my *Huſband* perplexed by the Newes that Sir *Henry Slingſby* is arreſted, and others, and hath delayed his Journey into *Leiceſterſhire*. He hath information from a Friend that in the examinations of one *Jones*, reported to Secretary *Thurlowe*, the Lord *Willoughby's* name is mentioned, that hee was to bee a Generall and head the riſing in *Yorkſhire;* ſeverall Gentlemen taken in *Shropſhire*. Could no longer conceale my Feares, and urged him with every the moſt earneſt Perſwaſion to have no more part in theſe vaine Attempts. How ſhort a time is it ſince the laſt Victims were brought to Death. Alas! naught that I can ſaie availeth, and no meaſure of Prudence that I can deviſe, can cover his Raſhneſſe; not that indeed he acknowledgeth to the truth of my Suſpicions, but ſays Women are alwayes thinking there muſt be ſomething dangerous if a Man doe but ſtirre ever ſo little.

June 2, *Saturday.*

My *Huſband* hath intelligence that Warrants are out againſt him and my Lord *Newport*, and his Brother Mr. *Seymour*, and other Gentlemen: He will not conceale himſelfe, ſaying there can nothing bee proved againſt him. Hee hath of purpoſe hidde from mee ſome late

Tranſactions, the ſo doing hee did entreat mee to conſider no want of belief in my Prudence, ſeeing there could by no poſſibilitie bee one in whom hee could more ſurely truſt, or whoſe Counſell hee would more deſire, but the Safetie of himſelfe and his Familie and others, did make this the moſt prudent courſe. Hee did kindly enter into ſome Particulars. An Order hath lately paſſed the *Councell*, that all with Eſtates above 100 pounds yearely value, who at any time have taken up Armes for the *King*, ſhall pay a Tenth of their Propertie to *Government*. Something like, ſayd hee, the old affaire of Ship Money: alſo another mode of raiſing Money is ſet on foote; the whole Countrey is divided; and officers, whom they ſtyle *Major Generalls*, appointed over each Diviſion, who fine and ſend to Priſon whom they pleaſe, under pretence of beeing delinquents: this Oppreſſion not likely to be borne. In the afternoone he rode toward *Colcheſter*, where ſome one was to meete him: *Wingfield* had gone on before with a led Horſe. 1655.

Wingfield returned, and ſayth his *Lord* was gone on to *London*, and did deſire I would make myſelfe eaſie; more eaſie to bee deſired than to bee done. Did refraine queſtioning June 3, *Sunday*.

1655.

Wingfield more closely, possibly he hath beene commanded silence.

June 6, *Wednesday.*

Not long have I had to waite for those Tidings which I knew must arrive; So soone as hee reached *London* last *Saturday*, my deare *Life* was arrested and carried straight to the *Tower*, at the same time with my Lord *Newport* and Mr. *Seymour*.

Left without any Directions, have determined to take *Fanny* and *Elizabeth* and follow him to *London:* Interest must be made with all our Friends: now is it well for us that my Lord *Lisle* declined going on the Embassage to *Sweden*, and is in *London* at this time. The Lord *Say* too will give us helpe.

June 14, *Thursday.*

With *Fanny's* assistance chose some Lodgings in *Leadenhall Street*, leaving her *Sister* at my Lord *Winchelsea's;* would faine have left *Fanny* also, but shee could by no persuasion bee prevailed upon, and a deare Comfort shee is to mee. The young Man *Lydgate* seemes likely to suite; hee is active, and though quiet is not easily daunted, and hath good stocke of common sense: When his Brother was killed in the North, his Mother tooke to her Bed, and soone after died, bidding her Sonne with her last breath come up to the *Hall* and saie that

1655.

Peggy Lydgate did pray mee to take into my Service the Sonne whoſe Life I had ſaved; and a faithfull Ladde hee hath beene and ſeemeth like to bee.

June 15, *Friday.*

Refuſed Admittance to the *Tower*, ſtrict orders are given that no Friends of the Priſoners bee admitted: Sent *Lydgate* back to the *Tower*, carrying with him Linnen, Wine, and other matters for the dear Priſoner; when hee returned ſayd my *Lord* was greatly chafed at this miſadventure, yet hath hee no Miſgivings of his Safetie as to his Life; for how long a time he may bee ſhut up in Priſon, it liketh him not to thinke. Divers other Gentlemen are in the *Tower*, Sir *Frederick Cornwallis*, the Lord *Maynard*, Sir *Geoffrey Palmer*, and others: Could ſcarce ſleepe at night, diſturbed by preſent Feares and paſt Remembrances.

June 16, *Saturday.*

Tooke a Coach and drove to *Charter Houſe Square:* My Lord *Grey* not at home; then to *Northumberland Houſe;* got ſight of Lord *Liſle* with ſome difficulty. Hee doth aſſure mee that hee beleeveth the Gentlemen now in the *Tower* are put there more to keepe them from doing Miſchief than with any intent to bring them to a Triall. *His Highneſſe, then,* ſayd I, *ſcrupleth not at Starre Chamber Practice,*

1655. *and innocent Men are ſhut up in Priſon at his pleaſure without proofe of being guiltie, or opportunitie given to ſhew their innocence.* He made replie with ſome Harſhneſſe of manner, *My Lord* Willoughby *may bee innocent in your Ladyſhip's Eyes, but his treaſonable Deſignes are ſo well knowne that his beſt Friends may bee glad of what your Ladyſhip is pleaſed to call Starre Chamber Practiſe.* He then added more mildly, that hee hoped wee would bee patient, and promiſed he would uſe his utmoſt Indeavour to procure leave for mee to ſee my *Huſband.* Mr. *Algernon Sydney* here entered the Roome, and his Brother introduced him to mee, and I roſe about to take my leave; when Mr. *Sydney* begged to detaine me for a ſhort time: Hee then repeated what his Brother had before ſaid, and proceeded to ſay that he had that eſteeme for my Lord *Willoughby* that hee did deſire he ſhould not misjudge him in the matter of the late *King's* Triall and Death. Hee was preſent on the firſt day of the Triall, but did ſee then a ſterne Reſolve in the Countenance of ſome which did alarm him as alſo Coll. *Hutchinſon*, and forthwith he departed the Houſe, ſeeing it was too ſtrong a Current for him to checke, and remained at *Penſhurſt.* All *Eng-*

1655.

liſhmen hee conceived were called upon to reſiſt the tyrannous and unconſtitutional Government of the late *King*, but to the Neceſſitie of the laſt murderous Act, he would never ſubſcribe: What Meaſure might have beene adopted it were uſeleſſe now to enquire; he did beleeve thoſe who were at the Head of the State were men of honeſt Views and Intentions in the beginning; but there had beene a graduall Change in ſome, and a dangerous Ambition ſtirring in one Minde, whereof it was not expedient to ſpeake openly; the End would ſhortly come. No great Evill can be remedied without Evill enſuing in the proceſſe; honeſt Men muſt hold faſt to the Good to be obtained, even though they may bee drawne into the Whirlepoole of man's worſt Paſſion, and ſuffer the Shame of man's worſt deeds, an honeſt Man muſt abide by the Truth; ay, and die for the Truth. He did appeare to forget to whom he ſpake, his ſterne voice ſoftened as he begged mee not to be alarmed; my *Huſband's* Life he knew to bee in no jeopardie. I tooke my leave in ſome Agitation: I had looked at theſe Things from a diſtance, now I beheld one of the Actors in the ſtruggle, and my feeble Spirit quailed at

1655. the Sight: fervently thanked *God* that the awful Triall of giving up Life for the Truth had not beene apportioned to mee, or to thoſe neare and deare unto mee.

June 17, *Sunday.* My Lord *Liſle* called; he had beene to *Whitehall*, but could not get an Audience with the *Protector*, but hath engaged Mr. *Thurlow* in our Behalf, who hath promiſed his Influence.

June 18, *Monday.* Mr. *Evelyn* came; he doth propoſe to carrie backe with him my Daughter *Fanny* to *Sayes Court*, and alſo expreſſes an earneſt deſire that ſhee may accompanie him to the *Tunbridge Wells:* gave my Conſent gladly, beleeving that the Waters of that place would be of Service to her Health, not that ſhee ſtands ſo much in need of Improvement in that reſpect as ſhee once did.

My *Siſter* came and tooke mee to ſuppe with her.

June 20, *Wedneſday.* Yeſterday beeing *Lord's Day*, and having heard mention that at the Church of St. *Gregorie* was ſtill uſed the Church Forme of Service, the Liturgie, &c. and beeing deſirous to heare the ſame, went there. Heard Dr. *Wild* preach. Church well attended. Returned home by the *Strand;* my *Daughter* but poorely; if through mercie ſhee keepe up

through this Month I ſhall be more at eaſe concerning her. 1655.

Our Friends, after uſing every means, could onely obtaine Permiſſion that I ſhould ſee my *Huſband* during the ſpace of one houre, and this in the preſence of two of the Soldiers on guard: my Lord *Liſle* did with much kindneſſe, adviſe mee to appeare at eaſe, and talke of indifferent Matters, and ſeeme to be under no concerne that my *Lord* was there for a few dayes or weekes. June 21, *Thurſday.*

Went to the *Tower;* hard work to maintaine a cheerefull Countenance, ſay rather to keep up a cheerefull Heart, not much reall gaine if there is the one and not the other.

Found *Fanny* returned from her Viſite: ſhee doth looke ſweetly, and nothing loth to tell of all ſhee hath ſeene and heard. Mrs. *Evelyn* hath ſhowne her moſt kind and loving Condeſcention, and is a Gentlewoman of rare Accompliſhment and amicable Diſpoſition, and doeth all things that ſhee doth undertake excellently well. Mr. *Evelyn* is buſied with his Alterations and Improvements at *Sayes Court*. The Gardens, which he laid out two yeares ſince, are filled with thriving Plants, divers ſortes of Roſes and other rare and beautious Auguſt 25, *Saturday.*

1655. Flowers, more particularly ſuch as are of pleaſant Perfume and Fragrancy, for which he hath peculiar liking. Alſo he cultivates ſuch Herbes as will ſupplie Honie for his Bees, which he doth keepe in a tranſparent Hive given to him by Dr. *Wilkins*, of *Oxforde*. *Fanny* omitted no Partikilar, it is ſo conſtructed, one upon another, that the Honie can be taken without the crueltie of deſtroying the Bees: He made her a Drawing of the Plan, and writt full and plaine directions for the Management of Bees. Alſo did he, with condeſcention and courteſie provide for her Entertainment within doors, ſhewing her the arte of graving on Copper Plates, and gave her a Print done by himſelfe of his dear *Wotton*, likewiſe his Picture engrav'd by a Sculptor at *Paris*, much like: methought ſhee did ſlightly bluſh when ſhee ſpoke of a Mr. *Brereton*, a young Gentleman held in greate eſteeme by Mr. *Evelyn:* So much to bee told of *Sayes Court*, deſcription of *Tunbridge Wells* left for another time.

Sept. 15, *Saturday.* Mett Mr. *Evelyn* in the *Park* to day, tooke occaſion to inquire ſomewhat particularly of his friend Mr. *Brereton*, he did willingly enter on the ſubject. He is the Sonne of my Lord *Brereton* and hath lately come to *England*,

having beene at *Breda* for his Education ſome yeares, and is a very accompliſhed Gentleman; his Father's Eſtates are much involved through the late Troubles, in aſſiſting the *King*. 1655.

Met at Dinner, Mr. *Pepys*, Mr. *Evelyn*, and the Lord *Baltimore*, who ſeemeth a Gentleman of moſt rare Excellence and Ability. Hee diſcourſed very agreeably, and gave the Companie a long and full Hiſtorie of the founding of *Maryland*. He was now in *London* to petition the *Protector* to iſſue an order to the Governour of *Virginia* that there ſhould be no Interference on his part with the Government of *Maryland*, that Countrey having flouriſht beyond all others under the Laws and Regulations he had inſtituted. Hee had mett with a courteous reception at *Whitehall*. Sept. 18, *Tueſday.*

Went to the *Tower* as uſuall, the Day bitter cold: in the Evening ſupped with my Daughter *Winchelſea*, Mr. *Brereton* there. Nov. 9, *Friday.*

This day all Miniſters of the Church of *England* forbidden Preaching and Teaching. Thus while wee make collection of Money to aſſiſt the Perſecuted in forreine Countreys; the ſpirrit of Perſecution burnes hotely in our owne. Nov. 27, *Tueſday.*

Yeſterday Sir *Robert Stone* tooke us to ſee Dec. 13, *Thurſday.*

1655. *Whitehall*, hee gained Admittance through ſome ſmall Acquaintance he had with Sir *Oliver Flemming* Maſter of the Ceremonies: as wee paſſed through a Roome called the *Greene Chamber* wee were told it was there the late *King* was permitted to retire with the *Biſhop;* remaining there ſome time private in order to the receiving the *Sacrament* about an houre or ſo before his Execution: As wee did enter the Gallerie wee ſaw divers Gentlemen paſſing out by another Doore, and learned that a Conference had then ended: wee ſtayed to looke at the Pictures, ſome ſtill remaining, alſo ſome fine Tapeſtries in another Apartment which wee did ſee afterward, and ſo it was that a Doore at the other ſide of the Gallerie was throwne open; Sir *Oliver Flemming* and others ſtood in attendance, and preſently his *Highneſſe* appeared engaged in Diſcourſe with a man ſtrangely apparelled and of remarkable Countenance, and wearing a long Beard; wee kept as much out of ſight as wee could and were in part concealed by a doore way: The *Protector* advanced but a few Steppes along the Gallerie, as it ſeemed, to conclude that which hee was ſaying, then making a Salutation to him to whom he ſpake, hee retired whence he came.

Meeting Sir *Oliver* ere wee left the Palace, hee informed us that the Stranger in the forreine Garbe whom wee had juſt ſeene, was the Jewiſh Rabbi *Menaſſeh Ben Iſrael*, ſent over from *Holland* by the *Jewes* who deſire Permiſſion to eſtabliſh ſome of their Nation in this Countrey; a Councell was held this morning to conſider of their Propoſitions, the *Protector* looketh favorably on their Petition. 1655.

Had an opportunitie this day of gaining ſome further Information on the ſubject of the *Jewes*, it affected mee not a little in thinking on our returne home from *Whitehall*, that wee had looked upon one of that deſpiſed People the Rejectors of the *Meſſiah* and the Imprecators of the Curſe upon themſelves and upon their Children: yet a People highly favored by the *Moſt High*. Dec. 14, *Friday*.

It did happen that as I was ſpeaking of the circumſtance of our ſeeing the *Rabbi*, one preſent expreſſed his Hope that the *Jewes* would bee admitted into *England*. Dr. *Wilkins*, (of *Oxford*,) anſwered him, Did he know that they were for having St. *Paul's* for their Synagogue, and the *Bodleian Librarie* at *Oxford* to bee given into their keeping. He had beene told they had offered the *Protector* 500,000 Pounds

1655. if theſe two Points were yeilded, to which hee was willing enough to agree, but others would not. There was a Reaſon whiſpered about that the *Jewes* were for making out the *Protector* to bee the expected *Meſſiah;* and it was knowne to not a few that ſome *Jewes* had beene ſearching through the Librarie at *Cambridge* for Bookes relating to Propheſies, and afterwarde did goe downe to *Huntingdon* where *Cromwell* was borne, to get knowledge of his Familie and Anceſtors; but this was noiſed abroad, and it was thought prudent to diſmiſſe them the Countrey: theſe *Jewes* were from the *Levant*, but it is not unlikely that this hath beene pleaſing to the *Protector*, and made him well diſpoſed to favor the Deputation from *Holland*. I did liſten with much attention to all that was ſayd, and have here put it downe, as it ſeemeth to mee ſomething wonderfull, that the *Jewes* ſhould hold this opinion of *Cromwell*, and likewiſe it is curious to ſee the hidden motive to Men's Actions.

Dec. 25, *Tueſday.* No Churches open: We heard there was private Service in ſome Families; I went to a Chappell near by.

Word early this morning from my Lord *Winchelſea* that my *Daughter* was ailing.

1655.

Went to the *Tower*, tooke leave of my *Huſband;* my deare Life ill at eaſe, affected with Cold and ſome Feaver, no doubt cauſed by his damp and miſerable Lodging, and want of all Comforts: The wretch *Baxter* taketh a Pleaſure in treating his Priſoners deſpitefully.

Found *Die* in prettie good Heart, and diſpoſed to ſleepe.

Dec. 29, *Saturday.*

This afternoone my deare *Daughter* ſafely brought to bed; returned heartfelt Thankes to *Almightie God* for this great Mercie: the *Infant* weakely, but with Care and good Nurſing likely enough to live.

A ſmile of peacefull Happineſſe on my beloved *Child's* Face as ſhee lay with the *Babie* on her Arme, ſuch as I have not ſeene there for long. May ſhee be reſtored to Health, and the little one be ſpared to be a preſent Joy and a Crowne of rejoycing to her latter dayes. Her *Siſters* ſcarce take their eyes off, or doe anything but rocke the Cradle and watch *Nurſe*. Sent to the *Tower* to gladden the Heart of the poore Priſoner by the good tidings.

1655-6.

1655-6.

Feb. 11, *Monday.*

WEnt to the *Tower*, thence to call at Mr. *Evelyn's* Lodgings by *Covent Garden*, where I did incounter the unhappie Widow of the Lord *Capel*, her Daughter newly maried, Ladie *Beauchamp* was alſo preſent; a Gentlewoman of gracefull Cariage, and ſeemingly of ſweet ingenuous Temper. Mention beeing made of Dr. *Peter Heylyn*, Mr. *Evelyn* related ſome anecdotes of divers Frights and Diſaſters which befell him in the late troublous Times; and the great loſſe he had in his Bookes, which were all taken from him, and manie of them ſold by the Soldiers for a flagon of Ale. Hee, on one occaſion, when he left his Hiding-place in the diſguiſe of a poore wayfaring Man, beeing mett by ſome Soldiers, one of them

laying hold of his Hand, felt a Ring under his Glove, and ſo did conclude him a runnaway *Cavalier;* but by a good Chance for him they were diſturbed in the Robberie of this good man, and miſſed finding ſome Peeces of Gold he had hidde in his High Shooes. Of late hee hath retired to a Farme (beeing ſilenced preaching,) in *Oxfordſhire.* Mrs. *Evelyn* read ſome Verſes of his, writt when hee was a Suitor to the Ladie he did afterwarde marie, and preſented to her with a rich gilded *Bible*, and I admiring them, Mrs. *Evelyn* did lend them to mee, that if I ſo pleaſed I might copie them, and then returne them to her. This I have done. 1655-6.

Theſe by Dr. *Peter Heylin*, given with a *Bible.*

Could this outſide beholden bee
To coſt and cunning equally;
Or were it ſuch as might ſuffice
The luxurie of curious Eyes;
Yet would I have my Deereſt looke
Not on the Cover, but the Booke.

If thou art merie, here are Aires;
If melancholie, here are Prayers:

1655-6.

If ſtudious, here are thoſe things writ
Which may deſerve thy ableſt Wit;
If hungry, here is Food Divine;
If thirſty, Nectar, heavenly *Wine.*

Read then, but firſt thyſelfe prepare
To read with Zeale, and marke with Care;
And when thou read'ſt what here is writt
Let thy beſt Practice ſecond it;
So twice each Precept read ſhall bee,
Firſt in the Booke and next in Thee.

Much reading may thy Spirits wrong:
Refreſh them, therefore, with a Song:
And that thy Muſicke praiſe may merite,
Sing David's *Pſalms with* David's *Spirit;*
That as thy Voice doth pierce Men's Ears,
So ſhall thy Prayers and Vows the Spheres.

Thus read, thus ſing, and then to thee
The very Earth a Heaven ſhall bee:
If thus thou readeſt, thou ſhalt find
A private Heaven within thy Minde:
And ſinging thus before thou die,
Thou ſing'ſt thy part to thoſe on High.

St. *Valentine's* Day. Feb. 14, *Thurſday.*

At an early Houre this morning a ſmall Packet was left by a ſerving Man wearing a

Liverie not knowne to *Lydgate*, who tooke it from him. It was addreſſed to Miſtreſs *Frances Willoughby; Fanny* received it with an abaſhed Countenance as her eye caught the writing of the Superſcription, which Character did not ſeeme altogether ſtrange to her. Within the outmoſt paper was a Letter tied with ſilke. She quickly handed it to mee to open, but I would not ſo diſhonour St. *Valentine*, and left her to penetrate the Myſterie. The Cuſtome is in my minde a harmleſſe one. Innocent in beeing generall, and in its poeticall and fancifull guiſe partaking ſomewhat of the Ancient chivalrous Character: No doubt the *Knight* in this little piece of Gallantrie, is a certaine Gentleman whoſe Attention will not be diſpleaſing to the faire young Maiden; who can ſay that ſhee will not ſometime looke backe upon this very Day with a mournefull Pleaſure, but I will checke my penne, nor diſturb even in Imagination what is perhaps the firſt whiſper of Love to her young Heart: it may not bee ſo, but I know not a more bleſſed Reliefe to my concerne for this deare *Child*, than that no mariage Contract ſhould be made for *her*, unſanctified by a ſweet and holie Affection. Cuſtome hath led us wrong in this 1655-6.

1655-6. matter, in the diſpoſal of one dearely loved *Daughter*, not ſo ſhall it againe: I have heard ſay that an overture of mariage was made by my Lord *Leiceſter*, who did aſke my hand for his Sonne, Lord *Liſle*, which was reſpectfullie declined by my honoured *Father:* I was of tender Yeares; and my *Mother* approved not of engagements entered into for Parties in their Childhood.

Feb. 22, *Friday.* Yeſternight the houſe of the *Swediſh* Ambaſſador was curiouſly lighted up, painted tranſparent Papers were put into the Frames of the Windowes, the glaſſe Panes beeing taken away, and Candles were placed behind the Paintings. In the Balcones on each ſide of the Houſe were Trumpets, 7 or 8 ſounded together: The occaſion of all this to celebrate the Birth of the *Swediſh* Prince.

March 4, *Tueſday.* As I was prepared to ſet forth to the *Tower*, Word was brought me that my Daughter *Winchelſea* was greatly alarmed about her *Babie*, which had beene ſuddenly ſeized with Convulſions in the night; though partly recovered, ſhee did very earneſtly intreat mee to come to her; after my Returne from the *Tower*, I came hither and found the *Child* better.

1655-6.

March 5, *Wedneſday.*

To day the *Child* doth appeare well, ſave ſome ſlight Indiſpoſition occaſioned ſeemingly by the diſagreement of its Food, my *Daughter* cheery, but no wonder ſhee is ſoone alarmed.

March 7, *Friday.*

The poore *Babie* ſeized with another Fitte and ſcarce could live through it; the *Mother* holdeth it in her Armes and will ſuffer none other to take it.

March 11, *Tueſday.*

Againe hath the *Lord* viſited us with Affliction, my little *Grandchild* breathed its laſt on *Sunday* night; my *Daughter's* ſtate beeing but weakely, and ſhee worne out with Nurſing and Anxietie of Heart, now lyeth dangerouſly ill.

March 14, *Friday.*

The Feavor increaſing and her Senſes wander, another *Phyſition* called in.

March 15, *Saturday.*

Still is there Hope as one of the Doctors ſayd to mee, there is no telling what the Young will ſtruggle through, but her Health and Spirits have beene terribly ſhaken; my *Siſter* hath taken away *Fanny* and *Elizabeth*, to bee out of the way of Infection; my *Huſband* hath many Feares for me, I am wonderfully preſerved from Apprehenſion, but to ſatisfie him take all the Precaution in my power, and doe weare Bags of Camphire ſewed into my Dreſſe, and ſmell oft at a ſmall grated Box

1655-6. one of the *Phyſitions* did give me, filled with ſome ſtrong Aromatique which ſome do conſider a ſure Preſervative.

March *Sunday.* The Doctors thinke ſome Symptomes more favourable: may the *Lord* bleſſe their Endeavours to reſtore this deare *Child.*

Mr. *Evelyn*, who hath great Ingenuity, ſent mee a night Lampe, made of a large lumpe of Wax, which lighted and ſet in a ſilver Baſon, giveth out a very ſmall Flame and laſteth manie Nights.

March 19, *Wedneſday.* Againe worſe; my Lord *Winchelſea* is for having more Advice, but hath yeelded to our opinion, that having already 5 *Phyſitions*, and theſe of moſt Eminence, nothing would be gained, but the rather Inconvenience by more.

March 20, *Thurſday.* To-day all Hope is given up, knew not how to find Wordes to tell the ſad Newes to my poore *Huſband;* now indeed is the bitterneſſe of our Separation fully experienced, his *Daughter* dying, and he ſhut up in Priſon.

March 22, *Saturday.* At 5 o'Clocke yeſterday Morning, my beloved Daughter *Diana fell aſleepe* in the 21ſt yeare of her Age, a ſhort Life in which ſhee had paſt through a deepe Baptiſme; *God's* will be done.

March 26, *Wedneſday.* Looked for the laſt time on the deare

Remaines; much broken in ſpirit and very ſorrowfull, yet I mourned not as one without hope, and was enabled to attaine unto a good degree of Compoſure ere I turned away from the ſweete placid Countenance. Tooke from between the leaves of my *Bible* a few withered Flowers, and gently laid them on her Breaſt: kiſſed the peaceful Face of my beloved *Child*, and left the Chamber. As I ſoftly cloſed the Doore and felt that never more—— 1656.

Take up the Penne, but what can I ſay? *Lord, I beleeve, helpe thou mine unbeleefe. Father, not my Will, but Thine be done.*

As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, ſo panteth my Soule after Thee, O God. Beene favoured to approach to ſome Foretaſte of this Heavenly State, as I was led this morning in the Solitude of my Cloſet into deep Meditation on the Holineſſe and Perfection of the *Divine Being*. My ſoule ſeemed readie to crie out, Do with me as thou wilt, O *God*, to lead mee unto thyſelfe: yet ſo ſoone as the Prayer was uttered, my poor fearfull Nature trembled; *The Spirit is willing, but the Fleſh is weake.* Gracious words from *Him* who was tried as wee are, yet without Sinne. March 28, *Friday.*

My *Daughter* and pretty *Grandchildren* all March 30, *Sunday.*

1656. taken; I can truly ſay, that for my precious *Child's* ſake I can rejoyce that ſhee is removed from this Life of Sorrow; bereaved of her ſweet *Children*, and of the laſt juſt as ſhee had taſted once more of a Mother's joy, her over-grieved Heart could no more ſuſtaine this freſh Griefe, and ſhee has followed them no more to be ſeparated.

Mournefull is it to the more advanced in Yeares, to ſee the Young taken, the *Infant* of a few dayes and the youthfull *Mother*, whileſt the aged Pilgrim is left to deſcend with feeble Step into *The Valley of the Shadow of Death*. The *Lord's* will be done. May I more and more ſtrive to bee prepared to give an Account of my Stewardſhip, whenſoever it may be his will to ſummon me hence.

It hath beene a time of deepe and tender Exerciſe of Spirit as I kept watch by the Sicke bed; graciouſly viſited by ſweet Tokens of the *Divine Preſence*, and enabled to reſigne this precious Object of my Love and tender Solicitude, comforted to know that ſhee had found *Chriſt* to be indeed *the Way, the Truth, and the Life*. There were but few Seaſons of Conſciouſneſſe and they ſhort, as a Stupor ſucceeded to the Delirium; once toward the

laſt ſhee opened her eyes, and fixed them upon mee with a pitifull looke, and her Lippes moved, but there was no articulate Sound, poore Thing! the Change to her is doubtleſſe a happie one, but to mee a heavie and grievous Loſſe, ſhee was ever a dearely loved *Child*, and of late my Heart had beene drawne to her in neare Sympathie in her many Trialls. Her *Siſters* doe take this Sorrow much to Heart, and weepe for her and the little Babe. 1656.

The Impriſonnement of my deare *Huſband* becometh greatly weariſome to him. He doth now often wiſh that hee had not returned to *England*, but had ſtayed to manage his Affaires in *Antigua*, ſaying to-day when the time drew neare for mee to take my Leave, that hee would more willingly bee ſeparated from us by the wide Sea, than the thicke Walls of the *Tower*, prevented the free uſe of his Limbs, and denied the freſh Aire, and expoſed to the Inſolence of the *Governour*. Beholding him thus chafed, propoſed to goe myſelfe to the *Protector*, and petition for his Releaſe, but this angered him mightily. Doe ſuppoſe it is more difficult to Man's nature to be patient than it is to us: Accuſtomed to reſiſt and overcome Difficultie and Danger, it is a ſurpriſe April 17, *Thurſday.*

1656. to them when it doth happen otherwiſe; and whatſoever they may ſuffer, if like occaſion offer againe, ſeldome are they deterred from the ſame conduct. At this time, beleeve my *Lord* would, if hee were given his Libertie, plunge into the firſt Scheme that was contrived as hopefull of Succeſſe, as though they had never failed in Attempts which have hitherto ended onely in Death or Captivitie: He did urge upon mee to leave this wearie Citie; *The ſweet Aire of Parham would better thy Health, deare Wife:* this he ſayd as he did tenderly remarke on my pale and worne Lookes, and my Haire turning graie. *And yet it will goe hard to part with ſuch a loving Caretaker, the onely deare Comfort I have.* Would not conſent to leave *London;* on the contrarie, would deſire to ſtay with him altogether in the *Tower*, but this hee will never heare mee ſpeake of. Reached my Lodging well nigh ſpent.

April 21, *Monday.* Through the Kindneſſe and Perſeverance of our Friends, my *Huſband* hath the Libertie of the *Tower* allowed him: They have entered into Securitie for him, and it is to be hoped his Health will bee amended now that hee hath ſome ſpace to take Exerciſe, and can breathe the open Aire.

1656.
May 2,
Friday.

Spent theſe few Dayes paſt in the houſe, beeing under the neceſſitie of taking ſome reſt. Looked over ſome Papers of my poore *Daughter* which my Lord *Winchelſea* hath forwarded to mee, they did conſiſt chiefly of Letters, and of theſe not manie: one Paper carefully folded contained ſome Verſes of *Fanny's*, which I have copied before giving them backe to her keeping.

On hearing of the Deceaſe of my deare *Siſter's Babie*, and given to her by mee.

Through the white covering of its Bed
The Snow-drop lifteth up its Head,
Though fraile it looke, it enters Life
Bravely to beare the winterie ſtrife;
While the more ſweet and tender Flower,
Tranſplanted from its native Bower,
And balmy Aire, and ſunnie Skies,
Droops its faire Forme, and fades and dyes.
So this ſweete Babie *bloomed awhile,*
And ſmiled to meete its Mother's *ſmile,*
Then for its home in Heaven did pine,
And Death unlooſed life's ſilver Line;

1656.

On joyfull wings the Spirit fled,
Her name recorded with the Dead.
Frances Willoughby.

At Parham,
April 10, 1654.

On the night when my deare *Daughter* fell ill of that fatall Sickneſſe, as wee tooke off her Cloathes, I found a ſmall Packet or caſe of white Satin worne concealed by her Neck kerchefe, I put it carefully aſide at the time, and opening it ſome fewe dayes after her Deceaſe, did find within the laſte fold a ſilken Locke of pale browne Haire, on the Satin was worked in Gold Thread the letter *H*, and the date of the yeare, 1654: Her darling *Heneage*, the firſt borne and the firſt laid in the Grave, ſoone to bee followed by his little *Siſter;* not long, and another *Infant* reſted its head on its *Mother's* boſome, this was taken, and now the *Mother's* Triall was over, and ſhee too was laid beſide them.

May 12, *Monday.*

Sonnet by my Daughter *Fanny.*

This ſmall but coſtlie Caſket, rich inlayed
With Gems and Ivorie, with Carvings fine

1656.

Of Sandel-wood, its Ebonne ſides to line,
Whence a ſweet Odour doth the whole pervade;
So ſweet is it, that all things therein laid
When drawne at times from forth their ſcented Shrine
Do ever beare with them this breathing Signe
That they have dwelt within its perfumed ſhade.
So when the pious and all lowly Heart
A treſure Houſe is kept wherein doth dwell
The love of God *with moſt deare Conſtancie,*
To every word and deed it doth impart
A Vertue and a gracious Fragrancie
Which doth to all its hidden worſhip tell.

Theſe Verſes are to my thinking pretily written, this perhaps not ſurpriſing as we are readie to make much account of what our *Children* do, but yet more is it pleaſing to me to ſee her Fancy thus diſporte itſelfe, drawing good from the little Accidents of Life: when I did expreſſe to her this Satisfaction, ſhee replied that herein ſhee had no Merit, ſhee had been favoured one day, as indeed not ſeldome is our priviledge to enjoy the edifying Diſcourſe of a pious and deare Friend, who did at that time as at many others very feelingly enlarge

1656. on the indwelling of the *Holy Spirit* and its worke of Regeneration and Sanctification wrought in the Heart, the while hee ſpake, her eye reſted on the little Indian perfume Box, given to her by our young friend Mr. *Brereton*, which ſtood neare her on the Table; and as ſhee pondered in ſilence on the Wordes ſhee had heard, her Thoughts did thus dreſſe themſelves. Shee hath a great liking for the Sonnet and can repeat by heart many of the moſt perfect writt in our language, alſo this taſte hath beene encreaſed by her ſtudie of the *Italian;* with ſome difficulty I did gain her Permiſſion to ſhow the Poem to him whom I may call the Sower of the good Seed, who doth hold her in his affectionate regard, beleeving that he would receive ſome Satisfaction in the peruſal. Of this Shepheard of the Lord's fold it may bee ſayd of him in the exerciſe of his Miniſtry, that, in the Wordes of the Pſalmiſt, *He feedeth them according to the integritie of his Heart.*

Sept. 14. Sir *Henry Vane* is ſent Priſoner to *Carriſbrooke Caſtle;* whence this Severitie of the *Protector* to one who hath uſed to ſtand high in his Eſteeme and hath done him ſervice is not well knowne: ſome mention is there of a Booke he hath written.

1656.

October 2, *Thurſday.*

Went with Mr. *Evelyn* and his *Wife* downe to *Tunbridge*, and remained there two dayes: there is much building of Houſes for the Lodging of Strangers, and for Shops. I have heard ſay that when the *Queen* reſorted thither for the improvement of her Health after the birth of the *Prince*, ſhe was Lodged in Tents ſett upp for her on the Down; as the Wells became more frequented, the people ſet up Standings under the row of Trees in the road to the Well, where they ſold their Goods to the Companye who paſſed bye. We lodged at a pretie Cottage cloſe by the Well: one morning as wee walked under ſome fine Trees, whoſe Leaves were beginning to fade, Mr. *Evelyn*, who hath wonderful knowledge of moſte things but eſpeciallye of Trees, did point out to mee the new Budde at the foot of the Leafe Stalke, which by its groweth takes up the ſappe, and thus the old Leafe doth loſe its nouriſhment and fades and drops off; ſo that inſtead of pitying the Trees when they are loſing their Leaves, wee ſhould ſee it only as the preparation for Spring, and a freſher Verdure. Nevertheleſſe Autumn hath a pleaſing ſadneſſe in its leſſon of Change and Death.

At Table one preſent gave us this Anecdote of

1656. Sir *Henry Wotton:* Hee being in a Popiſh Chappel, a Prieſt that knew him ſent a Paper to him with this Query, *Where was your Religion before Luther?* under which he writt theſe words, *Where yours is not, in the written Word of God.*

October 6, *Monday.* Mrs. *Evelyn* tooke us with her to *Pall-Mall.* Choccolate was handed to the Companie in Cups of fine Porcelain, and rare ſweetmeats and *Italian* Biſketts: The Lady *Ranelagh* was there on a viſite, ſhe mett me courteouſly, and was pleaſed to ſay that her Brother Mr. *Robert Boyle* would regret not ſeeing mee.

October 7, *Tueſday.* The Petition for leave to go to *Surinam* of no availe.

October 27, *Monday.* Have remained in the *Tower* ſince this day ſenight to attend on my deareſt *Life*, who hath beene grievouſly ill, he is now better and hath walked out twice or thrice.

October 28, *Tueſday.* As we were at Dinner to day my *Lord* ſayd he beleaved wee were in the ſame Roome wherein Sir *John Eliot* was impriſoned for ſo long and died, I aſked *who was hee?* He anſwered that hee was one of the firſt to ſuffer when differences began betweene the late *King* and his *Parliament*, one of ſeveral Members that were ſent to the *Tower*, to bee out of his

(the *Kings*) way; He was of a right noble Spirit, and rather than accept the Conditions offered which hee deemed diſhonourable, remained in Priſon, to die a lingering Death from Diſeaſe brought on by his long Captivitie. *I was a Youth*, ſaid my Huſband, *at that time, nigh* 30 *yers ſince, he was much talked about, and I am beholden to him for the firſt ſtirrings in my Heart of a hatred of Tyrannie, ill enough he would thinke I have followed his Example. Mr.* Hampden *knew him well and did honour and eſteeme him beyond any other Man, and after his Death was a Father to his Sonnes: In Countenance he was thought by ſome to bee like the* King; *his Haire and Beard he wore in like faſhion.* 1656.

So ill to day feare I can conceale it no longer, as Captain *Butler*, who dined with us, queſtioned mee, and ſo fixed my *Huſband's* attention more on my Lookes, who had at divers times obſerved the Paleneſſe of my Countenance, and that I could with difficultie keepe any Warmth in mee. Nov. 28, *Friday.*

Became ſo ill I was like to give up. Some gold peices given to Serjeant *Dendy* had their effect, and the uſe of an inner Roome was permitted us; and, with his wifes helpe, a Dec. 4, *Thurſday.*

1656. Bed, ſo called, was made up therein; a darke miſerable place, but I was thankefull for the Privacie, and this Woman, who was kindly diſpoſed and ſorry for my Condition, did ſuch little Services ſhee could without danger of obſervation: My *Huſband* hath profitted by his owne Illneſſe, in ſome particulars, to my advantage; eſpecially was hee very alive to the Diſtreſſe occaſioned by Thirſt, and failed not to bring a Cup of Water every time he came to my Bedſide.

Dec. 6, *Saturday.* To-day Capt. *Butler* did come to ſee my *Huſband*, and did uſe manie Arguments to perſwade mee to come out from the *Tower;* but I am the more bent upon ſtaying with my *Huſband* now that I know better than I did once what this Impriſonment is; and if to me, who have beene here but a few Weekes, it is ſo miſerable, what muſt it bee to him who hath beene ſhut up theſe 18 Months? Capt. *Butler* did then take a lead Penne and a peece of writing Paper, and wrote. I retired to reſt, and on my returne, my *Lord* ſhewed mee a Letter, and did requeſt me to make a Copie thereof.

1656.

This copy ſlightly differs from that preſerved in Thurlow's State Papers. *Ed.*

To the *Lord Protector.*

May it pleaſe your *Highneſſe*,

The laſt *Thurſday* I was invited to Dinner with my Lord *Willoughby*, whoſe Ladie is deſperately ſicke; ſhee will not be perſuaded to remove from her *Huſband*, which makes mee moſt humbly requeſt your *Highneſſe*, if his Offence be not great, to grant him the libertie to remove to Sir *Robert Stone's* Houſe in *Tuttle Street*. Thus much I know, that hee is much in Debt, & would willingly goe ſettle either in *Antigo* or *Surinam*. As for his Ladie, ſhee was a great friend to the cauſe of Libertie and true Religion, and it is poſſible things may bee miſinterpreted to your *Highneſſe* concerning her *Huſband*. In this Clemencie of your *Highneſſe* will appear the conqueſt of your Paſſion, which after all my ſadneſſe ſhall oblige mee to remaine

Your *Highneſſe's*
moſt humble Servant,
though moſt unworthie,
Gregorie Butler.

Dec. 6, 1656.

1656.

Dec. 16, *Tueſday.* We heard nothing from Mr. *Butler* till this Day, when hee came he had received a ſhort Replie from Mr. Secretary *Thurlowe* to this purpoſe, that His *Highneſſe* had knowne the Lord *Willoughby* many Yeares, and that it was through no Miſrepreſentation that the ſaid *Lord* found himſelfe in his preſent Situation: the Inconveniencie thereof it reſted not with him to amend. We had encouraged no great Expectation, ſo were not diſappointed, nevertheleſſe, a ſmall doſe of Patience was ſerviceable.

Dec. 29, *Monday.* Heare with concerne that Doctor *Jeremy Taylor* is ſent to the *Tower;* this on ſo ſmall an Offence as a Picture beeing ſet in his Prayer Booke. Letter from *Fanny* to ſay my Preſence is greatly wanted, her *Siſter* no better, ſo have fixed, beleaving it my Duty, to leave this place, which I can do the more eaſily, as my deare *Life* is well recovered.

1657. 1657.

IT hath beene expected by ſome that the *Protector* would have himſelfe crowned *King*, but it having beene propoſed in the *Houſe* that a Petition ſhould be drawne up, to the effect that they did adviſe him to take upon himſelfe the Title of *King*, as more conſonant to the good of the State and a ſettled Government, manie were againſt it, and of theſe his oldeſt Friends; there not beeing the Unanimitie and Support from theſe hee had looked for, he hath declined the Honour that ſome would put upon him; ſome, no Friends to him, have had their Hopes raiſed by the Attempt; once the tide ſet in for *Royaltie*, they thinke the Heart of the People would ſoone return to its true Allegiance, and the

May 16, *Saturday.*

1657. Reſtoration of the rightfull *King* bee the ſooner brought about; and if Adverſitie hath had its proper uſe, the *Sonne* might be expected not unreaſonably to bee a better *King* than his *Father*, whom men have pitied ſo much for his Death that his ill Government is well nigh forgotten, and ſome who were the firſt to take up Armes in the cauſe of the People, thinke themſelves not much better off.

July 3, *Friday.* A great ſtirre made in *London* laſt Friday at the Ceremonie of the Inauguration, which was performed with the State and Pompe of the Crowning of a *King*. A rich Cloath of State was ſet up in *Weſtminſter Hall*, and underneath it a Chair of State up two Steppes covered with Carpets. The *Protector* firſt paſſed ſome Bills in *Parliament*, and then hee went into *Weſtminſter Hall*, attended by Gentlemen and Heraulds and Officers; The Earle of *Warwicke* carrying the Sword before him; The *Speaker* preſented to him a Robe of Purple Velvet lined with Ermine, which was put upon him, then he gave him a Bible, and the Sword was girded on, a Sceptre of Gold given into his hand, and a Speech was made to him, and the Oath given him; Then were great Shouts and the Trumpets ſounded, and he ſate him-

ſelfe downe in the Chair of State, holding the Sceptre in his hand. A Herauld proclaimed his *Title;* The Ceremonie being ended hee went to his Coach, his Traine borne by Mr. *Rich* and other young Nobilitie, ſo hee hath done his beſt to come as near to a *Kingſhip* as might bee. 1657.

There is publicke Advertiſement of a Coach drawne by ſix Horſes to ſett out from *Alderſgate London*, every Monday to *Weſt-Cheſter*, alſo the ſame to returne every Monday from *Cheſter;* likewiſe a Coach and ſix every Monday to *York*, a great convenience to Travellers. Nov. 24.

We heare to day that the Ladie *Mary*, as ſhee is ſtyled, is maried to my Lord *Falconberg*, and her Siſter was maried laſt weeke to Mr. *Rich*, Grandſonne to the Earle of *Warwick:* much worldly Wiſdome in his *Highneſſe* in procuring theſe Alliances with men of ſome ranke for his Familie.

Now is there to bee a new *Houſe* of *Lords;* Writts are iſſued to divers Perſons to ſit as Members in the other *Houſe:* wee heare it not called the *Houſe* of *Peers.* It is remarked on this ſteppe backe to the old Inſtitutions, that if the *Protector* ſtand in need of the *Lords*, it is like that it will not be long before wee muſt Dec. 12.

1657. have a *King*, and it is thought hee aimes at this Dignitie.

Dec. 16, *Wedneſday.* Find Helpe and Comfort in the habit of ejaculatorie Praier, ſince it is difficult in my preſent hurried way of life to keepe to my uſuall Seaſons of retirement during the day: yet doe I ſtrive not to loſe hold of my Dependence upon *Divine* Helpe: and ſo even in Companie or in a Coach, or however occupied, am more content if my Soule hath beene engaged in a ſhort Prayer or Thankſgiving; or if this much is not attained unto, I indeavour to collect my Thoughts, by ſaying over a Verſe or Text that may be applyable to the Buſineſſe wherein I may bee engaged: feele humbled that the cares and vanities of the World take up ſo much of my time, praie for deliverance from Temptation to Evill, and to be preſerved from the more hidden Sinne, the ſelfe righteous ſpirit of the *Phariſee*, into which the open wickedneſſe of others doth oft prove a ſnare to poore weake human Nature; of myſelfe I can do nothing, and may the Faith of St. *Paul* enable me to ſaie with him, *I can doe all things through Chriſt who ſtrengtheneth me.*

Dec. 20, *Sunday.* Later than uſuall when I arrived at the *Tower:* the ſtriving to keepe a cheerefull

Countenance, and to lighten the Hardſhips of this long Impriſonment, is beginning to affect my Health: to day my Heart was full, and I gave way, on firſt meeting my deare *Huſband's* embrace, and hidde my Face on his Shoulder, unable to controll my Teares. *My poore Wife, thou art worne out,* he ſayd tenderlie, *but cheere up, Love, wee will have a merrie Chriſtmaſſe yet.* It was very ſweet to bee comforted by him, even in a Priſon. When the time came that I was to leave, he conſented to take into Conſideration what I had urged more than once, that I ſhould petition the *Protector* in perſon. 1657.

Yeſterday Mr. *Evelyn* and his *Wife* came to *London,* to celebrate *Chriſtmaſſe-day,* and did prevaile with mee to goe with them to *Exeter Chapell.* Mr. *Gunning* preached on 7 *Micah,* 2 verſe. The Sermon ended he did proceed to adminiſter the *Holie Sacrament,* it was then diſcovered that the Chappell was ſurrounded with Soldiers; they held their Muſketts againſt us, to the no ſmall feare of ſome preſent, yet did they not prevent our going up to the *Altar.* After the Service was finiſhed, thoſe preſent were made Priſoners, and ſome carried away. We were of thoſe who did remaine at Dec. 26, *Saturday.*

1657. the Houſe. Mr. *Evelyn* did afterward informe us, that after Dinner, of which he was invited to partake, Officers from *Whitehall* came to examine the Priſoners: they queſtioned Mr. *Evelyn* why, contrarie to the ordinance made that the ſuperſtitious Celebration of the *Nativitie* ſhould no longer bee obſerved, hee durſt ſo offend and bee at Common Praiers, which they called *Maſſe* in *Engliſh;* ſo, after much irreverent ſpeaking of this day, and contumelioufly treating him, they let him goe, content with making this vaine ſhow of their Authoritie.

1657-8. 1657-8.

MY Lord *Liſle* hath fixed to take mee to *Whitehall* to morrow at noone; hee did as much as in him lay to give mee Incouragement: felt that the greateſt would have beene the more heartie Conſent of my *Huſband* to this Courſe: if ſo bee it faile, the having followed my owne Judgement in putting the matter to this Iſſue, will adde to my trouble, but this I humbly hope I am prepared to beare; it ſeemeth cleare to my Minde that we ought not to omitt doing that which on due Conſideration and impartially weighing of the ſubject appeareth to us right, becauſe the Event may hereafter prove us to have misjudged: if wee may not doe Evill that Good may come of it, ſo wee may not leave undone the Good, January 7.

1657-8. becauſe it may end in Evill; elſe wee ſhould ſit downe with our Hands before us, and opportunities of Action ſlide paſt us, not to bee recalled.

January 8, *Friday.* Set forth in a good degree of outward Compoſure, and not without an inward Strengthening which did greatly ſupport mee; nevertheleſſe, when wee ſtopped at *Whitehall*, I had much need of my Lord *Liſle's* arme. When wee entered the Roome, the *Protector* ſate at a Table whereon were Papers and Letters. One or two Gentlemen were in attendance, whom hee did diſmiſſe, and then roſe. My Lord *Liſle* ſpake a few Wordes and ledde me towards him: He bowed as I advanced, with the Petition held in my hand, and preſented it to him; he tooke it, and motioned to mee to be ſeated. I was faine to obey him through Weakneſſe, elſe would it have better pleaſed mee not to accept even this ſmall Courtiſie at his hands. He glanced at the Paper and then ſpake: *The Lord Willoughby doth intreat his Enlargement in a more humble tone it ſeems, as does better ſuit his Condition, and doth no longer talke high of Injuſtice and the like: it is well; He is one who, having ſet his hand to the Plough, hath turned backe, and concerning ſuch is it not*

1657-8.

ſayd they are accurſed? what ſayeth the Spirrit to the Laodiceans? *For that thou art neither cold nor hot, I will ſpew thee out of my Mouth.* He went on in this manner for ſome time, and then ſayd, *I doe perceave my Lord* Willoughby *giveth us his word that, ſo hee may bee allowed to goe forth for a ſpace, to attend to the needfull Settlement of his Affaires, he will returne to his Impriſonment. But how expecteth hee to bee beleeved; Who ſhall put their truſt in ſuch as he?* Hereat I ſpake with ſome warmth, *May I reminde your* Highneſſe *that you ſpeake to the Lord* Willoughby's *Wife, and ill would it become her to heare ſuch Wordes unmoved. I crave your* Highneſſe's *pardon, but meethinks no Act of my* Lorde *doth warrant any Man, much leſſe your* Highneſſe, *to doubt his Honour. You ſhall judge yourſelfe,* Madam, he replied; thereupon hee turned to a Cabinet that was neare to him, and tooke out ſome Papers; from theſe hee did ſelect two Letters, one of theſe hee unfolded and aſked mee did I know the writing? I could not denie that I did; there was no ſignature, and the latter part was in Cyphers. *That is not the onely one,* he continued, and opened another, and gave it mee, dated but two months backe: His *Highneſſe* did then commence a Diſcourſe,

1657-8. if ſo it could be called, ſeeming rather a ſomewhat confuſed utterance of his Thoughts; quoting ſundrie Texts of *Scripture*, which he did interſperſe with talke of Governement, High-treaſon, and ſo forth: of ſome men beeing forced againſt their Will, to rule the State, though ſorely oppreſſed by the Burthen: this ſeemingly addreſſed to other ears than mine; after a while hee pauſed, and I againe ſpoke ſomething in this manner, that I did conceeve a Priſoner and one illegally made ſo, had a full right to uſe any means in his power to eſcape, and to engage his Friends in his behalf. As he replyed not, I further ſayd, *If your* Highneſſe *caſt your eye backe a few yeares, it would be ſeene that the Lord* Willoughby *did ſhow as true concernment for the Libertie of the Nation, as others who were then ſtriving onely to obtaine this Juſtice for the People; That hee beleeveing that howſoever righteous a Cauſe might bee, that it would not ſanctifie un-righteous Meanes, and foreſeeing great Evill and Confuſion, did ſtop ſhort in the Worke, was no diſhonour to him as a Chriſtian or a Gentleman. As to High Treaſon, it paſſeth my poore abilitie to comprehend what doth make High Treaſon, ſeeing it changeth ſides with the ſtrongeſt, and is the Crime of the*

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Oppreſſed reſiſting the Oppreſſor. I marvell that I ſpake ſo boldly. So I aroſe and ſayd, *Since Your* Highneſſe *ſetteth at nought my* Lord's *Word, your* Highneſſe's *Anſwer will bee beſt tranſmitted through your Secretarie, a* Wife's *Lippes repeate not Words of ſuch indignitie to her* Huſband, *I begge your* Highneſſe's *leave to withdraw.* To my ſurpriſe he did detain mee, and queſtioned mee on ſome indifferent and trifling Matters, as it appeared to mee, then of a ſudden changed his Tone, ſaying, *Who can find a vertuous Woman? her Price is far above Rubies, the Heart of her* Huſband *doth ſafely truſt in her. Madam, we doe accept my Lord* Willoughby's *Termes, holding his Wife's truth as his hoſtage, his Petition ſhall be laid before the Councill.* So ended the Interview, and I haſted to the *Tower.* It is rumoured that the *Protector* is greatly deſirous that the old *Peeres* ſhould come to his new *Houſe* of *Lords;* hence his wiſh to conciliate in ſome Quarters. His Lookes are not thoſe of one at eaſe in his Poſition, his Face was worne and caſt-downe, and I obſerved an anxious manner of liſtening to any Sound, and once at a ſudden movement of my Lord *Liſle,* he ſtarted and looked behind him, ſeeming as though hee would have put

1657-8. his Hand on the Piſtolls which were beſide him, but checked himſelfe; doe compaſſionate him, as one who hath felt himſelfe called to a mightie Worke, the Iſſues whereof have beene too mightie for his Guidance, and too full of Temptation and Conflict for his Peace. Many do ſay of him, that never was there a man of ſo great Courage and Abilitie to lead others. With Power have come Pride and Selfe-exaltation, and theſe have brought Crueltie, and Injuſtice: but who am I that I ſhould judge him, or ſpeake of events above my Knowledge and Place; Let mee be thankfull for the proſpect of the ſpeedie Releaſe of my beloved *Huſband* from his long Impriſonment.

Jan. 9, *Saturday.* Tooke a Coach and went to *Weſtminſter*, and waited at my Kinſman's till a Friend came in from the *Houſe*, and brought me the comforting Newes that an Order had been paſſ'd that the Lord *Willoughby* of *Parham* ſhall be diſcharg'd of his Impriſonment, upon his Honour, and upon the Engagement in 10 Thouſand Pounds of his Friends, that hee ſhall peaceably demeane himſelfe for the future, and ſhall not join with or have any Correſpondence with any Enemies of the *Lord Protector* &c. Wedneſday the 10th of January appointed for the Priſoner

to bee brought to the *Bar* of the *Houſe; William Willoughby* tooke word to the *Tower*, the while I went with *Fanny* to looke for another and more commodious Lodging, that we now have, not being ſuitable to my *Lord.* Found one in *Queen Street*, handſomely furniſhed and provided, the People of the houſe civillie inclined. 1657-8.

My deare Life in excellent ſpirits, and divers of our Friends came to ſuppe with us; did, by mutuall conſent, ſpeake little of either *King* or *Protector*, this being ſo joyfull an occaſion. Jan. 12, *Tueſday.*

The *Houſe* of *Commons* met this day, as alſo the new *Houſe* of *Lords;* none of the old, ſave one or two, would ſit with this medley of perſons ſummoned by the *Protector.* Even the Earl of *Warwick* kept out of the way. It is ſayd the *Protector* is greatly caſt downe in private, and is at his Wits' end for Money. Truely, this hath an aire of *Royaltie.* Jan. 20, *Wedneſday.*

Find wee cannot leave *London* at preſent. Our excellent friend Mr. *Evelyn* hath not been abroad of late, by reaſon of the illneſſe of his Son *Richard*, who hath the Ague; Fanny is in much concerne for him, ſhee hath oft deſcribed him as a Child of rare beautie and endowment.

Arrived a meſſage from *Sayes Court.* The poore *Child* died yeſter-day. January 28, *Thurſday.*

1657-8. Feb. 5. Great ſenſation cauſed by the ſudden, and moſt unexpected, diſſolving of *Parliament*, they having ſate but a Fortnight. The *Protector* hath mett with vexatious Oppoſition in the *Houſe* of *Commons*, who take no account of the upper *Houſe* which hee hath lately raiſed up; and it is ſuppoſed that this, and ſome private cauſe of Diſpleaſure, and ſecret Information of the *Royaliſts* movements, did ſo worke on him, hee beeing alſo ill in Health, that in ſome ſudden heat and diſtemperature, hee hurried to the *Houſe*, waiting not for his Carriage, but, calling his Guards, tooke a Coach ſtanding neare *Whitehall*, and ſo went downe, and ſent for the *Commons*, who adjourning their Buſineſſe did follow the Uſher into his preſence. He accuſed them of ſome being leagued with *Charles Stuart*, and others of diſturbing the People with a talke of deviſing the *Commonwealth* anew, and ſo falling off from their former Advice and Petition to him; ſeeing this to bee the end of their ſitting, he did diſſolve that *Parliament*. Theſe Particulars I have thought it worth while here to ſett downe, as I did hear them given yeſter-night to my *Lord* by one preſent. During the day, many coming and going. Came to dine with us, my Lord

Baltimore; a lively Diſcourſe was carried on, the Converſation turned chiefely to the ſtate of the Colonies, a ſubject of intereſt to my *Huſband;* and my Lord *Baltimore* entered into a more particular Relation of the early Settlement of *Maryland* by his Father, Sir George Calvert, who did conſider that entire libertie of Conſcience in matters of Religion, was the true foundation of Proſperity and Happineſſe of a People, and did make Laws to this effect: that no one in his Colony ſhould be hindered or moleſted in the exerciſe of his Religion. This liberality of Sentiment the more commendable in him, that he was a *Papiſt.* And ſo it was that his Colony did flouriſh exceedingly for ſome years. But of late it has fallen into the hands of others, under this preſent Government, who have excluded all Roman Catholicks from the benefit of the wiſe and benevolent Laws of their Founder, and brought Diſcord and Strife into the Settlement. So it ſeemeth the *Saviour's* words muſt come to paſs, and men make his Religion of Love a cauſe of Hatred and Uncharitableneſſe. Will it ever be on Earth that the Tree of Life ſhall ſpread forth its Branches, and *its Leaves be for the healing of the Nations?* 1657-8.

My Lord *Brereton* hath writt to my *Huſband* Feb. 15, *Monday.*

1657-8. at the requeſt of his Sonne; the Engagement of the young People hath beene ſo informally entered into, that we felt it to bee our Dutie to requeſt ſome explanation. Mr. *Brereton* did unadviſedly yield himſelfe to the Captivation of *our incomparable Daughter*, ſo doth his Father ſtyle her, unmindfull of the Conſequence, and hath by ſweet intelligence of Lookes, and more ſweet muſicke of low dropping Wordes, and interchange of Thought in all deare Friendſhip and pure Affection, ſo tuned her Heart to his, that either apart knoweth but a ſad monotony, now hee is like one diſtracted, having but a poore Purſe, and neither Houſe nor Land whereon to make claime to our favour; his Father's propertie is involved, as that of ſo manie other of the *King's* Friends, in the Misfortunes of the times, and my Lord *Brereton* would confer with my *Huſband* on this matter, and doth propoſe to call at our Lodging to morrow at 10 of the Clocke.

Feb. 17, *Wedneſday.* Since the publication of a Pamphlet, entitled, *Killing no Murder*, the *Protector* hath become ſo ſuſpicious of Treacherie as is pitiable to heare of. It is ſay'd he hath of late made the rounds of the poſts at *Whitehall* in Perſon, and doth continually change his ſleeping Roome. He

1657-8.

diſmiſſed not long time ago his moſt faithfull Guards and Officers, and for ſome while paſt hath worne Piſtolls concealed in his Dreſſe; one that knew his *Mother* did aſſure mee her Death was haſtened by her perpetuall feare for his Life, ſhee would ſtart at the firing of a Muſket, and was ill at eaſe if ſhee ſaw not her Sonne every day, to be certified of his Safetie.

No marvel that he is conſcience-ſtricken, who hardened his Heart to the cries of the *Iriſh* People, and was the ſlayer of Thouſands, defenceleſſe Men, Women and Children, men in the *Sanctuarie*, whither they had fled for ſafetie; who did cauſe wretched Families to be torne from their homes and ſold in the Plantations: and ſold for Slaves his fellow Countreymen, whom the chances of Warre left Priſoners in his hand. Neverthelеſſe men ſaye, in his fanatick notions of ſaving Grace, hee caſteth a Cloke over all his Sinnes; the day hath beene that he would have ſay'd *Is thy Servant a Dog that he ſhould doe this thing?*

Feb. 27, *Saturday.*

Mr. *Evelyn* called: at his departure left with us a Paper containing a ſhort Memoriall of his little Sonne.

March 3, *Wedneſday.*

Died, laſt moneth, Mr. *Rich* the *Protector's* Sonne-in-law.

1657-8. March 4, *Thurſday.* The Cold continues very ſharp, the Winde northerly, no hope of change. One paſſing neare the little Turne-ſtyle in *Holborn*, ſaw two Boyes of the Prieſt's Schoole feeding or endeavouring to feed a ſtarved Crow, which was frozen by the Feet to its Prey; it flapped its Wings feebly now and then, and preſently died.

May 15, *Saturday.* Heare my Lord *Winchelſea* is about to be maried againe; have reaſon to thinke it not unlikely and ſee no offence to us: my poore *Daughter* left no *Children*, and the Earle did lament her Death as much as was in his nature; and as hee had found Contentment in the maried ſtate, ſo there may not bee imputed to him diſreſpect to her Memorie if hee againe ſeeke, although it be ſomewhat haſtily, the enlivening Societie and Comfort of a Wife.

My deare *Life* left *London* this day, hee having preſſing Buſineſſe both at *Parham* and in *Lincolnſhire;* and it ſeemed beſt that I ſhould remaine here.

Some Paſſages copied from Mr. *Evelyn's* Memoriall of His Sonne, he having given me permiſſion.

"Jan. 27. After ſix fits of a Quartaine Ague "with which it pleaſed God to viſite him, died

" my deare Sonne *Richard*, to our inexpreſſible 1658.
" Griefe and Affliction, 5 yeares and 3 days
" onely, but at that tender Age a Prodigie for
" Wit and Underſtanding; for Beautie of
" Bodie a very Angel; for endowment of
" Minde, of incredible and rare hopes. To
" give onely a little taſte of ſome of them and
" thereby Glorie to *God*, who out of the
" mouthes of Babes and Infantes does ſome-
" times perfect his Praiſes; at 2 yeares and a
" halfe old he could perfectly reade any of the
" *Engliſh*, *Latine*, *French*, or *Gothic* letters,
" pronouncing the three firſt Languages ex-
" actly. He had before the 5th yeare, or in
" that yeare, not onely ſkill to reade moſt
" written hands, but to decline all the Nounes,
" conjugate Verbes &c.; began himſelfe to
" write legibly and had a ſtrong paſſion for
" *Greeke*. Strange was his apt and ingenious
" application of Fables and Moralls, for he
" had read *Æſop:* he had a wonderfull diſpo-
" ſition to Mathematicks, having by heart
" divers Propoſitions of *Euclid* that were read
" to him in play, and he would make Lines
" and demonſtrate them. As to his Pietie,
" aſtoniſhing were his applications of *Scripture*
" upon occaſion, and his ſenſe of *God:* hee

1658. " had learn'd all his Catechiſme early, and " underſtood that part of the *Bible* and *New* " *Teſtament* to a wonder, how *Chriſt* came to " redeeme Mankind, and how, comprehending " theſe neceſſaries himſelfe, his *Godfathers* were " diſcharged of their Promiſe. Theſe and the " like illuminations far exceeding his Age and " Experience, conſidering the prettineſſe of his " Addreſſe and Behaviour, cannot but leave " impreſſion in mee at the memorie of him. " Often hee would deſire thoſe who came to " ſee him, to praie by him, and a yeare before " he fell ſicke, to kneele and praie alone with " him in ſome corner.

" How thankfully would he receive Admo- " nition, how ſoone be reconciled! how in- " different yet continually cheerefull! He was " all life, all prettineſſe, far from moroſe, ſullen " or childiſh, in anything hee ſaid or did. " The laſt time hee had beene at Church, I " aſked him according to cuſtome what he re- " membered of the Sermone. Two good " things, Father, ſaid hee, *bonum gratiæ* and " *bonum gloriæ*. The day before hee died he " call'd to me and told mee that for all I loved " him ſo dearly, I ſhould give my Houſe, " Land, and all my fine things to his Brother

1658.

" *Jacke*, he ſhould have none of them: and
" next morning, when he found himſelfe ill,
" and that I perſuaded him to keepe his Hands
" in bed, he demanded whether hee might
" praie to *God* with his Hands unjoyned; and
" a little after, whilſt in great Agonie, whether
" hee ſhould not offend *God* by uſing his holie
" Name ſo often, calling for eaſe. So earlie
" Knowledge, ſo much Pietie and Perfection!
" But thus *God*, having dreſſed up a Saint fit
" for himſelfe, would not longer permitt him
" with us, unworthie of the future Fruites of
" this incomparable hopefull Bloſſome. Such
" a Child I never ſaw: for ſuch a Child I bleſſe
" God in whoſe boſome hee is! May I and
" mine become as this little Child. Thou
" gaveſt him to us, Thou haſt taken him from
" us, bleſſed be the name of the *Lord*. That
" I had anything acceptable to Thee was from
" Thy grace alone, ſince from mee he had
" nothing but Sinne, but that thou haſt par-
" doned! bleſſed be *God* for ever. *Amen*."

Mr. *Evelyn* doth intend to inſert ſome ſhort Hiſtorie of his Sonne in a Booke he is about to print, entituled, *Golden Booke of St.* Chryſoſtome *concerning the Education of Children.*

1658. May 19, *Wedneſday.* *Fanny* is pale, and caſt downe; wiſh I could give her Comfort, but cannot as yet.

May 20, *Thurſday.* Converſation with my Lord *Brereton:* like him for the kind Manner with which hee entereth into his Sonnes Difficulties, and his readineſſe to make any Sacrifice on his part, eſteeming his Sonne moſt fortunate and himſelfe honoured by an Alliance with our Familie. Hee and my *Lord*, after frequent deliberation, do now entertaine the hope that ſome ſort of ſuitable Proviſion may bee made, that may tend to the Accompliſhment of the Mariage ſooner than at firſt did appeare could bee with prudence. Mr. *Brereton* received from my *Huſband* a few Wordes of reproofe, not unmerited yet leniently adminiſtered, on the part he had acted, ſeeing that no man doth tranſplant a faire Roſe Tree from the Garden where it grew, lovingly nouriſhed, and carefully tended, untill he hath firſt made readie a fitting Shelter.

May 24, *Monday.* To day as Mr. *Brereton* came up to mee to hand me to the Coach, he did expreſſe in lively terms his ſenſe of the Favour conferred upon him, and then, reſpectfully taking my Hand and preſſing it to his Lippes, he did beſeech mee to accept his dutifull Affection and to beleeve that nought could ſo adde to his already

great Happineſſe, as to bee a Sonne to mee in the place of him whoſe untimely Loſſe he knew I did yet mourne; it was kindly ſayd, and his young Face ſpake more than Wordes. 1658.

Parted from my deare *Daughter;* may the bleſſing of *God* be upon her! in *his bleſſing may her Houſe bee bleſſed.* And may hee who hath ſought from us this precious Gift, prove worthie of her! We can ill ſpare her, as hee will ill deſerve her if he bee not faithfull to his Truſt; not that I doubt his concerne for her Happineſs, but it needeth much to outweigh the Feares that do naturally ariſe. Time will doubtleſſe reconcile mee to my Loſſe. Aug. 21, *Saturday.*

Have with pleaſure obſerved that Mr. *Brereton* hath leſſe of ſelfe ſeeking than moſt men; he has a ſingleneſſe of Heart that ſeeketh firſt the Happineſſe of others: alſo outwardly he hath much to commend him in the graces of his Perſon and noble Carriage; he is a Gentleman of a ſweet diſpoſition, yet altogether manly; his Manners gentle and courteous, yet not deficient in Dignitie; well accompliſhed and learned, and of excellent Vertue. He is ſilent, and when hee ſpeaketh it is in few Wordes; yet this not from conſtraint, or feare of others; free from all ſervile deſire to pleaſe, ſo hath he Aug. 23, *Monday.*

1658. no feare of offending any; nor yet from povertie of Thought, but is rather one who may ſay,

My Minde to me a Kingdome is,
Such perfect Joy therein I find.

Thus I doe endeavour to ſet forth the Excellencies of this young Man, that in ſo doing my deare *Child's* gaine may bee advantaged in my eyes, and our Loſſe bee the more cheerefully borne; it ſeemeth as though Faith were weakeſt for thoſe whom we moſt love. Gave my ſweet *Daughter* a Paper containing a feeble attempt to give utterance, to the Love and Solicitude of manie yeares. At this time I am not without Trouble and that of a ſort wherewith I am well acquainted; my deare *Huſband* takes ill the Conditions wherein he is allowed his Libertie: all Parties are ſcheming and prophecying, and he under a Bond to keep quiet, to him at no time an eaſie matter, is under continual liabilitie of ſuſpition from the Conduct of others who do deſire to draw him into their Plots and Devices.

Auguſt 24, *Tueſday.* Low in Bodie and Spirrit yet not diſmayed. A kind of apprehenſiveneſſe not uſual with mee cometh over mee, as I looke at the only *Child* left mee, as if ſome unſeene Danger

threatened her. Shee, though ſhee too hath loſſe in her Siſter's Marriage, ſeeth no Clowde, and is all gaietie and full of Merriment with her young Kinsfolk. 1658.

Since the Death of his *Daughter*, at which time hee lay ill of the Gout, the *Protector's* Health has failed more and more. The Lady *Claypole* did vainely intreate for the life of Dr. *Hewet:* ſhe had ſate under his Miniſtrie, and did hold him in great eſteeme; the *Protector*, who had a more than ordinarie Affection for his *Daughter*, was ſorely beſett, and ſhee ſo ill: yet would he not yeeld to her Entreatie, and did onely remit the Sentence that he be hanged, &c. and allowed him to be beheaded. This ſmall mercie was likewiſe extended to Sir *Henry Slingſby:* the other Priſoners, it may be here mentioned, who were concerned in that Plot, Mr. *Ruſſell*, Sir *William Compton*, and others, did eſcape; my *Huſband* was freed from all ſuſpition of being connected with it, the conditions of his Freedome beeing well knowne; and he had in truth devoted himſelfe to his private Affaires, which did ſtand in much need of Settlement. The *Protector* did remaine at *Hampton Court*, during the laſt Illneſſe of his Daughter, whoſe ſufferings were Auguſt 25, *Wedneſday.*

1658. very great: It was ſayd he came oft to her bed ſide, performing, as far as his own paine and ſickneſſe would permit, the laſt ſad Offices, until ſhe was releaſed; ſmoothing her Pillow, giving her Medicines and Cordials with his own Hand; miniſtering to her Wants, with all gentleneſs and affection. She deceaſed the 6th of Auguſt. Hee is now very ill; his Diſeaſe is underſtood to be a Tertian Ague, and hee is confined to his Bed. Some that are well informed, ſay, that hee hath declared to his Wife and Familie, that he is well aſſured that hee ſhall not die at this time.

Aug. 26, *Thurſday.* His *Highneſs's* ſickneſſe encreaſeth; hee was yeſterday removed to *Whitehall* for change of Aire, but is no better; an expreſſe Meſſenger is ſent to his Sonne *Henry* in *Ireland.*

Aug. 29, *Sunday.* The fits of the *Ague* do ſo encreaſe that the report at *Whitehall* to day, is, that his *Highneſſe* is ſcarce ever free from them, the *Phyſitians* yet hope hee may ſtruggle through; Praiers are dayly put up for him, as one of his Friends was heard to ſay, *Never was there a greater ſtocke of praiers going for any man than is now going for him.*

Sept. 1, *Wedneſday.* When my Lord *Say* left *Whitehall* this forenoone, the *Protector* was at that time delirious.

1658.

It is ſuppoſed that there are frequent private Meetings of the *King's* friends: they found their cheife Hopes on the Diviſions like to bee in the other Partie; ſome ſay the Succeſſion is appointed, others that a Paper, thought to bee the *Protector's* Will, the which hee ſent for when at *Hampton Court* when his illneſſe did become ſo formidable, was not to bee found, and ſo his Sonnes Succeſſion will be diſputed. The Countrey will be throwne, it is to be feared, into Confuſion and Strife. May the *Lord* have mercie upon this poore People and ſave us from the horrors of another Warre. My deare *Life* hath ridde up with all ſpeed to *London.*

Sept. 2, *Thurſday.*

Mr. *Evelyn* has juſt called, my Lord *Liſle*, Mr. *Pepys*, and divers others: no one knows what to expect. Mr. *Evelyn* had mett a Friend in the Street, who had heard from one who was come from the *Palace*, and had ſpoken to a Gentleman juſt forth the ſicke Roome, that the *Protector* was more himſelfe: His *Highneſſe* ſpake to thoſe neare his Bed, and called on one of his Chaplaines to reade a Text from the Bible that he named, to him, and in a manner very affecting made ſome Remarke thereon, and afterward did praie devoutly and humbly.

1658.

Sept. 3, *Friday.*

So awfull hath beene this Day, and the laſt Night, that I feele ſcarce able to guide the Penne. It is all over, the *Protector* is no more; on this day that he hath ever conſidered his fortunate Day. His *Highneſſe* had ſunke into a kind of Stupor, after the interval of conſciouſneſſe yeſternoone, but revived a little in the night-time, and did utter a few Wordes, ſaying, *God is good, hee will not leave mee.*

He was reſtleſſe moſt part of the Night, ſpeaking to himſelfe in broken Sentences; after, hee appeared unconſcious, though ſtill breathing, and ſo did continue till his Spiritt was releaſed in the Afternoone, at 4 of the clock. During the Night was there ſuch a Storme as I never remember: People were frighted out of their beds, Houſes ſhooke as they would fall, and the Sound of the Wind was terrible to heare: but the dying Man heard it not. Every one that cometh in has to tell of new Diſaſter: Roofes carried off, Chimnies blowne downe, and great Trees in the Parks torne up by the Roots; manie of the Linden Trees at the Lord Treaſurer's in the *Strand* are broken off.

1662. 1662.

Letter from the Lord *Willoughby* to his *Wife*.

Deare Heart,

HAving occaſion to ſend *Lydgate* into the Countrey on ſome Buſineſſe of a nature not to be entruſted to Paper, I at the ſame time make him Bearer of theſe Lines to my deare *Wife*, whoſe tender Heart will ſuffer in that I have to write. This afternoone was ſent out of the World the honeſteſt and nobleſt Man in it: Sir *Harry Vane* was beheaded on *Tower Hill*, notwithſtanding that his *Majeſtie* had pledged his word to remitt the Sentence, ſhould it be given againſt him, which it was knowne the *Soliciter Generall* had reſolved: there is a Curſe methinks on Kingſhip; and the Royall Word is ever to be a Mockerie. There

1662. was aſſembled a vaſt Multitude, numbers at Windowes and on the tops of the Houſes: as Sir *Harry* paſſ'd within the *Tower* railing, the acclamations of the People were loud, manie crying out, *The Lord goe with you, The Lord helpe you.* He did make acknowledgement by taking off his Hat at different times: as the Sled was drawne ſlowly through the Crowd, I heard one who ſtood neere the Sled, ſay to him, it was the moſt glorious Seat he had ever ſate in; he anſwered him, *It is indeed;* one man who had knowne him in *New England,* preſſed forward to bid *God* bleſſe him, the Teares on his furrowed Face. As he ſtood on the Scaffold the multitude were ſtrucke with Admiration at his noble Preſence as hee began to ſpeake to them: but he was preſently interrupted by Sir *John Robinſon,* who was there for this intent, and who ordered the Trumpeters to come neare, and ſound the Trumpets before his Face, to prevent his being heard, and this was done ſeverall times, and his Notes were rudely ſnatched from his Hands as I am credibly informed, but did not ſee it; the People were much moved by what he ſay'd, and it was feared they might be wrought upon in a degree like to be dangerous, if he was permitted to go on

with his Diſcourſe. As he knelt downe, one that was neare heard one or two ſhort Sentences, ſuch as, *I bleſſe the Lord who hath counted me worthie to ſuffer for his Name. I bleſſe the Lord I have not deſerted the righteous Cauſe for which I ſuffer.* Such, deare *Wife*, was the end of this good and upright Man. As the People went their way after the fatal Stroke was given, there was much murmuring: they ſpake one to another of his manifold Vertues, his integritie in Office; while ſome ſcrupled not ſcoffingly to jeſt on the worth of a Kings Promiſe, and others, whoſe Garb betokened them of ſomewhat better Rank than the crowd, did with great warmth enlarge on that Speech of his in the *Houſe* ſome while ago, when he did ſupport the Petition of the Royaliſts, Priſoners ſold for Slaves in the publicke Market at *Barbadoes* by order of the *Protector*. His *Majeſtie* is blamed by many. I mett Mr. *Pepys*, who had witneſſed the Execution, and hee ſayd to mee, the *King* would loſe more by this Man's Death than he would get againe for a good while. Tho' of late differing from Sir *Harry Vane*, there had beene no perſonall Enmitie betweene us, and greatly deſiring, in remembrance of our former Friendſhip, to ſee him once more, in companie with 1662.

1662. others of his Friends, I viſited him on the morning of his Death. *Why*, ſay'd hee, *ſhould wee bee affrighted with Death? I bleſſe the Lord I am ſo farre from being affrighted with Death, that I find it rather ſhrinke from mee than I from it.* Kiſſing his Children he gave them his Bleſſing, ſaying, the *Lord* would be to them a better Father than he was: told them not to be troubled for him, he was going home to his Father. I have writt theſe particulars for your private reading. Farewell, ſweet *Wife*, whom I dearely love, yet would I rather be the dead Sir *Harry Vane*, than one who muſt be nameleſſe.

Willoughby.

Strand,
This 14th day of June 1662.

1663. 1663.

FInd as I grow older encreaſing reluctancy to take up my Penne; it may be that I am leſſe moved than formerly by publick Events and Circumſtances, and more diſpoſed to wait for the end, wherein if we patiently wait, will be made manifeſt the purpoſes of the Divine Government; alſo I am led to beleeve that it is ſafer for mee to looke to preſent Duties without looking backeward or forward, which doth ofttimes diſtract the Minde or overweigh the Spirit with more care or trouble than doth of right belong to the time being. Taking by chance out of my writing Drawer this little booke in which are inſcribed many Paſſages of my paſt Life and Experiences, I did open it and read ſome; and ſeeing that for nigh four Yeares nothing hath beene added thereto, for the ſake Aug. 23,

1663. of my deare *Daughters*, who hereafter may not unlikely peruſe this Memoriall of their *Mother*, I will endeavour ſhortly to fill up the ſpace to this time, and this under ſome degree of ſolemn feeling that when theſe Wordes are read by them I ſhall be no more in this Life, but have paſſed to Judgement. And here it ſeemeth to mee, not out of Seaſon to exhort you, my beloved Children, to remember, that ſuch as ye are made by the diſcipline of Time, ſuch ye will be when Death opens the Doore and ye paſſe into Eternity. During theſe few Yeares great changes have been wrought in Publick Affaires. The ſudden Death of the late *Protector* was followed by anarchie and confuſion; his Sonne was ſpeedily and quietly ſet aſide: the Republican Partie were for a while uppermoſt, and they re-called the old Members, who had been excluded from the *Houſe of Commons*, and ſtrove to build up a ſimilitude of the old notion of a Common wealth, but there was Diviſion and Weakneſſe: ſome abandoned the Scheme, and imagined to bring back the Monarchie under reſtrictions that ſhould ſo limit the prerogative of the Crown, as to keepe a juſt Ballance, and ſince it was ſayed, ſo many were for a King, why ſhould it not bee the rightfull

Heir to the Throne? Others ſayed, they objected not to a King, but would not have a Catholicke, which would bee to perill the reformed Religion and the Libertie for which they had fought and ſtriven: my deare *Huſband* did moſtly agree with thoſe who would reſtore the exiled *Monarch*, and did privately conferre with Sir *Bulſtrode Whitelocke*, General *Fleetwood*, and a few others. But whether they moved too ſlowly, or differed in opinion how to act, I know not: *Whitelocke* was threatened with Impriſonment, and betooke himſelfe to the Countrey, to be out of the way, leaveing the *Great Seale* with his *Wife*, to be delivered to the *Speaker*. So it was for a time, that the Nation might be ſayd to have no Government. My *Lord*, when he did perceive that nothing was to be done in that direction, joyned the *Royaliſts* and did ſupply them with Money to buy Arms. Then it was agreed that a Riſing ſhould be on a day fixed in July; it was in the yeare 1659. My *Huſband*, in conjunction with Sir *Horatio Townſend*, was to take poſſeſſion of *Lyn*; Sir *George Booth* iſſued a Proclamation in the North, calling upon the People to aid in forming a ſettled Government, yet not nameing the *King*; but it appeared that the Plott had beene 1663.

1663. diſcovered, a letter of the Lady *Mary Howard* was intercepted, and ſhe was arreſted; and preſently my *Huſband*, Sir *George Booth*, Sir *William Compton*, alſo I thinke the Earle of *Stamford*, Collonel *Roſſiter*, were all taken, and ſent to the *Tower*. I heard one ſay afterward, that the Lord *Willoughby* did make very merrie as he once more entered his former Abode. It is farre beyond my poore Abilitie to ſet downe the ſtate of the Countrie and different parts taken by thoſe ſeverally concerned; I beleeve manie were ſore diſcomforted and under great diſcouragement and had no hearte to ſtirre in the confuſed ſtate of Affaires, the *Parliament* and the *Armie* were at continuall ſtrife, and each divided within itſelfe.

Aug. 24, *Monday*. So at laſt the *Armie* in the north with Generall *Monck*, he now Duke of *Albemarle*, at their head came to *London*. Some ſayd he was for raiſing himſelfe to be *Protector*, others that he was for the *King*. General *Lambert* was ſent to the *Tower*. And here I may ſtop to mention that by meanes of a long Rope, he, like the Apoſtle, let himſelfe downe the Wall at ſome height, and was received into a Boate underneath the Windore, whereat he got out; but hee, poore Man, not content to lie concealed,

was ſhortly re-taken and brought back to Priſon. Generall *Monck* appeared at the firſt to ſeeke the favour of *Parliament*, and did yield himſelfe to the bidding of the Leaders; then ſome Act did diſpleaſe the *Citie*, and he turned that way: in time the Truth came out, that he was ſecretly at worke for the *King*. They who did beare rule in the *Houſe of Commons*, did now cauſe Sir *Harry Vane* to bee put under Arreſt, and kept in durance at *Belleau*, his Houſe in *Lincolnſhire*. The ſame were well diſpoſed to ſome others, ſo were ſet at Libertie my deare *Huſband* after a ſhort Captivitie, Sir *George Booth*, and their Friends. The end came at laſt of this miſ-rule and diſturbed Courſe, a Meſſenger arrived from *Breda*, who appeared at the doore of the *Houſe* and did make requeſt to ſpeake to the *Lord General*, to whom he preſented a Letter, which no doubt was expected by *Monck*. Afterward he was called in, and did then deliver up Letters addreſſed to the two *Houſes*, and alſo a Paper which did contain the Promiſe of a free and generall Pardon, and Libertie of Conſcience in Religion. Then it was moved that a Letter ſhould be writt inviting the *King* to returne, likewiſe a preſent of Money for himſelfe and his Brother, greatly needed. Some, more pru- 1663.

1663. dent than others, would have ſtayed theſe haſty Proceedings, in order to ſtipulate certaine Conditions, but the *Lord Generall* did overrule the matter, ſaying, it would be time enough afterward: which haſte was to be repented of, as doth now unhappily appeare, men hurried to the overthrow of their own Worke.

In a little while the King entered London amid great rejoycings, and acclamations of the People.

It needeth not to particularize more, neither may it be altogether expedient: Perſecutions, Impriſonment, and Death are on all ſides, on the ſcore of Religion, no leſſe than of Revenge for the death of the late King. The Execution of Sir *Harry Vane* ſtrucke to the heart of his Friends, and was condemned by his Enemies. A yeare ago, or thereabout, his Majeſtie married the Infanta of *Portugal*, who hath her Confeſſor and Private Chappel, where the Maſſe is celebrated.

Auguſt 26, *Wedneſday.* To leave publick Affaires—Our excellent friend Mr. *Evelyn* is much noticed at Court; he is well pleaſed that his Majeſtie hath given his Countenance to the Society which he and Mr. *Robert Boyle*, and other learned and ingenious men, ſo long ago deviſed and aſſembled together. Alſo he hath receaved Prayſe and Commendation of his Booke entituled, *Sylva*,

or a diſcourſe on Trees, from the *King* himſelf as well as others. 1663.

Have lately given in marriage our beloved Daughter *Elizabeth* to Mr. *Jones*, the eldeſt Sonne of my Lord *Ranelagh*. Doe live in much Retirement; having a naturall inclination for Solitude, it pleaſeth me well: but my deare *Huſband* hath but little aptitude for a quiett Life, and doth ſpeake of again viſiting *Barbadoes* and *Antigua*, and this with more ſerioufneſſe of purpoſe ſince he hath heard from his Friends, that his *Majeſtie* would likely make him *Governor* of the *Iſlands*.

Lady *Ranelagh* is the deare and much eſteemed Friend of Mr. *Evelyn* and his *Wife*, and *Siſter* to Mr. *Robert Boyle*, who hath for her a more than common Affection, and hath had a Picture of her painted in Oyle. I thought not ſo ſoone to be called upon to give up the laſt Lamb of my little Flock, whom I would faine have kept by my ſide yet a little while, and this not for my owne ſake alone. She may I feare mee have to live in *Ireland*, and hath beene ſomewhat too delicately nurtured to beare the Hardſhips that ſhee may have to encounter, yet hath ſhee a Sprightlineſſe and Vivacitie of Diſpoſition not prone to magnifie Trouble, and

1663. ſtill leſſe to ſeeke it; and ſo farre is fitted to take Life bravely. Oft I have thought her moſt like unto a little merrie Bird, and now ſhee too is gone from mee. How greatly have I been favoured in my Children, "*pretie Playfellows*" in my youth, dutiful Daughters, and deare Companions, the Joy and Comfort of my advancing Years. The houſe would be emptie and ſilent were it not for the ſound of little Footſteppes of more than one Grandchild and the happie Voices of their Parents.

Aug. 27, *Thurſday.* Wearied and ſomewhat ſad at Heart, I lay'd down my Penne yeſterday, and ſhortly afterward was ſent for to give ſome helpe to one of our poore Neighbours. The Leſſon came not amiſſe, and the Worde of the Diſciple to the blind Man, came to my remembrance, *Be of good Comfort, ariſe, hee calleth thee.* There was ſtill Worke for mee to doe: beleave we doe not ſufficiently take Comfort in this, that it is He who calleth us; howſoever ſmall may appeare the Dutie, or lowly the Service. Late in the Afternoone as I ſate in the Windore at the eaſt end of the long Gallerie, there fell a heavy Shower of Rain; on a ſudden the Sun ſhone out brightly, and above the Wood oppoſite, a Rainebow reaching acroſſe to the

upland Field of Corn Sheaves; it did remind mee of my beloved *Mother*, of her readineſſe to draw forth the ſacred Teaching contained in the great Booke of Nature, and I remembered the Day when wee ſtood together at that ſame Windore, and I was very ſorrowfull, and there did appeare to us then as now, the manie coloured Rainebow midſt the falling Drops, ſhe looked wiſtfully at my ſad Countenance as ſhee ſay'd, Deare Child, this beautifull Emblem as it is made viſible to us onely in the falling Raine, ſo is it not in the viſitations of Sorrow that the Heart is gladdened by the ſweeteſt Tokens of God's Love? Sorrow from His Hand hath ever Sweetneſſe mingled therewith, it melteth the Heart, which doth more readily yeeld itſelf to the Divine Will, to be as Clay in the hands of the Potter. Thus, or in like Wordes, ſhee ſpake. How great have beene my Priviledges, much hath beene given, much will be required. 1663.

It hath beene permitted mee to feele as Yeares increaſe, Faith ſtrengthened, ſpirituall Perceptions quickened, and ſpirituall Diſcernment enlarged; praiſed be *God*, in whom is all fulneſſe of Knowledge, Grace and Truth.

Buſied this Forenoone in ordering ſome Aug. 29, *Saturday.*

1663. changes in the Houſehold: looked over the Linnen and made out a Liſt of ſome that could bee ſpared for my daughter *Brereton;* in the toppe of the Linnen Cheſt found one or two of my firſt Babie-cloathes ſtrewed with Lavender, carefully pinned up and put away by poore old Nurſe; tooke up the lace Cap, the two who had worne it firſt, my little Sonne my precious *William,* and my beloved Daughter *Diana,* both taken. Can I now ſay *It is well?* all things viſible will paſſe away, but the unſeene will remaine, ſo if the Heart loveth theſe, its Treaſures are ſafe in Heaven. When evening came I walked forth; the Sunne had gone down behind *Framlingham,* leaving a bright golden Edge upon the narrow ridge of darke Cloud; the Aire was ſoft and the Gilloflowers on the low Wall gave out a pleaſant Perfume as I paſſed; ſtopped and pluckt ſome of the pale yellow Flowers as I thought of the day whereon my three little Maidens brought the young Plants from the Caſtle, and planted them here, the while I ſtood bye looking at their happie Faces; now one is not, and the others are farre from mee. As I walked to & fro on the Terrace ſaw the Rookes as they ſlowly winged their way over head to their Neſts;

how ſmall a thing maketh the full Cup to overflow, the Tears roſe to my Eyes, my home was deſerted. As it became darker the Starres, which did at firſt ſhow but dimly, were now bright and ſparkling; There was ſcarce a ſound, the Birds were all ſilent, ſave the Owl in the farre wood; a Bat flitted paſt, neare to my Face, the ſhapes of things became indiſtinct, and no Shadow marked the Houre on the Sunne-Dial: a little guſt of Wind roſe, and ſtirred the tops of the Trees. The ſtillneſſe of all around was very ſolemn; a ſweete feeling that could not be uttered of lowly Thankſgiving and Love ſpread over my Heart. The *Lord* was very gratious unto mee; it was a Seaſon of inward Peace, as of outward Silence and Beauty, and my Heart was ſtirred *as the Trees of the Wood are moved by the Wind.* 1663.

Came into the Houſe, and ſeeing the Sand-glaſſe that I had turned at Sunne-ſett that it was runne out, the Prayer aroſe that ſo my Life might runne its courſe, and gently ceaſe.

FINIS.

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